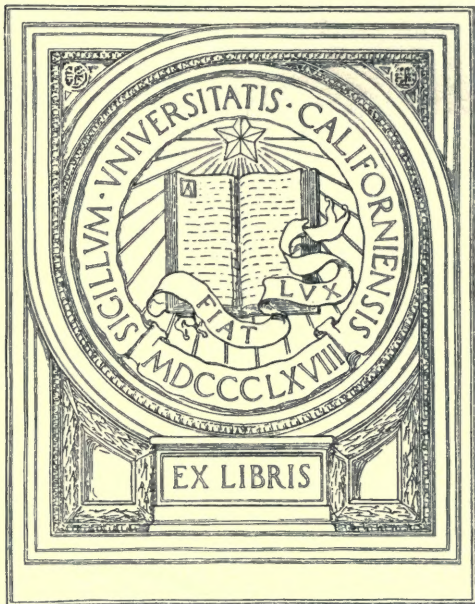






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C. KNIGHT'S  
LIBRARY EDITION  
OF  
SHAKSPERE.

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VOLUME I.—COMEDIES.

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THE  
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES,  
AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY  
CHARLES KNIGHT.

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"It is a thing scarcely believable how much, and how boldly, as well the common writers that from time to time have copied out his works, as also certain that have thought themselves liable to control and emend all men's doings, have taken upon them in this author; who ought with all reverence to have been handled of them, and with all fear to have been preserved from altering, depraving, or corrupting."

*Udall's Preface to Erasmus's Apophthegms (applied there to Plutarch).*

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THE SECOND EDITION.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:  
CHARLES KNIGHT AND CO., LUDGATE STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

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## PREFACE.

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IN presenting to the public a second impression, with corrections and alterations, of the edition of Shakspeare,\* of which the publication commenced in 1838, under the title of 'The Pictorial Edition,' it may be desirable here to state the prin-

\* We have placed at the head of this preface the autograph of "WILLIAM SHAKSPERE," copied from his undoubted signature in the volume of Montaigne's 'Essays,' by John Florio, which has been purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum. In the folio of 1623 the name is spelt *Shakespeare*; but the more usual spelling of late years has been *Shakspeare*. This orthography was adopted by the commentators in the belief that the poet had so *written* his name; but this was an error, and acknowledged as such by Malone ('Inquiry,' &c., page 121). Sir Frederick Madden has shown, in a letter published in 'The Archæologia,' volume xxvii., that in the five other acknowledged genuine signatures in existence, namely, in the three attached to his will, and the two affixed to deeds connected with the mortgage and sale of a property in Blackfriars, "the poet always wrote his name SHAKSPERE, and, consequently, that those who have inserted an *e* after the *k*, or an *a* in the second syllable, do not write the same (as far as we are able to judge) in the same manner as the poet himself uniformly would authorize us to do." In the Stratford Register, says Sir F. Madden, both at his baptism and burial, the name is spelt *Shakspeare*. We may add that, in the same registers, the entries of the baptism of his three children, and of the burial of his son (which entries were most probably made under his own inspection), are spelt *Shakspeare*. We subjoin a fac-simile from the register of burials:—

*Samuel s<sup>r</sup>ius William & Shakspeare*

ciples which have guided the Editor in the formation of a text; and the views which he has taken as to the periods in which the respective plays were produced. These points are noticed in detail in the Introduction to each play.

‘Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies,’ is the title of the first collection of our poet’s plays, which appeared in a folio volume, in 1623. This volume is “printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount;” but the Dedication bears the signatures of “John Heminge, Henry Condell.” That Blount and Jaggard had become the proprietors of this edition, we learn from an entry in the Stationers’ registers, under date November 8, 1623; in which they claim “Mr. William Shakespeere’s Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men.” These copies so claimed as not “formerly entered” are then recited. They are in number sixteen; the whole volume consisting of thirty-six plays. The plays “formerly entered to other men” had, with some exceptions, been previously published, each separately; and some of these went on to several editions, at dates extending from 1597 to 1622. These are what are commonly spoken of as the quarto editions. Before we proceed to an examination of the value of these editions, it may be well to see the mode in which they were regarded, or professed to be regarded, by the editors of the folio of 1623.

John Heminge and Henry Condell were amongst the “principal actors” of the plays of Shakspere, according to a list prefixed to their edition. In 1608 they were shareholders with Shakspere in the Blackfriars Theatre. In his Will, in 1616, they stand upon equal terms with his eminent friend Burbage, in the following bequest:—“To my fellows, John Hemyng, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.” In 1619, after the death of Shakspere and Burbage, they were at the head of their remaining “fellows.” They are entitled, therefore, to speak with authority, and to be regarded with deference, both from their intimate connexion with Shakspere, and the responsible position which they held in



the company of actors of which his plays had probably become the most valuable possession. In their Dedication to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery, they allude to the favour with which these noblemen regarded these productions (which, in the dedicatory language, they call "trifles"), and "their author, living." They further say, "We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." In their address "To the great variety of readers," the words which they use are still more remarkable:—"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

That the friends, fellows, and editors of Shakspeare were held to perform an acceptable service to the world by this publication we may judge, however imperfectly, from some of the verses prefixed to the edition. Ben Jonson's celebrated poem, 'To the Memory of my beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us,' follows the preface, and it concludes with these lines:—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
And despairs day, *but for thy volume's light.*"

Another poem in the same volume, by Leonard Digges, is in the same tone :—

“ Shake-speare, at length *thy pious fellows give*  
*The world thy works* ; thy works by which outlive  
 Thy tomb thy name must. When that stone is rent,  
 And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,  
 Here we alive shall view thee still. *This book,*  
 When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
 Fresh to all ages.”

We cannot doubt that the publication of this volume was hailed with delight by all readers of taste and judgment ; and that, previous to the publication of the second edition, nine years after, hundreds of the countrymen of Shakspeare, as well as the young Milton, had become familiar with “the leaves” of that “unvalued\* book.” For, if the edition of 1623 had no other claims upon the gratitude of every Englishman, it had secured from that destruction, entire or partial, which would probably have been their fate if they had remained in manuscript, some of the noblest monuments of Shakspeare’s genius. The poet had been dead seven years when this edition was printed. Some of the plays which it preserved, through the medium of the press, had been written a considerable period before his death. We have not a single manuscript line in existence, written, or supposed to be written, by Shakspeare. If, from any notions of exclusive advantage as the managers of a company, Heminge and Condell had not printed this edition of Shakspeare,—if the publication had been suspended for ten, or at most for fifteen years, till the civil wars broke out, and the predominance of the puritanical spirit had shut up the theatres,—the probability is that all Shakspeare’s manuscripts would have perished. What then should we have lost, which will now remain when “brass and marble fade !” We will give the list of those plays which, as far as any edition is known, were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623 :—

\* *Unvalued*—invaluable.



		{	The Tempest.
			The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
			Measure for Measure.
			The Comedy of Errors.
COMEDIES	. .	{	As You Like It.
			The Taming of the Shrew.
			All's Well that Ends Well.
			Twelfth Night.
			The Winter's Tale.
		{	King John.
HISTORIES	. .	{	Henry VI., Part I.
			Henry VIII.
		{	Coriolanus.
			Timon of Athens.
			Julius Cæsar.
TRAGEDIES	. .	{	Macbeth.
			Antony and Cleopatra.
			Cymbeline.

But the enumeration of these eighteen plays, which were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, by no means represents the entire amount of the obligation to the editors of that collection. They have themselves spoken of “divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them;” and they add, “even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs.” Without here entering into the question whether particular copies of the plays published before the folio of 1623 were “stolen and surreptitious,” we shall here place before our readers the titles of those plays, which, in their original form, appear from some cause or other imperfect,—either “maimed or deformed,” or produced immaturity:—

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Henry V.

The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster. (Corresponding with Henry VI., Part II.)

The Second Part of the Contention, &c. (Corresponding with Henry VI., Part III.)

Had these plays not been preserved in the folio of 1623, the previously existing copies would have furnished us a very

imperfect notion of the state in which the poet finally left them.

Putting, therefore, the eighteen plays first printed in the folio with the four plays there first printed in a perfect shape, we must come to the conclusion that, out of the thirty-six plays which that edition contains, the text of twenty-two must absolutely be founded on the text of Heminge and Conde. There is only one play which common consent has ascribed wholly, or in part, to Shakspeare, namely 'Pericles,' which is not included in the edition of 1623.

We have been somewhat minute in this enumeration, to meet an opinion amongst readers of Shakspeare, who have not very critically examined the principles upon which a text is founded, that there is a broad and pretty equal question between the advocates for the text of the first folio, and the advocates for the text of the plays which had appeared separately in quarto previous to the publication of that edition. The real question, as it has been seen, is one of much narrower limits, upon the face of it. There are only fourteen plays originally published separately to which the important question of differences of readings can at all apply. In comparing these separate plays amongst themselves—one edition of the same play with another edition—the matter becomes more complex; and there is greater scope given to the industry of those who collate, and to the ingenuity of those who build riddles upon the collation. Some would even collate every single copy of the same edition. Be it so. All this implies homage; and does no harm, if we connect it with higher things. We subjoin a list of the first editions of the quarto plays, with the dates of their original publication, and the date of the entry of each at Stationers' Hall; mentioning, however, that there had been previous editions of 'Romeo and Juliet,' and of 'Hamlet,' essentially very different, not only in the matter common to each, but in their extent. We add, with an object which we shall presently explain, the names of the publishers:—

Name of Play published in Quarto.	Date of First Edition.	Date of Entry at Stationers' Hall.	Publishers' Names.
Richard II. . . . .	1597	1597	Andrew Wise.
Richard III. . . . .	1597	1597	William Wise.
Romeo and Juliet, "corrected and augmented" . . . . .	1599	..	Cuthbert Burby.
Love's Labour's Lost . . . . .	1598	..	Cuthbert Burby.
Henry IV., Part I. . . . .	1598	1597	Andrew Wise.
Henry IV., Part II. . . . .	1600	1600	{ Andrew Wise and Wm. Aspley.
Merchant of Venice . . . . .	1600	1598	Thomas Heyes.
Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . .	1600	1600	Thomas Fisher.
Much Ado about Nothing . . . . .	1600	1600	A. Wise and W. Aspley.
Titus Andronicus . . . . .	1600	1593	Edward White.
(An edition is stated to have appeared in 1594.)			
Hamlet, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was" . . . . .	1604	..	N. Landure.
Lear . . . . .	1608	1607	Nat. Butter.
Troilus and Cressida . . . . .	1609	1608	{ R. Bonian and H. Walley.
Othello . . . . .	1622	1621	Thomas Walkley.

The editors of the first folio, as we have seen, use in their preface the following words:—"Before, you were abused with *divers* stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them." It is necessary that we should examine to which of the plays published before the folio this strong charge applies. It has been thought to involve a sweeping condemnation of *all* the previous editions;—but this is not so: it applies only to "*divers* stolen and surreptitious copies." We know not if there were *other* "stolen and surreptitious copies" besides those which may be included in the quartos preserved to us. There may have been meagre and worthless copies, which, as far as we know, may have perished. We believe that the condemnation does not in any degree apply to the first *nine* of the plays included in the list which we have just given. Upon the quarto editions of those plays, the text of the folio, with slight alterations, is unquestionably founded. Verbal corrections, and in one or two cases additions and omissions, are found in the folio;—but they are only such as an author, having his printed works before him during at least sixteen years, would naturally make. The most considerable additions are to 'The Second Part of Henry IV.'—



These nine plays do not furnish the slightest internal evidence of appearing to be printed from an imperfect copy. Further, in seven out of the nine cases, the proprietary interest of the original publishers of these plays never lapses. Andrew and William Wise, in connexion with William Aspley, are the original publishers of 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' the two Parts of 'Henry IV.,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing;' they, and their assign or partner, Matthew Law, print many editions of the historical plays, from 1597 to 1622; and then Aspley becomes a proprietor of the folio, to which his name is affixed as one of the publishers. Cuthbert Burby is the original publisher of the "augmented" 'Romeo and Juliet,' and of 'Love's Labour's Lost;' in 1607 he assigns his interest to John Smethwick: they publish several editions of 'Romeo and Juliet,' from 1599 to 1609; and Smethwick finally becomes a proprietor also of the folio of 1623. With regard to 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' we cannot trace the proprietary interest of their original publishers down to the publication of the folio, by any entries in the books of the Stationers' Company.\* Of each of these plays there were also editions in 1600, but none after;—one of each bearing the name of a publisher, and the other of a printer, J. Roberts. 'Titus Adronicus' has also the distinction of being printed with remarkable accuracy in the quarto editions; which editions, with slight alterations, though with one Scene added, form the text of the folio.

The reader will have observed, as a remarkable circumstance, that the ten plays which we have thus described as authentic copies were printed during the short period of four years. In 1598 Francis Meres, an authority to which we shall often have occasion to refer, notices, as examples of Shakspeare's excellence in comedy and tragedy, certain plays then existing. Of the plays printed in 1600 his list includes all that we have exhibited, with the exception of 'Much Ado about Nothing;' and it contains only four other plays not

\* The books of the Stationers' Company were examined by Steevens, and he transcribed and published all the entries which could bear upon the works of Shakspeare; but he made no deductions from the facts, nor have any subsequent commentators.

then printed, namely, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Love's Labour Won' (supposed to be 'All's Well that Ends Well'), and 'King John.' It will be observed, also, that of these ten plays five were printed in one year, 1600. We think that it may be shown with tolerable certainty that none of Shakspeare's plays were subsequently printed before his death, except piratically; or with the intention of giving a "true and perfect copy" instead of a piratical one; or under some peculiar circumstances which are naturally involved in mystery. Of those so printed separately the number is only six. We must notice them in detail.

In 1600 appeared '*The Chronicle History of Henry V., &c.*' This edition contains about half the number of lines of that in the folio copy. The additions consist of all the choruses, the whole of the first scene of Act I., and some of the most spirited speeches. The entire play is indeed recast; and yet, although it is perfectly evident, from the passage in the chorus to the fifth act referring to

"the general of our gracious queen

(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,"

that the choruses were introduced in 1599, they appear not in the first edition of 1600, nor in the second of 1602, nor in the third of 1608. There can be no question, we think, that the original play of 'Henry V.,' as exhibited in these quartos, was a hasty sketch, afterwards worked up into the perfect form in which we now find it; that the piratical publishers had obtained a copy of that sketch,—but that they were effectually prevented obtaining a copy with the additions and amendments. We think it by no means improbable that the piratical publication of this play in its imperfect state—as perfect as could be obtained by the publishers without the consent of the author, or proprietors—was one of the consequences of a change in the policy upon which Shakspeare's theatre was conducted. We have seen that, from 1597 to 1600, ten plays were published in a perfect state, differing very slightly from the copies published after his death by the authority of his friends and "fellows." Previous to the publication of 'Henry V.,' in 1600, no edition that can be con-

sidered piratical had appeared. In 1602 came out another imperfect, and probably mutilated, copy—‘*The Merry Wives of Windsor*.’ The first edition of Arthur Johnson, in 1602, and a subsequent edition of 1619, present only the sketch of that play as we now have it from the folio. The improvements and additions in this case are as numerous and important as in the ‘Henry V.’ But they were never suffered to be published till they appeared in the folio. ‘*Hamlet*’ differs from the two preceding instances, from a genuine copy having been brought out immediately after the appearance of what was most probably a piratical one. The unique first edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire (reprinted in 1825) is, like ‘Henry V.’ and ‘*The Merry Wives of Windsor*,’ a sketch as compared with the finished play. It was published by N. L. (Nicholas Ling) and John Trundell, in 1603; but in 1604 an edition was published by N. Landure, “newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie.” This is the play, with very slight variations, as we now possess it; and this edition was reprinted four times in Shakspeare’s life, having become the property of John Smethwick, who, as we have mentioned, became one of the publishers of the folio. ‘*Lear*’ was published by Nathaniel Butter in 1608, and in that year he produced three editions. No future edition appears till that of the folio, while ‘*Hamlet*,’ and ‘*Romeo and Juliet*,’ are constantly reprinted. Butter’s edition of ‘*Lear*’ is however a correct one. He must have had a genuine copy. ‘*Troilus and Cressida*,’ published by R. Bonian and H. Walley, in 1609, is a genuine copy.

We have now gone through the list of all the quarto plays that appeared before Shakspeare’s death. ‘*Othello*,’ the only other quarto, was not printed till 1622. It is a genuine copy; and its publication may have had some influence in determining the proprietors of Shakspeare’s authentic plays, whether printed or in manuscript, to form and publish the collection of 1623.

It is impossible, we think, to imagine that this decided system of publication of Shakspeare’s plays up to 1600, and of non-publication after 1600, could have been the result of



accident. Malone assigns as a reason for this remarkable circumstance, that, "if we suppose him to have written for the stage during a period of twenty years, those pieces which were produced in the latter part of that period were less likely to pass through the press in his lifetime, as the curiosity of the public had not been so long engaged by them as by his early compositions." This reasoning is singularly erroneous. Not a single play, with the exception of the two Parts of 'The Contention,' was printed before 1597, and in 1600 ten had been printed, in addition to the two Parts of 'The Contention.' According to Malone, the curiosity of the public had not begun to operate till 1597; and it ceased to operate after 1600, when the reputation of the author was becoming greater and greater, and he was making the highest efforts to place it above all competition. The demand for new editions of those plays which had been published before 1600 was very remarkable, in an age when books were comparatively of slow sale; and that demand must have offered abundant encouragement to publish the more important plays, which were written after 1600, and which remained unpublished till the appearance of the folio of 1623. There were three great exceptions, as we have seen, to the system of non-publication—'Hamlet,' 'Lear,' and 'Troilus and Cressida.' We are inclined to believe that each of these was published under the authority of the author, or, at any rate, without his power of suppression; although their publication might be at variance with the general policy of the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. 'Hamlet,' "enlarged to almost as much again as it was," was printed, it may be supposed, to vindicate the author's claims to something higher than the early sketch which appeared in the edition of 1603. 'Lear' and 'Troilus and Cressida' stand, we believe, upon other ground. They were both, as we shall have to state more particularly in our notices of those plays, probably acted for the first time before the court of James I., and it is not impossible that the copies so used were out of the control of the players who represented these dramas; and that some one, authorised or not, printed each play from the copy employed at these private representations "by the King's Majesty's servants." The utter dis-

regard of metre in the 'Lear' proves that the edition was not printed from the author's copy.

The statements which we have thus laid before our readers are necessary to explain the principles upon which our text has been founded. The folio of 1623 contains thirty-six plays: of these, thirteen were published in the author's lifetime, with such internal evidences of authenticity, and under such circumstances, as warrant us in receiving them as authentic copies. These copies are, therefore, entitled to a very high respect in the settlement of the author's text. But they do not demand an exclusive respect; for the evidence, in several instances, is most decided, that the author's posthumous copies in manuscript were distinguished from the printed copies by verbal alterations, by additions, by omissions not arbitrarily made, by a more correct metrical arrangement. To refer these differences to alterations made by the players has been a favourite theory with some of Shakspeare's editors; but it is manifestly an absurd one. We see, in numerous cases, the minute but most effective touches of the skilful artist; and a careful examination of this matter in the plays where the alterations are most numerous is quite sufficient to satisfy us of the jealous care with which Shakspeare watched over the more important of these productions, so as to leave with his "fellows" more complete and accurate copies than had been preserved by the press. Between the quarto editions of the four Comedies,—'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' 'Much Ado about Nothing,'—and the folio of 1623, the variations are exceedingly few; and these have probably, for the most part, been created by the printer. Of the Histories, 'Richard II.' in the folio is founded upon the quarto of 1608, with the omission of about fifty lines. The variations between the two copies of 'The First Part of Henry IV.' are very slight. In 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' there are large additions in the folio. 'Richard III.' in the folio, presents an example of constant verbal alterations, evidently made with a most minute scrupulousness: there are two passages omitted, although in the author's best manner, and about a hundred and twenty lines added. Of the Tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet,' in the folio, is

founded upon the quarto of 1599, with occasional verbal alterations. 'Titus Andronicus' is essentially the same in the folio as the quarto of 1600, with the exception of the added Scene. 'Hamlet,' in the folio, is founded upon the quarto of 1604, but the verbal alterations are numerous; and there are passages omitted in the folio which we should indeed be sorry to lose, although there was probably a dramatic reason for their omission. The most important of the variations between the quartos and the folio are to be found in 'Lear.' The verbal alterations are perpetually recurring, but the changes of the folio are decidedly to be preferred in nearly every instance. The metrical arrangement of the quarto is one mass of confusion: we have about fifty lines added in the folio, and about two hundred and twenty-five lines omitted: for these omissions there is again a sufficient dramatic reason, although it is truly fortunate that passages of such exquisite beauty as they for the most part are should have been preserved to us in the original publication. 'Troilus and Cressida,' in the folio, differs in the very smallest degree from the text of the quarto copy. The verbal changes in 'Othello' are few; but there are many additional lines in the folio.

We have thus seen that of the fourteen plays originally published in quarto, which may be considered authentic, nine of that number contain very unimportant differences from the text in the folio. The differences, however, are not merely the typographical changes which always creep into any new edition; they are in many cases either the corrections of the author, or the corrections of those who represented the plays. The Theatre, there can be no doubt, possessed a manuscript copy, as Heminge and Condell expressly tell us; and the variations, especially in the metrical arrangement, even in those plays which appear the most alike, afford satisfactory evidence that in the re-publication some manuscript was referred to. We are bound, therefore, we think, upon these grounds, to make the later copy the foundation of the text. But we are also called upon to point out the deviations from the text of the quartos, not only whenever the differences are of importance, but when they vary from the commonly re-



ceived reading. This is the course which we have pursued in our first edition; and which we shall carry out as much farther as may appear to us necessary in the present impression.

Of the other five plays, in which the variations between the quarto editions and the folio are more important, we have not only to adhere to the principles just laid down, but to preserve even what the author, we may believe, advisedly rejected; and, in preserving it, to furnish materials for a just appreciation of the judgment with which he retrenched as well as added. Where there are omissions in the folio of passages found in the quartos, such omissions not being superseded by an extended or a condensed passage of a similar character, we give them a place in the text; distinguishing them, however, by brackets. But we utterly object to the principle which has too often guided the modern editors, of making up a text, when the variations are considerable, out of the text of the quartos and that of the folio. If any part of the variation demonstrates that it is the author's improvement, we are bound to receive the whole of the improvement, with the exception of any manifest typographical error; satisfying, however, the critical reader, by giving him the original passage in a note. To act upon any other principle is to set up private judgment against all authority.

But if the principle which we have just laid down be all-important with regard to the authentic quartos, how much more important is it with reference to those plays which are essentially, and upon the face of them, imperfect and deformed. In three instances, those of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Henry V.,' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and especially in the two first, the modern editors have received the text of the imperfect copy as something to be relied upon; and wherever they have found a line not in the folio they have thrust it in, and clamoured for its restoration. It was most fortunate that the 'Hamlet' of 1603 was unknown in the days of Steevens and Malone, or we might otherwise have received a text of current circulation, in which some of the new lines and scenes of this most interesting sketch would have been adopted, to destroy the harmony of the poet's matured composition. These imperfect plays, amongst which we include the two

Parts of 'The Contention,' are of the highest importance to the student of Shakspeare, to show how our great poet earned his laurel, in the opinion of his contemporaries, by the most diligent industry:—

“ Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:—  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion: and that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same  
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;  
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
For a good poet's made, as well as born:  
*And such wert thou.*”

Having disposed, then, of these general considerations of the value of the quarto copies, we have to inquire what reliance we are to place upon the text of those plays which appear for the first time in the folio of 1623, and upon which we must absolutely depend for a competent knowledge of these inestimable productions. We say absolutely, for in any matters of serious difficulty the subsequent editions offer us comparatively very little aid. The second edition of 1632 was held up as an authority by Steevens, because, in some degree, it appeared to fall in with his notions of versification. We doubt if it had an editor properly so called; for the most obvious typographical errors are repeated without change. The printer, probably, of this edition occasionally pieced out what he considered an imperfect line, and altered a word here and there that had grown obsolete during the changes in our language since Shakspeare first wrote. But, beyond this, we have no help in the second edition; and none whatever in the subsequent ones. For eighteen plays, therefore, the folio of 1623 must be received as the only accredited copy—standing in the same relation to the text as the one manuscript of an ancient author. For four other plays it must be received as the only accredited complete copy. How, then, appear the copies printed for the first time in this folio with regard to correctness? We have no hesitation in stating that, with one or two exceptions, the text of these plays may be considered to be as correct, and

as little corrupted, as those which had the advantage of having previously gone through the press. This is a most remarkable circumstance with reference to any posthumous publication; and when we consider the essential difficulties which belong to the correct printing of a play—the mistaking of one character for another, the confusion which must arise from the intermingling of prose and verse, the varieties of the versification itself, and the possibility of receiving the stage directions as the text,—it is perfectly astonishing that these productions have come down to us with so few vital errors and deformities. To form a correct estimate of the value of the folio copy, with reference to the plays there first printed, we should compare them with any other play, or plays, printed either after the death of an author, or without an adequate revision during his life. We have a remarkable instance in a play attributed to Shakspeare—‘Pericles,’—and which, there can be little doubt, belongs, wholly or in part, to him. There are four quarto editions of this play, besides that of the third folio. Each of these is manifestly most corrupt; infinitely more so, beyond all comparison, than the most incorrect of the plays printed from Shakspeare’s posthumous manuscripts. The consequence has been, that the modern editors have seized upon it with joyful alacrity, upon the principle avowed by Steevens, that “those experiments which we are forbidden to perform on living subjects may properly be attempted on dead ones.” This “*experimentum in corpore vili*” has certainly produced some curious results; and if the dead body has not been brought to life by the art of the editor, it has certainly been made to frisk about with a most galvanic hideousness. And this brings us to a consideration of what the modern editors have thought fit to do with those undoubted works of Shakspeare of which they were bound to receive the text with respect and deference,—to approach all change with timidity,—to adopt every conjectural emendation with caution,—to add, or to retrench, only when a meaning was hopeless,—to regulate the versification according to the poet’s own laws, and the poetical canons of his own day, and not upon a theory of harmony deduced from the practice of a later, and, we may add, a less poetical and more mechanical age.



The history of the building up of the received text of Shakspeare would occupy a volume ; nor would that history be necessarily dull or unimportant. It is a part of the *history of opinion* regarding Shakspeare ; which, in itself, is again only a part of the general literary history of an age, and especially of its poetical taste. By the *received text* of Shakspeare we do not mean the particular text which has obtained in particular editions, such as Boswell's of 1821 ; but the text which, if a new edition of Shakspeare is set about for general circulation, is generally adopted, for the most part without any attempt whatever towards revision. The number of editions of the text of Shakspeare printed during the present century alone is by no means inconsiderable ; and of these editions, which are constantly multiplying, there are many thousand copies constantly supplying the large and increasing demand for a knowledge of our greatest poet. With very few exceptions, indeed, all these editions are copies of some edition whose received text is considered as a standard,—even to the copying of typographical errors. That received text, to use the words of the title-page of what is called the trade edition, is “ From the text of the corrected copies, left by the late George Steevens, Esq., and Edmond Malone, Esq.” If we were to suppose, from this title, that Steevens and Malone had agreed together to leave a text for the benefit of posterity, we should be signally deceived : for, many years previous to the death of Steevens, in 1800, Malone and he had been carrying on a wordy war in rival editions ; and the great object of Malone's posthumous edition, by Boswell, was to free the text from those bold alterations which Steevens, in the latter part of his life, perpetrated with no scrupulous hand. The last text of Malone, published by Boswell, has not obtained general circulation ; and is not in any degree the received text. To hold up the errors, therefore, of that text (and they are numerous enough), is *brutum fulmen*. The received text is that of Steevens ; and a very brief history of that text is a subject to which, in the present instance, we shall principally confine ourselves, in illustration of the principles upon which we have endeavoured to present Shakspeare, as nearly as possible in his own shape, to the world.

The modern editors of Shakspeare who preceded Steevens were,—Rowe, 1709; Pope, 1725; Theobald, 1733; Hanmer, 1744; Warburton, 1747; Johnson, 1765; Capell, 1768. In 1773 the edition bearing the names of Samuel Johnson and George Steevens was first published. Steevens set out upon principles which deserve every commendation. He begins his “advertisement to the reader” thus:—“The want of adherence to the old copies, which has been complained of in the text of every modern republication of Shakspeare, is fairly deducible from Mr. Rowe’s inattention to one of the first duties of an editor. Mr. Rowe did not print from the earliest and most correct, but from the most remote and inaccurate of the four folios.” He then states that he had gone through the task of collation with the authentic copies, adding, “the reader may be assured that he, who thought it his duty to free an author from such modern and unnecessary innovations as had been censured in others, has not ventured to introduce any of his own.” He further goes on to say, “the text of Shakspeare is restored to the condition in which the author, or rather his first publishers, appear to have left it, such emendations as were absolutely necessary alone admitted: for where a particle, indispensably necessary to the sense, was wanting, such a supply has been silently adopted from other editions; but where a syllable or more had been added, for the sake of the metre only, which at first might have been irregular, such interpolations are here constantly retrenched, sometimes with and sometimes without notice.” If Steevens had worked throughout his life in this spirit, he would have deservedly earned the thanks of every reader of Shakspeare; and the duty of an editor coming fifty years after him would have been less disagreeable. But Steevens’s edition of 1793,—which goes by the name of “his own edition,” and upon which all the modern texts, with the exception of Boswell’s, are founded,—was executed in a spirit the total opposite of the principles laid down by the same editor twenty years before. It was in the preface to this edition that Steevens—grown bold amidst the incense of his coteries, and the encouragement which his acute but most prosaic mind received from the spirit of his age—made the avowal which now sounds so

extraordinary: "We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c., of Shakspeare, because the strongest act of parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service; notwithstanding these miscellaneous poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgment of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture." The man who made this avowal has, in the very book where he made it, established for himself the character of the most daring innovator upon the text of Shakspeare; and his innovations, extensive beyond all former precedent, are in great part founded upon the conviction that he was born to reduce the versification of Shakspeare to a standard of regularity—to the "laws of metre," as he informs us. We must extract a passage from his preface of 1793, which is comprehensive enough to show upon what principles the received text of Shakspeare is founded; and which is, truly, no vain dream of imaginary perfection in an editor who would start back,

"E'en at the sounds himself had made;"

but of one who carried out his theory with a most unflinching perseverance, and who grew bolder and bolder with every new experiment:—

"It is time, instead of a timid and servile adherence to ancient copies, when (offending against sense and metre) they furnish no real help, that a future editor, well acquainted with the phraseology of our author's age, should be at liberty to restore some apparent meaning to his corrupted lines, and a decent flow to his obstructed versification. The latter (as already has been observed) may be frequently effected by the expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an occasional supply of such as might fortuitously have been omitted, notwithstanding the declaration of Heminge and Condell, whose fraudulent preface asserts that they have published our author's plays 'as absolute in their numbers as he conceived them.' Till somewhat resembling the process above suggested be authorized, the public will ask in vain for a commodious and pleasant text of Shakspeare. No-



thing will be lost to the world on account of the measure recommended; there being folios and quartos enough remaining for the use of antiquarian or critical travellers, to whom a jolt over a rugged pavement may be more delectable than an easy passage over a smooth one, though they both conduct to the same object."

Without the most careful and complete examination of the text of the early copies of Shakspeare, as compared with the modern texts, it is impossible to form any notion of the extent to which the corruption has reached through this dogged pertinacity—and, we add with pain, besotted ignorance—on the part of an editor whose natural acuteness, elegant acquirements, and neat style, gave him an influence over the public of his day, of which we inherit the evil fruits. Malone was the only man who ventured to stand up against Steevens; but Malone's natural strength would allow no prolonged fight, and his weapons and his armour were of the most fragile of critical equipments. Malone was bred in the same school of metrical harmony as Steevens, but he had a greater terror of innovation; and when Steevens, therefore, came with his "expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an occasional supply of such as might have been fortuitously omitted," Malone was ready with his minute proofs that what is usually received as a monosyllable was in reality a dissyllable, and *vice versâ*. Neither of them had the slightest notion of that variety which dramatic versification essentially requires; and of which, we conscientiously believe, Shakspeare was the first, the very first, to exhibit the example. As compared with the other founders of the English drama,—Marlowe, Kyd, Lyly, Peele, Greene, Nash, Lodge,—the great distinguishing characteristic of Shakspeare is his freedom of versification. It exhibits itself even in the earliest plays,—as we read them in the text uncorrupted by the labours of the moderns,—in the constant recurrence of lines in which these moderns find what they call "superfluous syllables;"—in hemistichs;—in alexandrines. With all these Steevens goes to work, cutting out the "superfluous syllables," with the certain result of destroying the sense or weakening the force of the passage; making of two hemistichs one line, and carrying over a syl-

lable, or two, or three, to the next line,—and, of course, producing an excess there, carrying over the excess till he found a convenient halting-place, or made one, by addition, or diminution, of interjections or epithets. We have said before that one of the best proofs of the accuracy of the early copies is the fact that Steevens did not dare to do to them as much as he was inclined to do; and that his hand knew no restraint when it was to be tried upon a vitiated early text, like that of ‘Pericles.’ In his notes upon this play he absolutely rises into enthusiasm in his vindication of his theory: “Let the Nimrods of *ifs* and *ands* pursue him; let the champions of nonsense that bears the stamp of antiquity couch their rusty lances at the desperate innovator.” We have no doubt that Steevens was thoroughly convinced he was doing good service to the cause of his country’s literature, in reducing Shakspeare to the standard of versification in what we have been wont to call our Augustan age. The poets who, with Shakspeare, founded the English drama in the memorable period between 1580 and 1595, approach nearer to the standard of dramatic rhythm exhibited in the plays of Dryden, and Rowe, and Addison, than Shakspeare did; and therefore Steevens thought that their versification was more correct and more harmonious. He has left a record of his opinions on this subject, not to be mistaken, in a note on ‘The Tempest:’ “Though I once expressed a different opinion, I am now well convinced that the metre of Shakspeare’s plays had originally no other irregularity than was occasioned by an accidental use of hemistichs. When we find the smoothest series of lines among our earliest dramatic writers (who could fairly boast of no other requisites for poetry), are we to expect less polished versification from Shakspeare?” To this part of the subject it is scarcely necessary for us to add another word, farther than to say that, by our constant endeavours to restore the original metrical arrangement of Shakspeare, whenever it was not manifestly printed with incorrectness, we have done something to show the surpassing difference of his rich and varied harmony as compared with “the smoothest series of lines among our earliest dramatic writers.” The peculiar versification of Shakspeare, its freedom, its vigour, its variety of pause, its

sweetness, its majesty, will always furnish an infallible test of the correctness with which the folio copy, especially, of his works is printed. It is a very remarkable circumstance, which has constantly forced itself upon our notice, that in nearly all that we are in the habit of terming the great passages, not only the verbal correctness, but the metrical accuracy, is unquestionable. It is in the lighter passages, where, in the utterance of the dialogue, the rhythm was perhaps very slightly regarded, that we find not only metrical confusion, but prose sometimes printed as verse, and verse as prose. There is nothing for it in such cases but to present the *words* of the text as we receive them. To correct the original error by substitution, or addition, or omission, is to render the text still more corrupt, even in a more important matter than versification; it is to vitiate the sense of the author in the attempt to restore his metrical excellence.

We have thus indicated the duties which we have endeavoured to discharge, and to which we are still called upon to devote the most unremitting attention, as far as regards the choice of a text amongst the various readings of the early copies, and the faithful adherence to that text, as far as it is possible, when that choice is made. The various readings, and, in all important cases, the reasons for a preference, we hold ourselves bound to exhibit. It is not sufficient, as it appears to us, for an editor to settle the true reading without offering such reasons, at any rate for the rejection of a received reading, as may satisfy the critical student. He is bound also to state, as briefly as possible, the reasons of his predecessors, more especially when he differs from them. In restoring even an ancient reading, upon full conviction, he must give very satisfactory reasons for the rejection of the supposed improvement, if that improvement has become the received text with the readers of the poet. When he is compelled to rely upon conjectural emendation, he must not attempt to shift his responsibility upon those who have made the conjecture. If he is altogether hopeless of the correctness of the original text—not straining it, however, in his dislike of innovation, to any forced and unnatural meaning—he must carefully weigh all the conjectures which have been offered;



he must take into account the conjectures of those foreigners who have studied Shakspeare ; and he must consult even the foreign translations of the received text, to see how the conjecture looks in the dress of another language. If he is compelled to alter the original text, upon the conjectures of others, or, what should be the last resort, upon his own, he must strictly bear in mind what were the probable sources of error, to enable him to offer a satisfactory conjecture for emendation. A familiarity with the mistakes of printers, so as to be acquainted with the modes in which they habitually arise, and an acquaintance also with the modes of common writing in the times of Elizabeth and James, will help him somewhat in the correction of blunders which may be decidedly considered typographical. We will give one example of what we mean. In the first scene of the third act of ‘Measure for Measure,’ the first folio gives us the reading of “The *prenzie* Angelo;” and, within three lines, “In *prenzie* guards.” Now, it is evident that this is a printer’s error, and that the same word of the manuscript has been twice mistaken. The second folio corrects the word, in both cases, to *princely*. Warburton reads *priestly*. Tieck differs from both readings, and gives us *precise*. *Precise*, we have no doubt, is the better word of the three ; but we require a justification for rejecting the received reading of *princely*. We therefore put the four words in apposition ; and we see that *precise* has a much closer resemblance to *prenzie* than either of the others :—

*prenzie,*  
*precise,*  
*princelie,*  
*priestlie.*

Before any change of words is resorted to, the punctuation of the original copies must be very carefully examined ; nor is this original punctuation so incomplete as is generally imagined. It differs from our modern mode, as all ancient books differ ; but it is not an unsystematic punctuation. An adherence to it will sometimes restore the sense of a passage, when we cannot obtain a sense from the modern reading ; on the other hand, before we change a *word* we must see what we can gain by changing the *points*. Approaching in this careful

way to that most difficult task of emendation, which no carefulness of collation, no confidence in ancient copies, can dispense with, the editor of Shakspeare may avoid some of the mistakes of his predecessors, whilst he avails himself of their antiquarian knowledge and their critical sagacity. The English editors of Shakspeare have certainly brought to their task a great variety of qualities, from which combination we might expect some very felicitous results. They divide themselves into two schools, which, like all schools, have their subdivisions. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Johnson, belong to the school which did not seek any very exact acquaintance with our early literature; and which probably would have despised the exhibition, if not the reality, of antiquarian and bibliographical knowledge. A new school arose, whose acquaintance with what has been called black-letter literature was extensive enough to produce a decided revolution in Shaksperian commentary. Capell, Steevens, Malone, Reed, Douce, are the representatives of the later school. The first school contained the most brilliant men,—the second, the most painstaking commentators. The dullest of the first school,—a name hung up amongst the dunces by his rival editor,—poor “piddling Theobald,” was unquestionably the best of the first race of editors. Rowe was indolent; Pope, flashy; Warburton, paradoxical; Johnson, pedantic. Theobald brought his common sense to the task; and has left us, we cannot avoid thinking, the best of all the conjectural emendations. Of the other school, the real learning, and sometimes sound judgment, of Capell, is buried in an obscurity of thought and style,—to say nothing of his comment being printed separately from his text,—which puts all ordinary reading for purposes of information at complete defiance. Of Steevens and Malone, they have had, more or less, the glory of having linked themselves to Shakspeare during the last half-century. Reed and Chalmers were mere supervisors and abridgers of what they did. Steevens and Malone might have continued in their supremacy, if the literary taste of England had not most happily received altogether a new direction, almost from the commencement of the present century. Their comments were addressed to an age nearly without poetry; which looked

upon the age of Shakspeare as remarkable for the rudeness, as well as the vigour, of its literature; and which considered Shakspeare himself under the vulgar aspect of the miraculous, — a genius perfectly untaught, without knowledge, without art, violating all rule, a rich quarry, but neither a temple nor a palace. A new school of criticism arose. The Germans led the way in teaching us to understand our own great poet, by the publication of translations where the old modes of criticism, on the authority of English commentators, were contemptuously cast off. In England, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, and other illustrious disciples of a new æsthetic school, had taught us that, in some respects, the Shakspeare editors were blind guides. The reverence for Shakspeare which Coleridge especially inculcated had begun to take root amongst us pretty deeply during the last quarter of a century. When circumstances, therefore, in 1838, placed the conduct of an edition of Shakspeare in the hands of the present editor, he determined to approach his task in the new spirit of the new school, as far as a humble disciple might interpret that spirit. The new school, however, is not the school of innovation; that dispraise belongs to those who have altered and interpreted Shakspeare in the confidence of their own superiority. We sit at the feet of the teacher, and listen.

The order in which the thirty-six plays contained in the folio of 1623 are presented to the reader is contained in the following list, which forms a leaf of that edition :—

“ A CATALOGUE OF THE SEVERAL COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

*Comedies.*

The Tempest.  
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
The Merry Wives of Windsor.  
Measure for Measure.  
The Comedy of Errors.  
Much Ado about Nothing.  
Love's Labour's Lost.  
Midsummer Night's Dream.  
The Merchant of Venice.

As You Like It.

The Taming of the Shrew.  
All's Well that Ends Well.  
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.  
The Winter's Tale.

*Histories.*

The Life and Death of King John.  
The Life and Death of King Richard II.  
The First Part of King Henry IV.

The Second Part of King Henry IV.	The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
The Life of King Henry V.	Titus Andronicus.
The First Part of King Henry VI.	Romeo and Juliet.
The Second Part of King Henry VI.	Timon of Athens.
The Third Part of King Henry VI.	The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.
The Life and Death of Richard III.	The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Life of King Henry VIII.	The Tragedy of Hamlet.
<i>Tragedies.</i>	King Lear.
Troilus and Cressida.	Othello, the Moor of Venice.
	Antony and Cleopatra.
	Cymbeline, King of Britain."

The general division here given of the plays into three classes is manifestly a discriminating and a just one. The editors were thoroughly cognizant of the distinction which Shakspeare drew between his Histories and Tragedies, as works of art. Subsequent editors have not so accurately seen this distinction; for they have inserted 'Macbeth' immediately after the Comedies, and preceding 'King John,' as if it were a History, taking its place in the chronological order of events. It will be observed also that the original editors had a just regard to the order of events in their arrangement of the Histories, properly so called. But the order of succession in the Comedies and Tragedies must be considered an arbitrary one. Subsequent editors have introduced an order still more arbitrary; and to Malone belongs the credit of having endeavoured to place the Comedies and Tragedies in the order in which he supposed them to have been written. This arrangement took place in his posthumous edition; but, his preliminary notices to each play consisting of the various opinions of the commentators generally, the advantages of considering each with reference to the supposed epoch of its production was very imperfectly attained in that edition. We therefore resolved, previous to the commencement of our 'Pictorial Edition,' to establish in our own minds certain principles, which should become to us a general guide, as to the order in which we should publish the Comedies and Tragedies; still however keeping the classes separate, and not mixing them, according to their supposed dates, as Malone had done.



But we did not pretend, nor even desire, to establish an exact date for the original production of each play. We attempted only to obtain a general notion of the date of their production in several groups. There would of course occur, with reference to each play, some detailed investigation, which would exhibit facts having a tendency to approximate that play to a particular year; but we knew, and we have subsequently shown, that, with very few exceptions indeed, the confident chronological orders of Malone, and Chalmers, and Drake, have been little more than guesses, sometimes ingenious and plausible, but oftener unsatisfactory and almost childish. But it appeared to us that there were certain broad principles to be kept in view, which would offer no inconsiderable assistance in forming a just estimate of the growth of the poet's powers, and of his peculiarities of thought and style at different periods of his life. It is obvious that upon some such estimate as this, however imperfect, much that is most valuable in any critical analysis of his works, and especially in any comparison with the works of his contemporaries, must in a large degree depend. The general views which we have taken differ considerably from those of our predecessors; and they do so for the most part, because we have more facts to guide us,—and especially the one fact that he was established in London, as a shareholder in the leading company of players, as early as the year 1589. We begin, therefore, by assuming that he was a writer for the stage five years at least before the period usually assigned for the commencement of his career as a dramatic poet. It may be convenient here briefly to recapitulate the reasons of this opinion which we have stated in various passages of our previous edition.

We shall first present an Abstract of Malone's last Chronological Order, as a case upon which to ground our argument.

				Poet's Age.
1. First Part of King Henry VI.	.	.	1589	25
2. Second Part of King Henry VI.	.	.	1591	27
3. Third Part of King Henry VI.	.	.	1591	
4. Two Gentlemen of Verona	.	.	1591	
5. Comedy of Errors	.	.	1592	28
6. King Richard II.	.	.	1593	29
7. King Richard III.	.	.	1593	

	Poet's Age.
8. Love's Labour's Lost . . . . 1594	30
9. Merchant of Venice . . . . 1594	
10. Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . 1594	
11. Taming of the Shrew . . . . 1596	32
12. Romeo and Juliet . . . . 1596	
13. King John . . . . 1596	
14. First Part of King Henry IV. . . . 1597	33
15. Second Part of King Henry IV. . . . 1599	35
16. As You Like It . . . . 1599	
17. King Henry V. . . . 1599	
18. Much Ado about Nothing . . . . 1600	36
19. Hamlet . . . . 1600	
20. Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . 1601	37
21. Troilus and Cressida . . . . 1602	38
22. Measure for Measure . . . . 1603	39
23. Henry VIII. . . . 1603	
24. Othello . . . . 1604	40
25. Lear . . . . 1605	41
26. All's Well that Ends Well . . . . 1606	42
27. Macbeth . . . . 1606	
28. Julius Cæsar . . . . 1607	43
29. Twelfth Night . . . . 1607	
30. Antony and Cleopatra . . . . 1608	44
31. Cymbeline . . . . 1609	45
32. Coriolanus . . . . 1610	46
33. Timon of Athens . . . . 1610	
34. Winter's Tale . . . . 1611	47
35. Tempest . . . . 1611	
36. Pericles . . . . }	Omitted as doubtful.
37. Titus Andronicus }	

In 1598 Francis Meres published his '*Palladis Tamia*, Wit's Treasury,' which contains the most important notice of Shakspeare of any contemporary writer:—"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his 'Gentlemen of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love Labours Lost,' his 'Love Labours Won,' his 'Midsummer's Night Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice;' for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'

This notice fixes the date of thirteen plays, as having been produced up to 1598. But this list can scarcely be supposed to be a complete one. The expression which Meres uses, "for comedy *witness*," implies that he selects particular examples of excellence. We know that the three Parts of 'Henry VI.' existed before 1598: we believe that 'The Taming of the Shrew' was amongst the early plays; and that the original sketch of 'Hamlet' had been produced at the very outset of his dramatic career. 'All's Well that Ends Well,' we believe, also, to have been an early play, known to Meres as 'Love's Labour's Won.' But carry the list of Meres forward two years, and we have to add 'Much Ado about Nothing' and 'Henry V.,' which were then *printed*. The account, therefore, stands thus in 1600:—

Plays mentioned by Meres, considering Henry IV. as					
Two Parts	.	.	.	.	13
Henry VI., Three Parts	.	.	.	.	3
Taming of the Shrew }	.	.	.	.	2
Hamlet (sketch) }	.	.	.	.	
Much Ado about Nothing }	.	.	.	.	2
Henry V. }	.	.	.	.	
					20

We have now seventeen plays, including 'Pericles,' left for the seventeenth century; but some of these have established their claim to an earlier date than has been usually assigned to them. 'Twelfth Night' and 'Othello' were performed in 1602. Under the usual chronological order we are compelled, according to the analysis which we have just given, to crowd twenty plays into ten years. We shall have a still more difficult task to accomplish, if we accept the theory which has been laid down, by an authority which goes further even than Malone, that "all dramatic poets who had written plays prior to the year 1593 may be fairly considered the predecessors of Shakspeare,"\* assuming that previous to 1593 Shakspeare was altogether employed in mending the plays of others. But, putting aside 'Titus Andronicus,' Meres gives us a list of twelve original plays existing when his book was printed in 1598—twelve plays which we would not exchange

\* Collier's 'Annals of the Stage,' vol. i. p. 237.

for all the contemporary dramatic literature produced in the years between 1593 and 1598. In support of these assertions, and these computations, not the slightest direct evidence has ever been offered. The indirect evidence constantly alleged against Shakspeare being a writer before he was twenty-seven years old is that he had obtained no reputation, and is not even mentioned by any contemporary, previously to the satirical notice of him in the last production of Robert Greene, who died in September, 1592, in which he is called "the only Shake-scene in the country." The very terms used by Greene would imply that the successful author of whom he was envious had acquired a reputation. But this is not the usual construction put on the words. The silence of other writers with regard to Shakspeare is minutely set forth by Malone; and his opinions, as it appears to us, have been much too implicitly received,—sometimes indolently,—sometimes for the support of a theory that would recognise Shakspeare as a mere actor, or, at most, as the repairer of other men's works, whilst the original genius of Marlowe, and half a dozen inferior writers, was in full activity around him. The omission of all notice of Shakspeare by Webbe, Puttenham, Harrington, Sidney, are brought forward by Malone as unquestionable proofs that our poet had not written before 1591 or 1592. He says that in Webbe's 'Discourse of English Poetry,' published in 1586, we meet with the names of the most celebrated poets of that time, particularly those of the dramatic writers Whetstone and Munday; but that we find no trace of Shakspeare or of his works. But Malone does not tell us that Webbe makes a general apology for his omissions, saying, "Neither is my abiding in such place where I can with facility get knowledge of their works." "Three years afterwards," continues Malone, "Puttenham printed his 'Art of English Poesy;' and in that work also we look in vain for the name of Shakspeare." The book speaks of the one-and-thirty years' space of Elizabeth's reign; and thus puts the date of the writing a year earlier than the printing. But we here look in vain for some other illustrious names besides that of Shakspeare. Malone has not told us that the *name* of Edmund Spenser is not found in Puttenham; nor, what is still more uncandid, that not one of Shakspeare's



early dramatic contemporaries is mentioned—neither Marlowe, nor Greene, nor Peele, nor Kyd, nor Lyly. The author evidently derives his knowledge of “poets and poesy” from a much earlier period than that in which he publishes. He does not mention Spenser by *name*, but he does “that other gentleman who wrote the late ‘Shepherd’s Calendar.’” The ‘Shepherd’s Calendar’ of Spenser was published in the year 1579. Malone goes on to argue that the omission of Shakspeare’s name, or any notice of his works, in Sir John Harrington’s ‘Apology of Poetry,’ printed in 1591, in which “he takes occasion to speak of the theatre, and mentions some of the celebrated dramas of that time,” is a proof that none of Shakspeare’s dramatic compositions had then appeared. The “celebrated dramas” which Harrington mentions are Latin plays, and an old London comedy called ‘Play of the Cards.’ Does he mention ‘Tamburlaine,’ or ‘Faustus,’ or ‘The Massacre of Paris,’ or ‘The Jew of Malta’? As he does not, it may be assumed with equal justice that none of Marlowe’s compositions had appeared in 1591; and yet we know that he died in 1593. So of Lyly’s ‘Galathea,’ ‘Alexander and Campaspe,’ ‘Endymion,’ &c. So of Greene’s ‘Orlando Furioso,’ ‘Friar Bacon,’ ‘James IV.’ So of the ‘Jeronimo’ of Kyd. The truth is, that Harrington in his notice of celebrated dramas was even more antiquated than Puttenham; and his evidence, therefore, in this matter is utterly worthless. But Malone has given his crowning proof that Shakspeare had not written before 1591, in the following words:—“Sir Philip Sidney, in his ‘Defence of Poesie,’ speaks at some length of the low state of dramatic literature at the time he composed this treatise, but has not the slightest allusion to Shakspeare, whose plays, had they then appeared, would doubtless have rescued the English stage from the contempt which is thrown upon it by the accomplished writer; and to which it was justly exposed by the wretched compositions of those who preceded our poet. ‘The Defence of Poesie’ was not published till 1595, but must have been written some years before.” There is one slight objection to this argument: Sir Philip Sidney was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in the

year 1586; and it is tolerably well ascertained that 'The Defence of Poesie' was written in the year 1581.

If the indirect evidence that Shakspeare had not acquired any reputation in 1591 thus breaks down, we may venture to inquire whether the same authority has not been equally unsuccessful in rejecting the belief, which was implicitly adopted by Dryden and Rowe, that the reputation of Shakspeare as a comic poet was distinctly recognised by Spenser in 1591? Shakspeare's great contemporary, in a poem entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' originally published in that year, describes, in the 'Complaint' of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, the state of the drama at the time in which he is writing:—

“ Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,  
That wont with comic sock to beautify  
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure  
The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody;  
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,  
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?  
O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,  
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,  
Is lay'd a-bed, and nowhere now to see;  
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,  
With hollow brows and grissly countenance,  
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.  
And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,  
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late  
Out of dread darkness of the deep abysm,  
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate;  
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,  
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.  
All places they with folly have possess'd,  
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;  
But me have banished, with all the rest  
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,  
Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,  
Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort.”

Spenser was in England in 1590-1, and it is probable that 'The Tears of the Muses' was written in 1590, and that the poet described the prevailing state of the drama in Lon-

don during the time of his visit. We have tolerable evidence that the performances of the company at the Blackfriars Theatre, of which Shakspeare was then a shareholder, were exceptions to the character of the general performances. But there were several other theatres in London. In some of these their licence to entertain the people was abused by the introduction of matters connected with religion and politics; so that in 1589 Lord Burghley not only directed the Lord Mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. How Shakspeare's company proceeded during this inquiry has been made out most clearly by the valuable document discovered at Bridgewater House by Mr. Collier, wherein they disclaim to have conducted themselves amiss.

In this petition, Shakspeare, a sharer in the theatre, but with others below him in the list, says, and they all say, that "they have never brought into their plays matters of state and religion." The public mind in 1589-90 was furiously agitated by "matters of state and religion." A controversy was going on which is now known as that of *Martin Marprelate*, in which the constitution and discipline of the Church were most furiously attacked in a succession of pamphlets; and they were defended with equal violence and scurrility. Isaac Walton says,—“There was not only one Martin Marprelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed,—books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer.” Walton adds,—“And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nashe appeared against them all, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen.” Connected with this controversy, there was subsequently a more personal one between Nashe and Gabriel Harvey; but they were each engaged in the Marprelate dispute. Nashe was a writer for the theatre, and so was John Lyly, the author of one of the most remarkable pamphlets produced on this occasion, called ‘Pap with a Hatchet.’ Harvey, it must be observed, was the intimate friend of Spenser; and in a pamphlet which he dates from Trinity Hall, November 5, 1589, he thus attacks the author of ‘Pap

with a Hatchet,' the more celebrated Euphuist, whom Sir Walter Scott's novel has made familiar to us:—

“ I am threatened with a bable, and Martin menaced with a comedy—a fit motion for a jester and a player to try what may be done by employment of his faculty. Bables and comedies are parlous fellows to decipher and discourage men (that is the point) with their witty flouts and learned jerks, enough to lash any man out of countenance. Nay, if you shake the painted scabbard at me, I have done; and all you that tender the preservation of your good names were best to please Pap-Hatchet, and fee Euphues betimes, for fear lest he be moved, or some one of his apes hired, to make a play of you, and then is your credit quite undone for ever and ever. Such is the public reputation of their plays. He must needs be discouraged whom they decipher. Better anger an hundred other than two such that have the stage at commandment, and can furnish out vices and devils at their pleasure.”\*

We thus see that Harvey, the friend of Spenser, is threatened by one of those who “ have the stage at commandment” with having a play made of him. Such plays were made in 1589, and Nashe thus boasts of them in one of his tracts printed in 1589:—“Methought *Vetus Comœdia* began to prick him at London in the right vein, when he brought forth Divinity with a scratched face, holding of her heart as if she were sick, because Martin would have forced her; but missing of his purpose, he left the print of his nails upon her cheeks, and poisoned her with a vomit, which he ministered unto her to make her cast up her dignities.” Lyly, taking the same side, writes,—“ Would those *comedies* might be allowed to be played that are penned, and then I am sure he [Martin Marprelate] would be *deciphered*, and so perhaps *discouraged*.” Here are the very words which Harvey has repeated,—“ He must needs be *discouraged* whom they *decipher*.” Harvey, in a subsequent passage of the same tract, refers to this prostitution of the stage to party purposes in very striking words:—“ The stately tragedy scorneth the trifling comedy, and the *trifling comedy flouteth the new ruffianism*.” These circumstances appear to us very remarkable, with reference to the state of the drama about 1590; and we hope that we do not attach any undue importance to them from the consideration

\* Pierce's ‘Supererogation.’ Reprinted in ‘Archaica,’ p. 137.



that we were the first to point out their intimate relation with Spenser's 'Tears of the Muses,' and the light which, as it appears to us, that poem *thus viewed* throws upon the dramatic career of Shakspeare.

The four stanzas which we have quoted from Spenser are descriptive, as we think, of a period of the drama when it had emerged from the semi-barbarism by which it was characterised, "from the commencement of Shakspeare's boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed."\* This description has nothing in common with those accounts of the drama which have reference to this "semi-barbarism." Nor does the writer of it belong to the school which considered a violation of the unities of time and place as the great defect of the English theatre. Nor does he assert his preference of the classic school over the romantic, by objecting, as Sir Philip Sidney objects, that "plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns." There had been, according to Spenser, a state of the drama that would

" Fill with pleasure

The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody."

Can any comedy be named, if we assume that Shakspeare had, in 1590, not written any, which could be celebrated—and by the exquisite versifier of the 'Fairly Queen'—for its "melody?" Could any also be praised for

" That goodly glee

Which wont to be the glory of gay wits?"

Could the plays before Shakspeare be described by the most competent of judges—the most poetical mind of that age next to Shakspeare—as abounding in

" Fine Counterfessance, and unhurtful Sport,

Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort:'"

We have not seen such a comedy, except some three or four of Shakspeare's, which could have existed before 1590; we do not believe there is such a comedy from any other pen. What, according to the 'Complaint' of Thalia, has banished such comedy? "Unseemly Sorrow," it appears, has been fashionable;—not the proprieties of tragedy, but a Sorrow

\* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi., p. 469.

“With *hollow brows* and *grissly* countenance;”—

the violent scenes of blood which were offered for the excitement of the multitude, before the tragedy of real art was devised. But this state of the drama is shortly passed over. There is something more defined. By the side of this false tragic sit “ugly Barbarism and brutish Ignorance.” These are not the barbarism and ignorance of the *old* stage;—they are

“Ycrept of late

Out of dread darkness of the deep abysm.”

They “*now* tyrannize;” they now “disguise” the fair scene “with *rudeness*.” This description was published in 1591; it was probably written in 1590. The Muse of Tragedy, Melpomene, had previously described the “rueful spectacles” of “the stage.” It was a stage which had no “true tragedy.” But it *had* possessed

“Delight, and Laughter, deck’d in seemly sort.”

Now “the trifling comedy flouteth *the new ruffianism*.” The words of Gabriel Harvey and Edmund Spenser agree in this. The bravos that “have the stage at commandment can furnish out vices and devils at their pleasure,” says Harvey. This describes the *Vetus Comædia*—the old comedy—of which Nashe boasts. Can there be any doubt that Spenser had this state of things in view when he denounced the

“Ugly *Barbarism*,

And brutish *Ignorance*, ycrept of late

Out of dread darkness of the deep abysm?”

He denounced it in common with his friend Harvey, who, however he partook of the controversial violence of his time, was a man of learning and eloquence; and to whom only three years before he had addressed a sonnet of which the highest mind in the country might have been proud.

But we must return to the ‘Thalia.’ The four stanzas which we have quoted are immediately followed by these four others:—

“All these, and all that else the comic stage

With season’d wit and goodly pleasure graced,

By which man’s life in his likest image

Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;

And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,  
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made

To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,  
With kindly counter, under mimic shade,

Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late :  
With whom all joy and jolly merriment  
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,

And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,  
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,

Without regard or due decorum kept ;  
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,  
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen

Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,  
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,

Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,  
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell  
Than so himself to mockery to sell."

Here there is something even stronger than what has preceded it, in the direct allusion to the state of the stage in 1590. Comedy had ceased to be an exhibition of "seasoned wit" and "goodly pleasure;" it no longer showed "man's life in his likest image." Instead thereof there was "Scurrility"—"scornful Folly"—"shameless Ribaldry;"—and "each idle wit"

"doth the Learned's task upon him take."

It was the task of "the Learned" to deal with the high subjects of religious controversy—the "matters of state and religion," with which the stage had meddled. Harvey had previously said, in the tract quoted by us, it is "a godly motion, when *interluders* leave penning their pleasurable plays to become zealous ecclesiastical writers." He calls Lyly more expressly, with reference to this meddling, "the foolmaster of the theatre." In this state of things the acknowledged head of the comic stage was silent for a time :—

“ HE, the man whom Nature self had made  
 To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,  
 With *kindly* counter, under mimic shade,  
 Our pleasant WILLY, ah! is dead of late.”

And the author of ‘The Fairy Queen’ adds,

“ But that same *gentle* spirit, from whose pen  
 Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,  
 Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,  
 Which dare their follies forth so madly throw,  
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell  
 Than so himself to *mockery* to sell.”

The love of personal abuse had driven out real comedy ; and there was *one* who, for a brief season, had left the madness to take its course. We cannot doubt that

“ HE, the man whom Nature self had made  
 To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,”

was *William Shakspeare*. Mr. Collier, in his ‘History of Dramatic Poetry,’ says of Spenser’s ‘Thalia,’—“Had it not been certain that it was written at so early a date, and that Shakespeare *could not then* have exhibited his talents and acquired reputation, we should say at once that it could be meant for no other poet. It reads like a prophetic anticipation, which could not have been fulfilled by Shakspeare until several years after it was published.” Mr. Collier, when he wrote this, had not discovered the document which proves that Shakspeare was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre at least a year before this poem was published. Spenser, we believe, described a real man, and real facts. He made no “prophetic anticipation;” there had been genuine comedy in existence; the ribaldry had driven it out for a season. The poem has reference to some *temporary* degradation of the stage; and what this temporary degradation was is most exactly defined by the public documents of the period, and the writings of Harvey, Nashe, and Lyly. The dates of all these proofs correspond with minute exactness. And who then is “*our pleasant Willy*,” according to the opinion of those who would deny to Shakspeare the title to the praise of the other great poet of the Elizabethan age? It is *John Lyly*, says Malone—



the man whom Spenser's bosom friend was, at the same moment, denouncing as "the foolmaster of the theatre." We say, advisedly, that there is *absolutely no proof* that Shakspeare had *not* written 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'All's Well that Ends Well,' amongst his comedies, before 1590: we believe that he alone merited the high praise of Spenser; that it was meant for him.

What, then, is the theory which we build upon the various circumstances we have brought together, and which we oppose to the prevailing theory in England as to the dates of Shakspeare's works? We ask that the author of *twenty plays*, existing in 1600, which completely changed the face of the dramatic literature of England, should be supposed to have begun to write a little earlier than the age of twenty-seven; that we should assign some few of those plays to a period antecedent to 1590. We have reason to believe that, up to the close of the sixteenth century, Shakspeare was busied as an actor as well as an author. It is something too much to expect, then, even from the fertility of his genius, occupied as he was, that he should have produced twenty plays in nine years; and it is still more unreasonable to believe that the consciousness of power which he must have possessed should not have prompted him to enter the lists with other dramatists, (whose highest productions may, without exaggeration, be stated as every way inferior to his lowest,) until he had gone through a probation of six or seven years' acquaintance with the stage as an humble actor. We cannot reconcile it to probability that he who ceased to be an actor when he was forty should have been contented to have been only an actor till he was twenty-seven. We cling to the belief that Shakspeare, by commencing his career as a dramatic writer some four or five years earlier than is generally maintained, may claim, in common with his less illustrious early contemporaries, the praise of being one of the great founders of our dramatic literature, instead of being the mere follower and improver of Marlowe, and Greene, and Peele, and Kyd.

Our belief, then, as to the periods of the original produc-

tion of Shakspeare's Plays, shapes itself into something like the following arrangement:—

FIRST PERIOD, 1585 to 1593. From his 21st year to his 29th.

Titus Andronicus.  
Hamlet. The first sketch.  
Henry VI. Three Parts.  
Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
Comedy of Errors.  
Love's Labour's Lost.  
All's Well that Ends Well (perhaps imperfect).  
Taming of the Shrew (the same).

SECOND PERIOD, 1594 to 1600. From his 30th year to his 36th.

Richard III.  
Richard II.  
Henry IV. Two Parts.  
Henry V.  
King John.  
A Midsummer Night's Dream.  
Romeo and Juliet.  
Merchant of Venice.  
Much Ado about Nothing.  
Merry Wives of Windsor.

THIRD PERIOD, 1601 to 1607. From his 37th year to his 43rd.

As You Like It.  
Twelfth Night.  
Measure for Measure.  
Hamlet (complete).  
Othello.  
Lear.  
Macbeth.  
Timon of Athens (probably revision of an earlier play).

FOURTH PERIOD, 1608 to 1616. From his 44th year to his death.

Cymbeline (probably revision of an earlier play).  
A Winter's Tale.  
Pericles (probably revision of an earlier play).  
The Tempest.  
Troilus and Cressida.

Henry VIII.  
Coriolanus.  
Julius Cæsar.  
Antony and Cleopatra.

There is another view in which the chronological order of Shakspeare's plays may be regarded: and we think that it presents a key to the workings of his genius, in connexion with that desire which men of the highest genius only entertain, when a constant succession of new productions is demanded of them by the popular appetite,—namely, to generalize their works by certain principles of art, producing *novel* combinations; which principles impart to groups of them belonging to the same period a corresponding identity. In Shakspeare, this is to be regarded more especially with reference to the nature of the dramatic action. We put down these groups, rather as materials for thought in the reader, than as a decided expression of our own conviction; because, all such circumstances and relations must be modified by other facts of which we have an incomplete knowledge.

THE TRAGEDY OF HORRORS.

Titus Andronicus	}	Earliest period;—1585 to 1588.
Hamlet. First sketch		
Romeo and Juliet. First		
sketch *		

ENGLISH HISTORY.

*Of a Tragic Cast.*

Henry VI. Three Parts	}	Second early period;—1589 to 1593.
Richard III.		
Richard II.		

*Of Mixed Tragedy and Comedy.*

King John	}	1596 to 1599;—middle period.
Henry IV. Two Parts		
Henry V.		

\* Our reasons for considering the first 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo and Juliet' to belong to this class are given in a notice of the authenticity of 'Titus Andronicus.'

## COMEDY.

Two Gentlemen of Verona	}	Second early period ;—1589 to 1593.
Comedy of Errors		
Love's Labour's Lost		
All's Well that Ends Well		
Taming of the Shrew		
Midsummer Night's Dream		

Merchant of Venice	}	1594 to 1599 ;—middle period.
Much Ado about Nothing		
Merry Wives of Windsor		
Twelfth Night		
_____		
Romeo and Juliet (complete)		

## THE TRAGEDY OF PASSION AND CHARACTER.

Hamlet (complete)	}	First matured period ;—1600 to 1608.
Othello		
Lear		
Macbeth		
_____		

## THE POETICAL LEGENDARY TALE, OR ROMANTIC DRAMA

As You Like It	}	First matured period ;—1600 to 1608.
Cymbeline		
Winter's Tale		
Tempest		
Pericles		

## TRAGI-COMEDY.

Measure for Measure	}	Second matured period ;—1609 to 1615.
Troilus and Cressida		
Timon of Athens		

## ROMAN PLAYS.

Coriolanus	}	Second matured period ;—1609 to 1615.
Julius Cæsar		
Antony and Cleopatra		
_____		
Henry VIII.		

The necessity for making the period of Shakspeare's commencement as a dramatic writer earlier than is commonly



assigned, becomes more imperative with the German critics ; who unhesitatingly ascribe to him plays with which his connexion as an author, wholly or in part, is generally repudiated in England. We subjoin ULRICH'S Chronological Order ; premising that he observes that, " especially because Shakspeare was accustomed to alter and improve his dramas after their first appearance," he claims for these dates no historical certainty ; and that the precise years which he has assigned are purely hypothetical.

FIRST PERIOD. From 1586 to 1591-2.

Remodelling of Locrine . . . .	1586-7
Pericles, Prince of Tyre . . . .	1587
Titus Andronicus . . . . .	1587-8
Re-writing (or co-writing with another) the old King John . . . . .	1588
Thomas Lord Cromwell . . . . .	1588-9
Henry VI. Parts I. to III. . . . .	1589-90
Edward III. . . . .	1590-1
Comedy of Errors . . . . .	1591

SECOND PERIOD. From 1591-2 to 1597-8.

Love's Labour's Lost	} . .	1591-3
Two Gentlemen of Verona		
All's Well that Ends Well		
Romeo and Juliet ; first production . .		1592
Richard III. . . . .		1593
Taming of the Shrew . . . . .		1594-5
Richard II. . . . .		1595
Henry IV. Parts I. and II. . . . .		1596
Merchant of Venice . . . . .		1597

THIRD PERIOD. From 1597-8 to 1605.

Midsummer Night's Dream . . . .	1597
Hamlet . . . . .	1598
What You Will . . . . .	1598
Much Ado about Nothing . . . . .	1599
Henry V. . . . .	1599
As You Like It . . . . .	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . .	1600
Troilus and Cressida. First sketch . .	1601
Othello. First sketch . . . . .	1602

Last amendments on Hamlet	.	.	1603
Yorkshire Tragedy	.	.	1604
King Lear	.	.	1604-5
Remodelling of Taming of the Shrew	.	.	1605-6

FOURTH PERIOD. From 1605 to 1609-10.

Julius Cæsar	.	.	.	1606
Antony and Cleopatra	.	.	.	1607
Coriolanus	.	.	.	1608
Troilus and Cressida (present)	.	.	.	1608

FIFTH PERIOD. From 1609-10 to 1613-14.

Macbeth	}	.	.	.	.	1609-10
Cymbeline	}	.	.	.	.	
Winter's Tale	}	.	.	.	.	1610-11
King John (present)	}	.	.	.	.	
The Tempest	.	.	.	.	.	1611-12
Othello (present)	.	.	.	.	.	1612
Measure for Measure	.	.	.	.	.	1612-14
Henry VIII.	.	.	.	.	.	1612-14
Timon of Athens	.	.	.	.	.	1612-14

We have to observe, in conclusion, with regard to our own attempts at a Chronological Order, that we have purposely varied the two classifications, with reference to exact years, that we might not pretend to include the subject within limits that cannot be settled with precision.

DEDICATION,  
ADDRESS TO THE READERS,  
AND  
COMMENDATORY VERSES,  
WITH A LIST OF THE ORIGINAL ACTORS,  
PREFIXED TO  
THE FOLIO EDITIONS OF 1623 AND 1632.





## DEDICATION TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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To the Most Noble and incomparable pair of Brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent Majesty, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber; both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your LL., we are fallen upon the ill fortune to mingle two the most diverse things that can be—fear, and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your HH. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and while we name them trifles we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But, since your LL. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your LL. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead to procure his orphans guardians,—without ambition either of self-profit or fame,—only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your LL. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your HH. by the perfection. But, there, we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nation (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach

their gods by what means they could ; and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your HH. these remains of your servant Shakespeare ; that what delight is in them may be ever your LL., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

## ADDRESS

### TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

FROM the most able to him that can but spell : there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities,—and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well ! it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges we know—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cockpit to arraign plays daily, know these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them ; and so to have published them as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them : even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs ; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together ; and what

he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours, that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need can be your guides; if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.  
HENRY CONDELL.

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### COMMENDATORY VERSES.

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR, MR. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise.  
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore  
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them, and indeed  
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!  
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser,—or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,

And art alive still while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—  
I mean with great, but disproportion'd muses :  
For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee I would not seek  
For names ; but call forth thund'ring *Æschylus*,  
*Euripides*, and *Sophocles* to us,  
*Paccuvius*, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage. Or, when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain ! thou hast one to show  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe !  
He was not of an age, but for all time !  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like *Apollo*, he came forth to warm  
Our ears,—or like a *Mercury* to charm !  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines !—  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart *Aristophanes*,  
Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please,  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all : thy art,  
My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part.  
For though the poet's matter Nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion : and that he  
Who casts to write a living line must sweat  
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil : turn the same  
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame ;  
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—  
For a good poet's made as well as born :  
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue ; even so the race



Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-torned and true-filed lines :  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
 That so did take Eliza and our James!  
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;  
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS SCENIC POET,  
 MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,  
 You Britons brave, for done are Shakespeare's days :  
 His days are done that made the dainty plays,  
 Which made the globe of heav'n and earth to ring.  
 Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,  
 Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays :  
 That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays  
 Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.  
 If tragedies might any prologue have  
 All those he made would scarce make one to this :  
 Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave  
 (Death's public tiring-house), the Nuncius is ;  
 For though his line of life went soon about,  
 The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR, MASTER  
 W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give  
 The world thy works : thy works, by which outlive  
 Thy tomb thy name must. When that stone is rent,  
 And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,

Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,  
 When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look  
 Fresh to all ages ; when posterity  
 Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy  
 That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,  
 Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.  
 Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said  
 Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade.  
 Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead  
 (Though miss'd) until our bankrout stage be sped  
 (Impossible) with some new strain to outdo  
 Passions of Juliet and her Romeo ;  
 Or till I hear a scene more nobly take  
 Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake.  
 Till these, till any of thy volumes rest,  
 Shall with more fire, more feeling be express'd,  
 Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,  
 But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally. L. DIGGES.

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## TO THE MEMORY OF M. W. SHAKESPEARE.

WE wonder'd (Shakespeare) that thou went'st so soon  
 From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room.  
 We thought thee dead, but this, thy printed worth,  
 Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth  
 To enter with applause. An actor's art  
 Can die, and live to act a second part.  
 That's but an exit of mortality ;  
 This, a re-entrance to a plaudite. I. M.

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UPON THE EFFIGIES OF MY WORTHY FRIEND, THE AUTHOR,  
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND HIS WORKS.

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is, to see  
 The truer image, and a livelier he.  
 Turn, reader. But, observe his comic vein,  
 Laugh, and proceed next to a tragic strain,  
 Then weep ; so when thou find'st two contraries,  
 Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,  
 Say (who alone effect such wonders could)  
 Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET,  
W. SHAKESPEARE.\*

WHAT need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones  
The labour of an age in piled stones,  
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:  
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each part  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,  
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

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ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE AND HIS POEMS.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear  
And equal surface can make things appear  
Distant a thousand years, and represent  
Them in their lively colours' just extent:  
To out-run hasty time, retrieve the fates,  
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates  
Of death and Lethe, where, confused, lie  
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:  
In this deep dusky dungeon to discern  
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn  
The physiognomy of shades, and give  
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;  
What story coldly tells, what poets feign  
At second hand, and picture without brain  
Senseless and soulless shows: To give a stage  
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,  
As Plato's year and new scene of the world,  
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:

\* This epitaph of Milton, and the succeeding poem, belong to the second folio, of 1632.

To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,  
 Make kings his subjects, by exchanging verse;  
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age  
 Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:  
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears  
 Take pleasure in their pain; and eyes in tears  
 Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,  
 Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad  
 To be abus'd, affected with that truth  
 Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth  
 At which we start; and by elaborate play  
 Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way  
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort  
 Disgorging up his ravine for our sport:—  
 —While the Plebeian Imp, from lofty throne,  
 Creates and rules a world, and works upon  
 Mankind by secret engines; now to move  
 A chilling pity, then a rigorous love:  
 To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;  
 To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire  
 Mould us anew. Stolen from ourselves——

This and much more which cannot be express'd  
 But by himself, his tongue and his own breast,  
 Was Shakespeare's freehold, which his cunning brain  
 Improv'd by favour of the ninefold train.  
 The buskin'd Muse, the Comic Queen, the grand  
 And louder tone of Clio; nimble hand,  
 And nimbler foot of the melodious pair;  
 The silver-voiced Lady; the most fair  
 Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,  
 And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.  
 These jointly woo'd him, envying one another  
 (Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother),  
 And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,  
 Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,  
 And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,  
 The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright;  
 Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring,  
 Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string  
 Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run  
 Italian works whose thread the sisters spun;  
 And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice  
 Birds of a foreign note and various voice.



Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair  
 But chiding fountain purled: not the air,  
 Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn  
 Not out of common tiffany or lawn,  
 But fine materials, which the Muses know,  
 And only know the countries where they grow.

Now when they could no longer him enjoy,  
 In mortal garments pent; death may destroy,  
 They say, his body, but his verse shall live,  
 And more than nature takes, our hands shall give:  
 In a less volume, but more strongly bound,  
 Shakespeare shall breathe and speak, with laurel crown'd  
 Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meat  
 In a well-lined vesture rich and neat.

So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it,  
 For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

I. M. S.

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### THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS.

William Shakespeare.  
 Richard Burbage.  
 John Hemmings.  
 Augustine Phillips.  
 William Kempt.  
 Thomas Poope.  
 George Bryan.  
 Henry Condell.  
 William Slye.  
 Richard Cowly.  
 John Lowine.  
 Samuel Crosse.  
 Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.  
 Robert Armin.  
 William Ostler.  
 Nathan Field.  
 John Underwood.  
 Nicholas Tooley.  
 William Ecclestone.  
 Joseph Taylor.  
 Robert Benfield.  
 Robert Goughe.  
 Richard Robinson.  
 John Shancke.  
 John Rice.



THE  
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.<sup>a</sup>

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DUKE, *father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, }  
PROTEUS, } *The two Gentlemen.*

ANTONIO, *father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

HOST, *where Julia lodges.*

OUTLAWS *with Valentine.*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*

SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

*Servants, Musicians.*

<sup>a</sup> In the first edition "The names of all the Actors" appear at the end of the Comedy. The descriptions of the "Persons Represented" are here retained, as in the original.



## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA' was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare's plays, edited by John Heminge and Henry Condell, and published in 1623, seven years after his death. The text is singularly correct. There are not more than half a dozen passages of any real importance upon which a doubt can be entertained, if printed according to the original text. In this particular instance, very little conjectural emendation has been attempted by modern editors. Perhaps it was less called for here than in many of our poet's higher works.

In the edition of 1623 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' appears the second in the collection of 'Comedies.' 'The Tempest,' which was, undoubtedly, one of Shakspeare's later plays, precedes it. The arrangement of that edition, except in the three divisions of 'Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies,' and in the order of events in the 'Histories,' is quite arbitrary. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix a precise date to many of Shakspeare's plays; and the reasons which Malone, Chalmers, and Drake have given for the determining of an exact chronological order (in which they each differ) are, to our minds, in most instances unsatisfactory. In the instance before us, Malone originally ascribed the play to the year 1595, because the lines which we shall have occasion afterwards to notice,—

"Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away,"—

he thought had reference to Elizabeth's military aid to Henry IV., and to Raleigh's expedition to Guiana. He has subsequently fixed the date of its being written as 1591, because there was an expedition to France under Essex in that year. The truth is, as we shall show, that the excitements of military adventure and of maritime discovery had become the most familiar objects of ambition, from the period of Shakspeare's first arrival in London to nearly the end of the century. The other arguments of Malone for placing the date of this play in

1591 appear to us as little to be regarded. They are, that the incident of Valentine joining the outlaws has a resemblance to a passage in Sidney's 'Arcadia,' which was not published till 1590;—that there are two allusions to the story of Hero and Leander, which he thinks were suggested by Marlowe's poem on that subject;—and that there is also an allusion to the story of Phaëton, which Steevens thinks Shakspeare derived from the old play of 'King John,' printed in 1591. All this is really very feeble conjecture, and it is absolutely all that is brought to show an exact date for this play. The incident of Valentine is scarcely a coincidence, compared with the story in the 'Arcadia;'—and if Shakspeare knew nothing of the classical fables from direct sources (which it is always the delight of the commentators to suppose), every palace and mansion was filled with *Tapestry*, in which the subjects of Hero and Leander, and of Phaëton, were constantly to be found. Malone, for these and for no other reasons, thinks 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' was produced in 1591, when its author was twenty-seven years of age. But he thinks, at the same time, that it was Shakspeare's first play.

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#### SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

A CHARGE which has been urged against Shakspeare, with singular complacency on the part of the accusers, is, that he did not invent his plots. A recent writer, who in these later days has thought that to disparage Shakspeare would be a commendable task, says, "If Shakspeare had little of what the world calls learning, he had less of *invention*, so far as regards the fable of his plays. For every one of them he was, in some degree, indebted to a preceding piece."\* We do not mention this writer as attaching any value to his opinions; but simply because he has contrived to put in a small compass all that could be raked together in depreciation of Shakspeare as a poet and as a man. The assertion that the most inventive of poets was without invention, "as far as regards the fable of his plays," is as absurd as to say that Scott did not invent the fable of 'Kenilworth,' because the sad tale of Amy Robsart is found in Mickle's beautiful ballad of 'Cumnor Hall.' The truth is, that no one can properly appreciate the extent as well as the subtlety of Shakspeare's invention—its absorbing and purifying power—who has not traced him to his sources. It will be our duty, in many cases, to direct especial attention to the material upon which Shakspeare worked, to show how the rough ore

\* 'Life of Shakspeare,' in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

became, under his hands, pure and resplendent—converted into something above all price by the unapproachable skill of the artist. It is not the workman polishing the diamond, but converting, by his wonderful alchymy, something of small value into the diamond. It is, in a word, precisely the same process by which the unhewn block of marble is fabricated into the perfect statue: the statue is within the marble, but the Phidias calls it forth. The student of Shakspeare will understand that we here more particularly allude to the great plays which are founded on previous imaginative works, such as ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ and ‘Lear;’ and not to those in which, like ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ a few incidents are borrowed from the romance-writers.

“But what shall we do?” said the barber in ‘Don Quixote,’ when, with the priest, the housekeeper, and the niece, he was engaged in making a bonfire of the knight’s library—“what shall we do with these little books that remain?” “These,” said the priest, “are probably not books of chivalry, but of poetry.” And, opening one, he found it was the ‘Diana’ of George Montemayor, and said (believing all the rest of the same kind), “These do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt.” Such was the criticism of Cervantes upon the ‘Diana’ of Montemayor. The romance was the most popular which had appeared in Spain since the days of ‘Amadis de Gaul;’\* and it was translated into English by Bartholomew Yong, and published in 1598. The story involves a perpetual confusion of modern manners and ancient mythology; and Ceres, Minerva, and Venus, as well as the saints, constitute the machinery. The one part which Shakspeare has borrowed, or is supposed to have borrowed, is the story of the shepherdess Felismena, which is thus translated by Mr. Dunlop:—“The first part of the threats of Venus was speedily accomplished; and, my father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided at the house of a distant relative; and, having attained my seventeenth year, became the victim of the offended goddess by falling in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province in which I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment which subsisted between us, sent his son to court, with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure I followed him in the disguise of a page, and discovered on the night of my arrival at the capital, by a serenade I heard him give,

\* Dunlop’s ‘History of Fiction.’

that Don Felix had already disposed of his affections. Without being recognised by him, I was admitted into his service, and was engaged by my former lover to conduct his correspondence with the mistress who, since our separation, had supplanted me in his heart."

This species of incident, it is truly observed by Steevens, and afterwards by Dunlop, is found in many of the ancient novels. In 'Twelfth Night,' where Shakspeare is supposed to have copied Bandello, the same adventure occurs; but in that delightful comedy, the lady to whom the page in disguise is sent falls in love with him. Such is the story of Felismena. It is, however, clear that Shakspeare must have known this part of the romance of Montemayor, although the translation of Yong was not published till 1598; for the pretty dialogue between Julia and Lucetta, in the first act, where Julia upbraids her servant for bringing the letter of Proteus, corresponds, even to some turns of expression, with a similar description by Felismena of her love's history. We give a passage from the old translation by Bartholomew Yong, which will enable our readers to compare the romance-writer and the dramatist:—

"Yet to try if by giving her some occasion I might prevail, I said unto her—And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistress (said she demurely to me again), that are commonly incident to love, wherefore, I beseech you, pardon me; for, if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the balls of mine eyes. How cold my heart was at that blow, God knows; yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myself to remain that night only with my desire, and with occasion of little sleep."—(p. 55.)

Those who are curious to trace this subject further may find all that Shakspeare is supposed to have borrowed from Montemayor in the third volume of 'Shakspeare Illustrated,' by Mrs. Lenox. We have compared this lady's translation of the passages with that of Bartholomew Yong. The substance is correctly given, though her verbal alterations are not improvements of the quaint prose of the times of Elizabeth.

The writer in Lardner's Cyclopædia, whom we have been already compelled to mention, says, "'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' (a very poor drama) is indebted for *many of its incidents* to two works—the 'Arcadia' of Sidney, and the 'Diana' of Montemayor." This writer had neither taken the trouble to examine for himself, nor to report correctly what others had said who had examined. The single incident in Sidney's 'Arcadia' which bears the slightest resemblance to the story of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' is where Pyrocles, one of the two heroes of the 'Arcadia,' is compelled to become the captain of a band of people called Helots, who had revolted from the Lacedæ-



monians; and this is supposed to have given origin to the thoroughly Italian incident of Valentine being compelled to become the captain of the outlaws. The English travellers in Italy, in the time of Shakspeare, were perfectly familiar with banditti, often headed by daring adventurers of good family. Fynes Moryson, who travelled between Rome and Naples in 1594, has described a band headed by "the nephew of the Cardinal Cajetano." We may, therefore, fairly leave the *uninventive* Shakspeare to have found his outlaws in other narratives than that of the 'Arcadia.' With regard to the 'Diana' of Montemayor, we have stated the entire amount of what the author of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' is supposed to have borrowed from it.

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PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

AMONGST the objections which Dr. Johnson, in the discharge of his critical office, appears to have thought it his duty to raise against every play of Shakspeare, he says, with regard to the plot of this play, "he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more." As the emperor had nothing whatever to do with the story of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' it was quite unnecessary that Shakspeare should mention him more; and the mention of him at all was only demanded by a poetical law, which Shakspeare well understood, by which the introduction of a few definite circumstances, either of time or place, is sought for, to take the conduct of a story, in ever so small a degree, out of the region of generalization, and, by so doing, invest it with some of the attributes of reality. The poetical value of this single line—

"Attends the emperor in his royal court"\*—

can only be felt by those who desire to attach precise images to the descriptions which poetry seeks to put before the mind, and, above all, to the incidents which dramatic poetry endeavours to group and embody. Had this line not occurred in the play before us, we should have had a very vague idea of the scenes which are here presented to us; and, as it is, the poet has left just such an amount of vagueness as is quite compatible with the free conduct of his plot. He is not here dramatizing history. He does not undertake to bring before us the fierce struggles for the real sovereignty of the Milanese between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., while Francesco Sforza, the Duke of Milan, held a precarious and disputed authority. He does not pretend to tell us of the dire calamities, the subtle intrigues, and

\* Act I., Scene 3.

the wonderful reverses which preceded the complete subjection of Italy to the conqueror at Pavia. He does not show us the unhappy condition of Milan, in 1529, when, according to Guicciardini, the poor people who could not buy provisions at the exorbitant prices demanded by the governor died in the streets,—when the greater number of the nobility fled from the city, and those who remained were miserably poor,—and when the most frequented places were overgrown with grass, nettles, and brambles. He gives us a peaceful period, when courtiers talked lively jests in the duke's saloons, and serenaded their mistresses in the duke's courts. This state of things might have existed during the short period between the treaty of Cambray, in 1529 (when Francis I. gave up all claims to Milan, and it became a fief of the empire under Charles V.), and the death of Francesco Sforza, in 1535; or it might have existed at an earlier period in the life of Sforza, when, after the battle of Pavia, he was restored to the dukedom of Milan; or when, in 1525, he received a formal investiture of his dignity. All that Shakspeare attempted to define was *some* period when there was a Duke of Milan holding his authority in a greater or less degree under the emperor. That period might have been before the time of Francesco Sforza. It could not have been after it, because, upon the death of that prince, the contest for the sovereignty of the Milanese was renewed between Francis I. and Charles V., till, in 1540, Charles invested his son Philip (afterwards husband of Mary of England) with the title, and the separate honours of a Duke of Milan became merged in the imperial family.

The one historical fact, then, mentioned in this play, is that of the emperor holding his court at Milan, which was under the government of a duke, who was a vassal of the empire. Assuming that this fact prescribes a limit to the period of the action, we must necessarily place that period at least half a century before the date of the composition of this drama. Such a period may, or may not, have been in Shakspeare's mind. It was scarcely necessary for him to have defined the period for the purpose of making his play more intelligible to his audience. That was all the purpose he had to accomplish. He was not, as we have said before, teaching history, in which he had to aim at all the exactness that was compatible with the exercise of his dramatic art. He had here, as in many other cases, to tell a purely romantic story; and all that he had to provide for with reference to what is called costume, in the largest sense of that word, was, that he should not put his characters in any positions, or conduct his story through any details, which should run counter to the actual knowledge, or even to the conventional opinions, of his audience. That

this was the theory upon which he worked as an artist we have little doubt; and that he carried this theory even into wilful anachronisms we are quite willing to believe. He saw, and we think correctly, that there was not less real impropriety in making the ancient Greeks speak English than in making the same Greeks describe the maiden “in shady cloister mew’d” by the modern name of a nun.\* He had to translate the images of the Greeks, as well as their language, into forms of words that an uncritical English audience would apprehend. Keeping this principle in view, whenever we meet with a commentator lifting up his eyes in astonishment at the prodigious ignorance of Shakspeare, with regard to geography, and chronology, and a thousand other proprieties to which the empire of poetry has been subjected by the inroads of modern accuracy, we picture to ourselves a far different being from the rude workman which their pedantic demonstrations have figured as the *beau idéal* of the greatest of poets. We see the most skilful artist employing his materials in the precise mode in which he intended to employ them; displaying as much knowledge as he intended to display; and, after all, committing fewer positive blunders, and incurring fewer violations of accuracy, than any equally prolific poet before or after him. If we compare, for example, the violations of historical truth on the part of Shakspeare, who lived in an age when all history came dim and dreamy before the popular eye, and on the part of Sir Walter Scott, who lived in an age when all history was reduced to a tabular exactness—if we compare the great dramatist and the great novelist in this one point alone, we shall find that the man who belongs to the age of accuracy is many degrees more inaccurate than the man who belongs to the age of fable. There is, in truth, a philosophical point of view in which we must seek for the solution of those contradictions of what is real and probable, which, in Shakspeare, his self-complacent critics are always delighted to refer to his ignorance. One of their greatest discoveries of his geographical ignorance is furnished in this play:—Proteus and his servant go to Milan by water. It is perfectly true that Verona is inland, and that even the river Adige, which waters Verona, does not take its course by Milan. Shakspeare, therefore, was most ignorant of geography! In Shakspeare’s days countries were not so exactly mapped out as in our own, and therefore he may, from lack of knowledge, have made a boat sail from Verona, and have given Bohemia a seabord. But let it be borne in mind that, in numberless other instances, Shakspeare has displayed the most exact acquaintance with what we call geography

\* *Midsummer Night’s Dream.*

—an acquaintance not only with the territorial boundaries and the physical features of particular countries, but with a thousand nice peculiarities connected with their government and customs, which nothing but the most diligent reading and inquiry could furnish. Is there not, therefore, another solution of the ship at Verona, and the seaboard of Bohemia, than Shakspeare's ignorance? Might not his knowledge have been in subjection to what he required, or fancied he required, for the conduct of his dramatic incidents? Why does Scott make the murder of a Bishop of Liege, by William de la Marck, the great cause of the quarrel between Charles the Bold and Louis XI., to revenge which murder the combined forces of Burgundy and France stormed the city of Liege,—when, at the period of the insurrection of the Liegeois described in 'Quentin Durward,' no William de la Marck was upon the real scene, and the murder of a Bishop of Liege by him took place fourteen years afterwards? No one, we suppose, imputes this inaccuracy to historical ignorance in Scott. He was writing a romance, we say, and he therefore thought fit to sacrifice historical truth. The real question, in all these cases, to be asked, is, Has the writer of imagination gained by the violation of propriety a full equivalent for what he has lost? In the case of Shakspeare we are not to determine this question by a reference to the actual state of popular knowledge in our own time. What startles us as a violation of propriety was received by the audience of Shakspeare as a fact,—or, what was nearer the poet's mind, the fact was held by the audience to be in subjection to the fable which he sought to present;—the world of reality lived in a larger world of art;—art divested the real of its formal shapes, and made its hard masses plastic. In our own days we have lost the power of surrendering our understanding, spell-bound, to the witchery of the dramatic poet. We cannot sit for two hours enchained to the one scene which equally represents Verona or Milan, Rome or London, and ask no aid to our senses beyond what the poet supplies us in his dialogue. We must now have changing scenes, which carry us to new localities; and pauses, to enable us to comprehend the time which has elapsed in the progress of the action; and appropriate dresses, that we may at once distinguish a king from a peasant, and a Roman from a Greek. None of these aids had our ancestors:—but they had what we have not—a thorough love of the dramatic art in its highest range, and an appreciation of its legitimate authority. Wherever the wand of the enchanter waved, there were they ready to come within his circle and to be mute. They did not ask, as we have been accustomed to ask, for happy Lears and unmetaphysical Hamlets. They were content to weep scalding



tears with the old king, when his "poor fool was hanged," and to speculate with the unresolving prince even to the extremest depths of his subtlety. They did not require tragedy to become a blustering melodrame, or comedy a pert farce. They could endure poetry and wit—they understood the alternations of movement and repose. We have, in our character of audience, become degraded even by our advance in many appliances of civilization with regard to which the audiences of Shakspeare were wholly ignorant. We know many small things exactly which they were content to leave unstudied; but we have lost the perception of many grand and beautiful things which they received instinctively and without effort. They had great artists working for them, who knew that the range of their art would carry them far beyond the hard, dry, literal copying of every-day Nature which we call Art; and they laid down their shreds and patches of accurate knowledge as a tribute to the conquerors who came to subdue them to the dominion of imagination. What cared they, then, if a ship set sail from Verona to Milan, when Valentine and his man ought to have departed in a carriage?—or what mattered it if Hamlet went "to school at Wittemberg," when the real Hamlet was in being five centuries before the university of Wittemberg was founded? If Shakspeare had lived in this age, he might have looked more carefully into his maps and his encyclopædias. We might have gained something, but what should we not have lost!

We have been somewhat wandering from the immediate subject before us; but we considered it right, upon the threshold of our enterprise, to make a profession of faith with regard to what many are accustomed to consider irredeemable violations of propriety in Shakspeare. We believe the time is past when it can afford any satisfaction to an Englishman to hear the greatest of our poets perpetually held up to ridicule as a sort of inspired barbarian, who worked without method, and wholly without learning. But before Shakspeare can be properly understood, the popular mind must be led in an opposite direction; and we must all learn to regard him, as he really was, as the most consummate of artists, who had a complete and absolute control over all the materials and instruments of his art, without any subordination to mere impulses and caprices,—with entire self-possession and perfect knowledge.

"Shakspeare," says Malone, "is fond of alluding to events occurring at the time when he wrote;"\* and Johnson observes that many passages in his works evidently show that "he often took

\* Life, vol. ii. p. 331, edit. 1821.

advantage of the facts then recent, and the passions then in motion.”\* This was a part of the *method* of Shakspeare, by which he fixed the attention of his audience. The Nurse, in ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ says, “It is now since the earthquake eleven years.” Dame Quickly, in ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor,’ talks of her “knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach.” Coaches came into general use about 1605. “Banks’s horse,” which was exhibited in London in 1589, is mentioned in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost.’ These, amongst many other instances which we shall have occasion to notice, are not to be regarded as determining the period of the dramatic action; and, indeed, they are, in many cases, decided anachronisms. In ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona’ there are several very curious and interesting passages which have distinct reference to the times of Elizabeth, and which, if Milan had then been under a separate ducal government, would have warranted us in placing the action of this play about half a century later than we have done. As it is, the passages are remarkable examples of Shakspeare’s close attention to “facts then recent;” and they show us that the spirit of enterprise, and the intellectual activity, which distinguished the period when Shakspeare first began to write for the stage, found a reflection in the allusions of this accurate observer. We have noted these circumstances more particularly in our Illustrations; but a rapid enumeration of them may not be unprofitable.

In the scene between Antonio and Panthino, where the father is recommended to “put forth” his son “to seek preferment,” we have a brief but most accurate recapitulation of the stirring objects that called forth the energies of the master-spirits of the court of Elizabeth:—

“Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities.”

Here, in three lines, we have a recital of the great principles that, either separately, or more frequently in combination, gave their impulses to the ambition of an Essex, a Sidney, a Raleigh, and a Drake:—War, still conducted in a chivalrous spirit, though with especial reference to the “preferment” of the soldier;—Discovery, impelled by the rapid development of the commercial resources of the nation, and carried on in a temper of enthusiasm which was prompted by extraordinary success and extravagant hope;—and

\* Note on ‘King John.’

Knowledge, a thirst for which had been excited throughout Europe by the progress of the Reformation and the invention of printing, which opened the stores of learning freely to all men. These pursuits had succeeded to the fierce and demoralizing passions of our long civil wars, and the more terrible contentions that had accompanied the great change in the national religion. The nation had at length what, by comparison, was a settled Government. It could scarcely be said to be at war; for the assistance which Elizabeth afforded to the Hugonots in France, and to those who fought for freedom of conscience and for independence of Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, gave a healthy stimulus to the soldiers of fortune who drew their swords for Henry of Navarre and Maurice of Nassau;—and though the English people might occasionally lament the fate of some brave and accomplished leader, as they wept for the death of Sidney at Zutphen, there was little of general suffering that might make them look upon those wars as anything more to be dreaded than some well-fought tournament. Shakspeare, indeed, has not forgotten the connexion between the fields where honour and fortune were to be won by wounds, and the knightly lists where the game of mimic war was still played upon a magnificent scale; where the courtier might, without personal danger,

“ Practise tilts and tournaments”

before his queen, who sat in her “ fortress of Perfect Beauty,” to witness the exploits of the “ foster-children of Desire,” amidst the sounds of cannon “ fired with perfumed powder,” and “ moving mounts and costly chariots, and other devices.”\*

There was another circumstance which marked the active and inquiring character of these days, which Shakspeare has noticed :

“ Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,”

exclaims Valentine ; and Panthino says of Proteus, it

“ Would be great impeachment to his age  
In having known no travel in his youth.”

Travelling was the passion of Shakspeare’s times—the excitement of those who did not specially devote themselves to war, or discovery, or learning. The general practice of travelling supplies one, amongst many proofs, that the nation was growing commercial and rich, and that a spirit of inquiry was spread amongst the higher classes, which made it “ impeachment” to their age not to have looked upon foreign lands in their season of youth and activity.

The allusions which we thus find in this comedy to the pursuits

\* See Illustrations to Act I.

of the gallant spirits of the court of Elizabeth are very marked. The incidental notices of the general condition of the people are less decided; but a few passages that have reference to popular manners may be pointed out.

The boyhood of Shakspeare was passed in a country town where the practices of the Roman church had not been wholly eradicated either by severity or reason. We have one or two passing notices of these. Proteus, in the first scene, says,

“I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.”

Shakspeare had, doubtless, seen the rosary still worn, and the “beads bidden,” perhaps even in his own house. Julia compares the strength of her affection to the unwearied steps of “the true-devoted pilgrim.” Shakspeare had, perhaps, heard the tale of some ancient denizen of a ruined abbey, who had made the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Loretto, or had even visited the sacred tomb at Jerusalem. Thurio and Proteus are to meet at “Saint Gregory’s well.” This is the only instance in Shakspeare in which a holy well is mentioned; but how often must he have seen the country people, in the early summer morning, or after their daily labour, resorting to the fountain which had been hallowed from the Saxon times as under the guardian influence of some venerated saint! These wells were closed and neglected in London when Stow wrote; but at the beginning of the last century the custom of making journeys to them, according to Bourne, still existed amongst the people of the North; and he considers it to be “the remains of that superstitious practice of the Papists of paying adoration to wells and fountains.” This play contains several indications of the prevailing taste for music, and exhibits an audience proficient in its technical terms; for Shakspeare never addressed words to his hearers which they could not understand. This taste was a distinguishing characteristic of the age of Elizabeth; it was not extinct in that of the first Charles; but it was lost amidst the puritanism of the Commonwealth and the profligacy of the Restoration, and has yet to be born again amongst us. There is one allusion in this play to the games of the people—“bid the base,”—which shows us that the social sport which the school-boy and school-girl still enjoy,—that of prison-base, or prison-bars,—and which still makes the village green vocal with their mirth on some fine evening of spring, was a game of Shakspeare’s days. In the long winter nights the farmer’s hearth was made cheerful by the well-known ballads of Robin Hood; and to “Robin Hood’s fat friar” Shakspeare makes his Italian outlaws allude. But with music, and sports, and ales, and old wife’s



stories, there was still much misery in the land. "The beggar" not only spake "puling" "at Hallowmas," but his importunities or his threats were heard at all seasons. The disease of the country was vagrancy; and to this deep-rooted evil there were only applied the surface remedies to which Launce alludes, "the stocks" and "the pillory." The whole nation was still in a state of transition from semi-barbarism to civilization; but the foundations of modern society had been laid. The labourers had ceased to be vassals; the middle class had been created; the power of the aristocracy had been humbled, and the nobles had clustered round the sovereign, having cast aside the low tastes which had belonged to their fierce condition of independent chieftains. This was a state in which literature might, without degradation, be adapted to the wants of the general people; and "the best public instructor" then was the drama. Shakspeare found the taste created; but it was for him, most especially, to purify and exalt it.

It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to caution our readers against imagining that, because Shakspeare in this, as in all his plays, has some reference to the manners of his own country and times, he has given a false representation of the manners of the persons whom he brings upon his scene. The tone of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' is, perhaps, not so thoroughly Italian as some of his later plays—'The Merchant of Venice,' for example; but we all along feel that his characters are not English. The allusions to home customs which we have pointed out, although curious and important as illustrations of the age of Shakspeare, are so slight that they scarcely amount to any violation of the most scrupulous propriety; and, regarded upon that principle which holds that in a work of art the exact should be in subordination to the higher claims of the imaginative, they are no violations of propriety at all.

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#### COSTUME.

IN the folio of 1623 there are no indications of the localities of the several SCENES. The notices, such as "An open Place in Verona, The Garden of Julia's House, A Room in the Duke's Palace, A Forest near Mantua," are additions that have been usefully made from time to time. The text, either specially or by allusion, of course furnishes the authority for these directions.

Cesare Vecellio, the brother of Titian, in his curious work, 'Habiti Antiche e Moderni di tutto il Mondo,' completed in 1589, presents us with the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy,



[Italian Gentleman. After Vecellio.]

which has been made familiar to us by the well-known portraits of the contemporary monarchs, Francis I. and our own Henry VIII. He tells us they wore a sort of diadem surmounted by a turban-like cap of gold tissue or embroidered silk, a plaited shirt low in the neck with a small band or ruff, a coat or cassock of the German fashion, short in the waist and reaching to the knee, having sleeves down to the elbow, and from thence showing the arm covered only by the shirt with wristbands or ruffles. The cassock was ornamented with stripes or borders of cloth, silk, or velvet, of different colours, or of gold lace or embroidery, according to the wealth or taste of the wearer. With this dress they sometimes wore doublets and stomachers, or *placcards*, as they were called, of different colours, their shoes being of velvet, and, like those of the Germans, very broad at the toes. Over these cassocks again were occasionally worn cloaks or mantles of silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, with ample turn-over collars of fur or velvet, having large arm-holes, through which the full-puffed sleeves of the cassock passed, and sometimes loose hanging sleeves of their own, which could either be worn over the others or thrown behind at pleasure.

Nicholas Hoghenberg, in his curious series of prints exhibiting the triumphal processions and other ceremonies attending the entry of Charles V. into Bologna, A.D. 1530, affords us some fine specimens of the costume at this period worn by the German and Italian nobles in

the train of the emperor. Some are in the cassocks described by Vecellio, others in doublets with slashed hose, confined both above and below knee by garters of silk or gold. The turban head-dress is worn by the principal herald; but the nobles generally have caps or bonnets of cloth or velvet placed on the side of the head, sometimes over a caul of gold, and ornamented with feathers, in some instances profusely. These are most probably the Milan caps or bonnets of which we hear so much in wardrobe accounts and other records of the time. They were sometimes slashed and puffed round the edges, and adorned with "points" or "agletts," *i. e.* tags or aiguillettes. The feathers in them, also, were occasionally ornamented with drops or spangles of gold, and jewelled up the quills.

Milan was likewise celebrated for its silk hose. In the inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII., Harleian MSS., Nos. 1419 and 1420, mention is made of a pair of hose of purple silk and Venice gold, woven like unto a caul, lined with blue silver sarcenet, edged with a passemain of purple silk and gold, wrought at Milan; and one pair of hose of white silk and gold knits, bought of Christopher Millener." Our readers need scarcely be told that the present term milliner is derived from Milan, in consequence of the reputation of that city for its fabrication as well of "weeds of peace" as of "harness for war;" but it may be necessary to inform them that by hose at this period is invariably meant breeches or upper stocks, the *stockings*, or *nether stocks*, beginning now to form a separate portion of male attire.

The ladies, we learn from Vecellio, wore the same sort of turbaned head-dress as the men, resplendent with various colours, and embroidered with gold and silk in the form of rose-leaves and other devices. Their neck-chains and girdles were of gold, and of great value. To the latter were attached fans of feathers with richly ornamented gold handles. Instead of a veil they wore a sort of collar or neckerchief (*bavaro*) of lawn or cambric, pinched or plaited. The skirts of their gowns were usually of damask, either crimson or purple, with a border lace or trimming round the bottom a quarter of a yard in depth. The sleeves were of velvet or other stuff, large and slashed, so as to show the lining or under-garment, terminating with a small band or ruffle like that round the edge of the collar. The body of the dress was of gold stuff or embroidery. Some of the dresses were made with trains, which were either held up by the hand when walking, or attached to the girdle. The head-dress of gold brocade given in one of the plates of Vecellio is not unlike the beretta of the Doge of Venice; and caps very similar in form and material are still worn in the neighbourhood of Linz in Upper Austria.

The Milan bonnet was also worn by ladies as well as men at this period. Hall, the chronicler, speaks of some who wore "Myllain bonnets of crymosyne sattin, drawn through (*i. e.* slashed and puffed) with cloth of gold;" and in the roll of provisions for the marriage of the daughters of Sir John Nevil, *tempore* Henry VIII., the price of "a Millan bonnet, dressed with agletts," is marked as 11*s.*



[Italian Ladies. After Vecellio.]





[Verona. View on the Adige.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in Verona.*

*Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;<sup>a</sup>  
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;  
 Wer't not affection chains thy tender days  
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
 I rather would entreat thy company,  
 To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
 But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,  
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

<sup>a</sup> In the original this proper name is invariably spelt *Protheus*.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!  
 Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest  
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
 When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,  
 If ever danger do environ thee,  
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.<sup>1</sup>

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success?

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,  
 How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;  
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,  
 And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.<sup>2</sup>

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;  
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth<sup>a</sup>  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:  
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;  
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won;  
 However,<sup>b</sup> but a folly bought with wit,  
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

<sup>a</sup> Steevens gives the passage thus:—

“*Val.* No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

*Pro.*

What?

*Val.*

To be

In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks

With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,” &c.

By this reading, the Alexandrine in the line beginning with “coy looks” is avoided;—but the force and harmony of the entire passage are weakened. Our reading is that of the edition of 1623. Steevens, having a notion of metre which placed its highest excellence in monotonous regularity, has unsparingly maimed the text, or stuck something upon it, to satisfy his “finger-counting ear.” We shall *always* silently restore the text, as Malone has in *many* cases done, whenever the modern alterations are confessedly injurious, but not so violent as to require a special notice.

<sup>b</sup> *However*—in whatsoever way, “haply won,” or “lost.”

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance,<sup>a</sup> I fear, you 'll prove.

*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you :  
And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells,<sup>3</sup> so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,  
That art a votary to fond desire ?  
Once more adieu : my father at the road  
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no ; now let us take our leave.  
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,<sup>b</sup>  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

*Val.* As much to you at home ! and so, farewell.

[*Exit VALENTINE.*

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love :  
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;  
I leave myself,<sup>c</sup> my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;

<sup>a</sup> *Circumstance.* The word is used by the two speakers in different senses. Proteus employs it in the meaning of *circumstantial deduction* ;—Valentine in that of *position*.

<sup>b</sup> *To Milan.* Let me hear from thee by letters, *addressed to Milan.* *To* is the reading of the first folio, and has been properly restored by Malone, instead of retaining *at Milan*, which is clearly a modern phrase.

<sup>c</sup> The original copy reads, " I love myself." The present reading was introduced by Pope.

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;  
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you : Saw you my master ?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already ;  
And I have play'd the sheep <sup>a</sup> in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,  
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

*Speed.* You conclude that my master is a shepherd then,  
and I a <sup>b</sup> sheep ?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake  
or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True ; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep  
the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not  
me : therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd  
for food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages followest  
thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee : therefore,  
thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry baa.

*Pro.* But dost thou hear ? gav'st thou my letter to Julia ?

*Speed.* Ay, sir ; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a  
laced mutton ; <sup>c</sup> and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton,  
nothing for my labour !

<sup>a</sup> *Sheep* is pronounced *ship* in many English counties ; hence *Speed's* small jest.

<sup>b</sup> The article (*a*) is wanting in the first folio ; but was supplied in the second.

<sup>c</sup> *A laced mutton.* The commentators have much doubtful learning on this passage. They maintain that the epithet "laced" was a very uncomplimentary epithet of Shakspeare's time ; and that the words taken together apply to a female of loose character. This is probable ; but then the insolent application, by *Speed*, of the term to Julia is received by Proteus very patiently. The original meaning of



*Pro.* Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray;<sup>a</sup> 't were best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfeld.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? did she nod?<sup>b</sup> [*SPEED nods.*]

*Speed.* I.<sup>c</sup>

*Pro.* Nod, I; why, that 's noddly.

*Speed.* You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, I.

*Pro.* And that set together is—noddly.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddly, for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

*Pro.* Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat<sup>d</sup> for delivering your letter: And being so

the *verb* lace is to catch—to hold (see Tooke's 'Diversions,' &c., part ii. ch. 4;) from which the *noun* lace,—anything which catches or holds. Speed might, therefore, without an insult to the mistress of Proteus, say—I, a lost sheep, gave your letter to her, a caught sheep.

<sup>a</sup> *Astray.* The adjective here should be read "*a stray*"—a stray sheep.

<sup>b</sup> *Did she nod?* These words, not in the original text, were introduced by Theobald. The stage-direction, "*Speed nods*," is also modern.

<sup>c</sup> *I*—the old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay*.

hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.<sup>a</sup> Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What said she,—nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd<sup>b</sup> me;<sup>b</sup> in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:<sup>c</sup>—  
I must go find some better messenger;  
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,  
That every day with parle<sup>d</sup> encounter me,  
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

<sup>a</sup> The second folio changes the passage to "*her mind.*" The first gives it "*your mind.*" Speed says,—she was hard to me that *brought* your mind, by letter;—she will be as hard to you in *telling* it, in person.

<sup>b</sup> *Testern'd*—in the original *cestern'd*. It was corrected in the second folio.

<sup>c</sup> The same allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged," &c., occurs in 'The Tempest.'

<sup>d</sup> *Parle*—speech. The first folio spells it *par'le*, which shows the abbreviation of the original French *parole*.

*Luc.* Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

*Jul.* How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

*Luc.* Pardon, dear madam ; 't is a passing shame,  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure<sup>a</sup> thus on lovely gentlemen.

*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?

*Luc.* Then thus : of many good I think him best.

*Jul.* Your reason ?

*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason ;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Jul.* And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him ?

*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

*Jul.* Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

*Luc.* Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.

*Luc.* Fire<sup>b</sup> that 's closest kept burns most of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least that let men know their love.

*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.

*Luc.* Peruse this paper, madam.

*Jul.* "To Julia,"—Say, from whom ?

*Luc.* That the contents will show.

*Jul.* Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think, from  
Proteus :

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

<sup>a</sup> *Censure*—give an opinion—a meaning which repeatedly occurs.

<sup>b</sup> *Fire* is here used as a dissyllable. Steevens, whose ear received it as a monosyllable, corrupted the reading. In Act II., Scene 7, we have this line :—

"But qualify the fire's extreme rage."

The present play furnishes other examples, such as—

"Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat."

When the reader has a key to the reading of such words—*fi-er*, *hou-er*—he may dispense with the notes that he will perpetually find on these matters in the pages of Steevens.

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,  
 And you an officer fit for the place.  
 There, take the paper, see it be return'd;  
 Or else return no more into my sight.

*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

*Jul.* Will you<sup>a</sup> be gone?

*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

*Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,  
 And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
 What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,  
 And would not force the letter to my view!  
 Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that  
 Which they would have the profferer construe "Ay."  
 Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,  
 That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
 How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
 When willingly I would have had her here!  
 How angerly<sup>b</sup> I taught my brow to frown,  
 When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!  
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,  
 And ask remission for my folly past:—  
 What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?

*Jul.* Is 't near dinner-time?

*Luc.* I would it were;

That you might kill your stomach<sup>c</sup> on your meat,  
 And not upon your maid.

*Jul.* What is 't that you  
 Took up so gingerly?

*Luc.* Nothing.

<sup>a</sup> *You*—in the original, *ye*.

<sup>b</sup> *Angerly*, not angrily, as many modern editions have it, was the adverb used in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>c</sup> *Stomach* is here used in the double sense of appetite, and obstinacy, or ill-temper.



*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop then?

*Luc.* To take a paper up that I let fall.

*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?

*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.

*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,  
Unless it have a false interpreter.

*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

*Luc.* That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:  
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.<sup>a</sup>

*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible:  
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."<sup>6</sup>

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

*Jul.* And why not you?

*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.

*Jul.* Let's see your song:—How now, minion?

*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:  
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

*Jul.* You do not?

*Luc.* No, madam; 't is too sharp.

*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,  
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:<sup>b</sup>  
There wanteth but a mean<sup>c</sup> to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your<sup>d</sup> unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base<sup>e</sup> for Proteus.

*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.  
Here is a coil with protestation!— [Tears the letter.

<sup>a</sup> *Set*—compose. Julia plays upon the word, in the next line, in a different sense,—to "set by" being to make account of.

<sup>b</sup> *Descant*. The simple air, in music, was called the "Plain *song*," or ground. The "descant" was what we now call a "variation."

<sup>c</sup> *Mean*—the tenor. The whole of the musical allusions in this passage show that the terms of the art were familiar to a popular audience; and that music (of which there can be no doubt) was generally cultivated in Shakspeare's time.

<sup>d</sup> *Your*—in the original, *you*.

<sup>e</sup> The quibbling *Lucetta* here turns the allusion to the country game of *base*, or prison-base, in which one runs and challenges another to pursue.

Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :  
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

*Luc.* She makes it strange ; but she would be best pleas'd  
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !  
Injurious wasps ! to feed on such sweet honey,<sup>7</sup>  
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
Look, here is writ—"kind Julia ;"—unkind Julia !  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And, here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus :"—  
Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down :  
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name : that some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea !  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia ;" that I'll tear away ;  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names ;  
Thus will I fold them one upon another ;  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter LUCETTA.*

*Luc.* Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.

*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.

*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down :  
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> For catching cold—lest they should catch cold.

*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind to them.<sup>a</sup>

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*Jul.* Come, come, will 't please you go ? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in Antonio's House.*

*Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad<sup>b</sup> talk was that,  
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

*Pan.* 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

*Ant.* Why, what of him ?

*Pan.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home ;  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :  
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there ;  
Some, to discover islands far away ;  
Some, to the studious universities.<sup>8</sup>  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet :  
And did request me to importune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.<sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that  
Whereon this month I have been hammering.  
I have consider'd well his loss of time ;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world :

<sup>a</sup> The *month's mind*, in one form of the expression, referred to the solemn mass, or other obsequies, directed to be performed for the repose of the soul, under the will of a deceased person. The strong desire with which this ceremony was regarded in Catholic times might have rendered the general expression "month's mind" equivalent to an eager longing, in which sense it is generally thought to be here used. But we are not quite sure that it means a strong and abiding desire ; two lines in 'Hudibras' would seem to make the "month's mind" only a passing inclination :—

" For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,  
Who hath not a month's mind to combat ?"

<sup>b</sup> *Sad*—serious.

Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time :  
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

*Pan.* I think your lordship is not ignorant,  
How his companion, youthful Valentine,  
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

*Ant.* I know it well.

*Pan.* 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither :  
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,<sup>10</sup>  
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;  
And be in eye of every exercise,  
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

*Ant.* I like thy counsel ; well hast thou advis'd :  
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,  
The execution of it shall make known :  
Even with the speediest expedition  
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

*Pan.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,  
With other gentlemen of good esteem,  
Are journeying to salute the emperor,  
And to commend their service to his will.

*Ant.* Good company ; with them shall Proteus go :  
And,—in good time.<sup>a</sup>—Now will we break with him.<sup>b</sup>

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love ! sweet lines ! sweet life !  
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart ;  
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn :  
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,  
To seal our happiness with their consents !  
O heavenly Julia !

*Ant.* How now ? what letter are you reading there ?

*Pro.* May't please your lordship, 't is a word or two  
Of commendation sent from Valentine,  
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

*Ant.* Lend me the letter ; let me see what news.

<sup>a</sup> *In good time.* As Antonio is declaring his intention Proteus appears ; the speaker, therefore, breaks off with the expression, "in good time"—à propos.

<sup>b</sup> *Break with him.* Break the matter to him,—a form which repeatedly occurs.



*Pro.* There is no news, my lord ; but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well-belov'd,  
And daily graced by the emperor ;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish ?

*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish :  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the emperor's court ;  
What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like exhibition<sup>a</sup> thou shalt have from me.  
To-morrow be in readiness to go :  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided ;  
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee :  
No more of stay ; to-morrow thou must go.—  
Come on, Panthino ; you shall be employ'd  
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt ANT. and PAN.*]

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning ;  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd :  
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;  
And with the vantage of mine own excuse  
Hath he excepted most against my love.  
O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day ;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

*Re-enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;  
He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

*Pro.* Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ;  
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Exhibition*—stipend, allowance. The word is still used in this sense in our universities.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.*”

THE Anglo-Saxon *beade*,—a prayer—something prayed,—has given the name to the mechanical help which the ritual of the early church associated with the act of praying. To drop a ball down a string at every prayer, whether enjoined by the priest or by voluntary obligation, has been the practice of the Romish church for many centuries. In our language the ball, from its use, came to be called a bead. To “bid the beads,” and to “pray,” were synonymous. Burnet, in his ‘History of the Reformation,’ says, “The form of *bidding* prayer was not begun by King Henry, as some have weakly imagined, but was used in the times of popery, as will appear by the form of *bidding the beads* in King Henry the Seventh’s time. The way was, first for the preacher to name and open his text, and then to call on the people to go to their prayers, and to tell them what they were to pray for; after which all the people said their *beads* in a general silence, and the minister kneeled down also and said his.” We find the expression “*bedes byddyng*” in ‘The Vision of Pierce Plowman,’ which was written, according to Tyrwhitt, about 1362. In the same remarkable poem we also find *bedman*—beadman, or beadsman. A beadsman, in the sense of “I will be thy beadsman,” is one who offers up prayers for the welfare of another. In this general sense it was used by Sir Henry Lee to Queen Elizabeth. (See Illustration 10.) “Thy poor daily orator and beadsman” was the common subscription to a petition to any great man or person in authority. We retain the substance, though not the exact form, of this courtly humiliation, even to the present day, when we memorialize the Crown and the Houses of Parliament, and seek to propitiate those authorities by the unmeaning assurance that their “petitioners shall ever pray.” But the great men of old did not wholly depend upon the efficacy of those prayers for their welfare which proceeded from the expectation or gratitude of their suitors. They had regularly-appointed *beadsmen*, who were paid to weary Heaven with their supplications. It is to this practice that Shakspeare alludes in the speech of Scroop to Richard II. :—

“Thy very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows  
Of double-fatal yew against thy state.”

Johnson, upon this passage, says, “The king’s beadsmen were his chaplains.” This assertion is partly borne out by an entry in ‘The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry VIII.,’ published by Sir Harris Nicolas:—“Item, to Sir Torche, the king’s bede man at the Rood in Grenewiche, for one yere now ended, xl s.” The title “Sir” was in these days more especially applied to priests. (See ‘Merry Wives of Windsor.’) But the term “bedesman” was also, we have little doubt, generally applied to any persons, whether of the clergy or laity, who received endowments for the purpose of offering prayers for the sovereign. Henry VII. established such persons upon a magnificent scale. The Harleian MS. No. 1498, in the British Museum, is an indenture made between Henry VII. and John Islipp, Abbot of St. Peter, Westminster, in which the abbot engages to “provide and sustain within the said monastery, in the almshouses there, therefore made and appointed by the said king, thirteen poor men, one of them being a priest;” and the duty of these thirteen poor men is “to pray during the life of the said king, our sovereign lord, for the good and prosperous state of the same king, our sovereign lord, and for the prosper-

ing of this his realm." These men are not in the indenture called *bedesmen*; that instrument providing that they "shall be named and called the *almesse men* of the said king our sovereign lord." The general designation of those who make prayer for others—*bedesmen*—is here sunk in a name derived from the particular *almesse* (alms) or endowment. The dress of the twelve almsmen is to be a gown and a hood, "and a *scochyn* to be made and set upon every of the said gowns, and a red rose crowned and embroidered thereupon." In the following design (the figure of

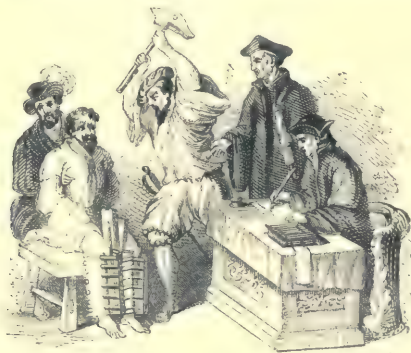


which, a monk at his devotions, is from a drawing by Quellinus, a pupil of Rubens) the costume is taken from an illumination in the indenture now recited, which illumination represents the abbot, the priest, and the almsmen receiving the indenture. The first almsman bears a string of *beads* upon his hand. The "*scochyn*" made and set upon the gown reminds us of the "*badge*" of poor Edie Ochiltree, in 'The Antiquary;' and this brings us back to "*bedsmen*." This prince of mendicants was, as our readers will remember, a "*king's bedesman*"—"an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic church, and who were expected in return to *pray for the royal welfare and that of the state.*" The similarity in the practices of the "*king's bedesmen*" of Scotland, and the "*almesse men*" of Henry VII., is precise. "This order," as Sir Walter Scott tells us in his advertisement to 'The Antiquary,' from which the above description is copied, "is still kept up." The "*poor orators and beadsmen*" of England live now only in a few musty records, or in the allusions of Spenser and Shakspeare; and in the same way the "*blue-gowns*," or "*king's bedesmen*," of Scotland, who "are now seldom to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh," will be chiefly remembered in the impeishable pages of the Author of 'Waverley.'

² SCENE I.—"Nay, give me not the boots."

This expression may refer, as Steevens has suggested, to a country sport in harvest-time, in which any offender against the laws of the reaping-season was laid on a bench and slapped with boots. But Steevens has also concluded—and Douce follows up the opinion—that the allusion is to the instrument of torture called *the boots*. That horrid engine, as well as the rack and other monuments of the cruelty of irresponsible power, was used in the *question*, in the endeavour to wring a confession out of the accused by terror or by actual torment. This meaning gives a propriety to the allusion which we have not seen noticed. In the passage before us Valentine is bantering Proteus about his mistress—and Proteus exclaims, "Nay, give me not the boots"—do not *torture me to confess* to those love-delinquencies of which you accuse me. The torture of the boots was used principally in Scotland; and Douce has an extract from a very curious pamphlet containing an account of

its infliction in the presence of our James I., before he was called to the English crown, upon one Dr. Fein, a supposed wizard, who was charged with raising the storms which the king encountered on his passage from Denmark. The brutal superstition which led James to the use of this horrid torture is less revolting than the calculating tyranny which prescribed its application to the unhappy Whig preachers of a century later, as recorded by Burnet, in the case of Maccael, in 1666. Our readers will here again remember Scott, in his powerful scene of Macbriar before the Privy Council of Scotland,—and will think of the wily Lauderdale and his detestable joke when the tortured man has fainted—"He'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on." Douce says, "the torture of the boot was known in France, and, in all probability, imported from that country." He then gives a representation of it, copied from Millæus's '*Praxis criminis persequendi*,' Paris, 1541. The woodcut which we subjoin is from the same book; but we have restored a portion of the original engraving which Douce has omitted—the judges, or examiners, witnessing the torture, and prepared to record the prisoner's deposition under its endurance.



<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—

"In the sweetest bud

*The eating canker dwells."*

This is a figure which Shakspeare has often repeated. In the Sonnets we have (Sonnet LXX.)—

"Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love."

In 'King John'—

"Now will canker sorrow eat my bud."

In 'Hamlet'—

"The canker galls the infants of the spring."

The peculiar canker which our poet, a close observer of Nature, must have noted, is described in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'—

"Some to kill cankers in the *musk-rose* buds."

And in '1 Henry VI.,'

"Hath not thy *rose* a canker?"

The instrument by which the canker was produced is described in

"The bud bit with an envious worm"

of 'Romeo and Juliet;' and in

"Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Fed on her *damask* cheek,"

in 'Twelfth Night.'



Shakspeare found the "canker-worm" in the Old Testament (Joel i. 4). The Geneva Bible, 1561, has "That which is left of the palmer-worm hath the grasshopper eaten, and the residue of the grasshopper hath the *canker-worm* eaten, and the residue of the *canker-worm* hath the caterpillar eaten." The Arabic version of the passage in Joel renders what is here, and in our received translation, "the palmer-worm" by *dud*, which seems a general denomination for the larva state of an insect, and which applies especially to the "canker-worm." The original Hebrew, which is rendered palmer-worm, is from a verb meaning to cut or shear: the Greek of the Septuagint, by which the same word is rendered, is derived from the verb meaning to bend.—(See 'Pictorial Bible,' Joel i.) These two words give a most exact description of the "canker-worm;"—of "the canker in the musk-rose buds;"—of the larvæ which are produced in the leaves of many plants, and which find habitation and food by the destruction of the receptacle of their infant existence. These caterpillars are termed "leaf-rollers," and their economy is amongst the most curious and interesting of the researches of entomology. The general operations of these larvæ, and the particular operations of the "cankers in the musk-rose buds," have been described in a little volume entitled 'Insect Architecture.' A small dark-brown caterpillar, with a black head and six feet, is the "canker-worm" of the rose. It derives its specific name *Lozotania Rosana*, from its habits. The grub, produced from eggs deposited in the previous summer or autumn, makes its appearance with the first opening of the leaves, and it constructs its summer tent while the leaves are in their soft and half-expanded state. It weaves them together so strongly, *bending* them (according to the Greek of the Septuagint) and fastening their discs with the silken cords which it spins, that the growth of the bud in which it forms its canopy is completely stopped. Thus secured from the rain and from external enemies, it begins to destroy the inner partitions of its dwelling:—it becomes the *cutting* insect of the Hebrew. In this way,

"The most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow."

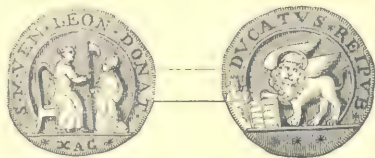
4 SCENE I.—"Not so much as a ducat."

The ducat—which derives its name from duke, a ducal coin—is repeatedly mentioned in Shakspeare. There were two causes for this. First, many of the incidents of his plays were derived from Italian stories, and were laid in Italian scenes; and his characters, therefore, properly use the name of the coin of their country. Thus, ducat occurs in this play—in 'The Comedy of Errors'—in 'Much Ado about Nothing'—in 'Romeo and Juliet;' and, more than all, in 'The Merchant of Venice.' But Italy was the great resort of English travellers in the time of



Shakspeare; and ducat being a familiar word to him, we find it also in 'Hamlet' and in 'Cymbeline.' Venice has, at present, its silver ducat—the ducat of eight livres—worth about 3s. 3d. The preceding representation of its *old* silver ducat is from a coin in the British Museum.

The gold ducat of Venice is at present worth about 6s. The following representation of its *old* gold ducat is from a print in the Coin Room in the British Museum.



<sup>5</sup> SCENE I.—“ *You have testern'd me.*”

A verb is here made out of the name of a coin—the *tester*—which is mentioned twice in Shakspeare: 1. by Falstaff, when he praises his recruit Wart, “There's a tester for thee;” and, 2. by Pistol, “Tester I'll have in pouch.” We have also testril, which is the same, in ‘Twelfth Night.’ The value of a tester, teston, testern, or testril, as it is variously written, was supposed to be determined by a passage in Latimer's sermons:—“They brought him a denari, a piece of their current coin that was worth ten of our usual pence—such another piece as our testerne.” But the value of the tester, like that of all our ancient coins, was constantly changing, in consequence of the infamous practice of debasing the currency, which was amongst the expedients of bad governments for wringing money out of the people by cheating as well as violence. The French name, *teston*, was applied to a silver coin of Louis XII., 1513, because it bore the king's head; and the English shilling received the same name at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII.,—probably because it had the same value as the French teston. The following representation of the shilling of Henry VIII. is from a specimen in the British



Museum. The testons were called in by proclamations in the second and third years of Edward VI., in consequence of the extensive forgeries of this coin by Sir William Sherrington, for which, by an express act of parliament, he was attainted of treason. They are described in these proclamations as “pieces of xiid., commonly called testons.” But the base shillings still continued to circulate, and they were, according to Stow, “called down” to the value of ninepence, afterwards to sixpence, and finally to fourpence halfpenny, in the reign of Edward VI. The value seems at last to have settled to sixpence. Harrison, in his ‘Description of England,’ says, “Sixpence, usually named the testone.” In Shakspeare's time it

would appear, from the following passage in 'Twelfth Night,' where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are bribing the Clown to sing, that its value was sixpence:—

"Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

Sir A. There's a testril of me, too."

In the reign of Anne its value, according to Locke, who distinguishes between the shilling and the tester, was sixpence; and to this day we sometimes hear the name applied to sixpence.

<sup>6</sup> SCENE II.—"*Best sing it to the tune of Light o' love.*"

This was the name of a dance tune, which, from the frequent mention of it in the old poets, appears to have been very popular. Shakspeare refers to it again in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' with more exactness: "Light o' love;—that goes without a burthen; do you sing it, and I'll dance it." We shall give the music (which Sir John Hawkins recovered from an ancient MS.) in that play.

<sup>7</sup> SCENE II.—"*Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey.*"

The economy of bees was known to Shakspeare with an exactness which he could not have derived from books. The description in 'Henry V.,' "So work the honey-bees," is a study for the naturalist as well as the poet. He had doubtless not only observed "the lazy, yawning drone," but the "injurious wasps," that plundered the stores which had been collected by those who

"Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds."

These were the fearless robbers to which the pretty pouting Julia compares her fingers:—

"Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!"

The metaphor is as accurate as it is beautiful.

<sup>8</sup> SCENE III.—"*Some to the wars,*" &c.

We have alluded to these lines, somewhat at length, in the Introductory Notice. It would be out of place here to give a more particular detail of what were the *wars*, and who the illustrious men that went "to try their fortune there;" or to recapitulate "the islands far away" that were sought for or discovered; or to furnish even a list of "the studious universities" to which the eager scholars of Elizabeth's time resorted. The subject is too large for us to attempt its illustration by any minute details. We may, however, extract a passage from Gifford's 'Memoirs of Ben Jonson,' prefixed to his excellent edition of that great dramatist, which directly bears upon this passage:—

"The long reign of Elizabeth, though sufficiently agitated to keep the mind alert, was yet a season of comparative stability and peace. The nobility, who had been nursed in domestic turbulence, for which there was now no place, and the more active spirits among the gentry, for whom entertainment could no longer be found in feudal grandeur and hospitality, took advantage of the diversity of employment happily opened, and spread themselves in every direction. They put forth, in the language of Shakspeare,

'Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities;'

and the effect of these various pursuits was speedily discernible. The feelings, narrowed and embittered in household feuds, expanded and purified themselves in distant warfare, and a high sense of honour and generosity and chivalrous valour ran with electric speed from bosom to bosom, on the return of the first adventurers



in the Flemish campaigns; while the wonderful reports of discoveries, by the intrepid mariners who opened the route since so successfully pursued, faithfully committed to writing, and acting at once upon the cupidity and curiosity of the times, produced an inconceivable effect in diffusing a thirst for novelties among a people who, no longer driven in hostile array to destroy one another, and combat for interests in which they took little concern, had leisure for looking around them and consulting their own amusement."

<sup>9</sup> SCENE III.—"*In having known no travel,*" &c.

There was a most curious practice with reference to travelling in those days, which is well described in Fynes Moryson's '*Itinerary*.' Adventurous persons of slender fortune deposited a small sum, upon undertaking a distant or perilous journey, to receive a larger sum if they returned alive. Moryson's brother, he tells us, desired to visit Jerusalem and Constantinople, and he "thought this putting out of money to be an honest means of gaining, at least, the charges of his journey." He, therefore, "put out some few hundred pounds, to be repaid twelve hundred pounds upon his return from those two cities, and to lose it if he died in the journey." We shall have occasion to refer to this practice in '*The Tempest*,' where Shakspeare distinctly notices it:—

"Each putter-out on five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of," &c.

We have here mentioned this singular sort of bargain, to show that those who undertook "travel" in those days were considered as incurring serious dangers.

<sup>10</sup> SCENE III.—"*There shall he practise tilts and tournaments.*"

St. Palaye, in his '*Memoirs of Chivalry*,' says that, in their private castles, the gentlemen practised the exercises which would prepare them for the public tournaments. This refers to the period which appears to have terminated some half-century before the time of Elizabeth, when real warfare was conducted with express reference to the laws of knighthood; and the tourney, with all its magnificent array,—its minstrels, its heralds, and its damosels in lofty towers,—had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths. There were the "*Joustes à outrance*," or the "*Joustes mortelles et à champ*," of Froissart. But the "tournaments" that Shakspeare sends Proteus to "practise," were the "*Justes of Peace*," the "*Joustes à Plaisance*," the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances. They had all the gorgeousness of the old knightly encounters, but they appear to have been regarded only as courtly pastimes, and not as serious preparations for "a well-foughten field." One or two instances from the annals of these times will at least amuse our readers, if they do not quite satisfy them that these combats were as harmless to the combatants as the fierce encounters between other less noble actors—the heroes of the stage.

On Whitsun Monday, 1581, a most magnificent tournament was held in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, in honour of the Dauphin, and other noblemen and gentlemen of France, who had arrived as commissioners to the queen. Holinshed describes the proceedings respecting this "Triumph" at great length. A magnificent gallery was erected for the queen and her court, which was called by the combatants the fortress of Perfect Beauty; "and not without cause, forasmuch as her highness would be there included." Four gentlemen—the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Mr. Philip Sydney, and Mr. Fulke Greville—calling themselves the foster-children of Desire, laid claim to this fortress, and vowed to withstand all who should dare to oppose them. Their challenge being accepted by certain gentlemen of the court, they proceeded (in gorgeous apparel, and attended by squires and



attendants richly dressed) forthwith to the tilt, and on the following day to the tourney, where they behaved nobly and bravely, but, at length, submitted to the queen, acknowledging that they ought not to have accompanied Desire by Violence, and concluding a long speech, full of the compliments of the day, by declaring themselves thenceforth slaves to the "Fortress of Perfect Beautie." These "courtly triumphs" were arranged and conducted in the most costly manner. The queen's gallery was painted in imitation of stone, and covered with ivy and garlands of flowers; cannons were fired with perfumed powder; the dresses of the knights and courtiers were of the richest stuffs and covered with precious stones; and moving mounts, costly chariots, and many other devices were introduced to give effect to the scene.

In the reign of Elizabeth there were annual exercises of arms, which were first commenced by Sir Henry Lee. This worthy knight made a vow to appear armed in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, on the 27th November (the anniversary of the queen's accession) in every year, until disabled by age, where he offered to tilt with all comers, in honour of Her Majesty's accession. He continued the queen's champion until the thirty-third year of her reign, when, having arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, he resigned in favour of George Earl of Cumberland, who was invested in the office with much form and solemnity in 1590. It was on the 27th of November in that year that Sir Henry Lee, having performed his devoirs in the lists for the last time, and with much applause, accompanied by the Earl of Cumberland, presented himself before the queen, who was seated in her gallery overlooking the lists, and, kneeling on one knee, humbly besought Her Majesty to accept the Earl of Cumberland for her knight, to continue the yearly exercises which he was compelled, from infirmities of age, himself to relinquish. The queen graciously accepting the offer, the old knight presented his armour at Her Majesty's feet, and then, assisting in fastening the armour of the earl, he mounted him on his horse. This ceremony being performed, he put upon his own person a side coat of "black velvet pointed under the arm, and covered his head (in lieu of a helmet) with a buttoned cap of the country fashion." Then, whilst music was heard proceeding from a magnificent temple which had been erected for the occasion, he presented to the queen, through the hands of three beautiful maidens, a veil curiously wrought and richly adorned, and other gifts of great magnificence, and declared that, although his youth and strength had decayed, his duty, faith, and love remained perfect as ever: his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her beadsman, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service. But the queen complimented him upon his gallantry, and desired that he would attend the future annual justs, and direct the knights in their proceedings; for indeed his virtue and valour in arms were declared by all to be deserving of command. In the course of the good old knight's career of "virtue and valour in arms," he was joined by many companions, anxious to distinguish themselves in all courtly and chivalrous exercises. One duke, nineteen earls, twenty-seven barons, four knights of the garter, and above one hundred and fifty other knights and esquires, are stated to have taken part in these annual feats of arms.—(See Walpole's 'Miscellaneous Antiquities,' No. I. pp. 41 to 48, which contains an extract from 'Honour, Military and Civil.' By Sir W. Segur, Norroy; London, 1602.)

If Shakspere had not looked upon these "annual exercises of arms" when he thought of the tournaments "in the emperor's court," he had probably been admitted to the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth on some occasion of magnificent display by the proud Leicester.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.**Speed.* Sir, your glove.*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.<sup>a</sup>*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

*Speed.* Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!*Val.* How now, sirrah?*Speed.* She is not within hearing, sir.*Val.* Why, sir, who bade you call her?*Speed.* Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.*Val.* Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?*Speed.* She that your worship loves?*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A.B.C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.<sup>1</sup> You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions;<sup>b</sup> when you fasted, it was presently after

<sup>a</sup> The quibble here depends upon the pronunciation of *one*, which was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*.

<sup>b</sup> *To walk like one of the lions* is thus commented on by Ritson: "If Shakspeare had not been thinking of the lions in the Tower, he would have written 'like a lion.'"  
—Shakspeare was thinking dramatically; and he therefore made Speed use an image

dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me? they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you? nay, that's certain, for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard favoured, sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair as (of you) well favoured.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.

*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

with which he might be familiar. The firm, decided step of a lion furnished an apt illustration of the bold bearing of Speed's master before he was a lover. The comparison was not less just when made with "one of the lions;"—and the use of that comparison was in keeping with Speed's character, whilst the lofty image, "like a lion," would not have been so. The "clownish servant" might compare his master to a caged lion, without being poetical, which Shakspeare did not intend him to be.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her ; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why ?

*Speed.* Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes ; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered !

*Val.* What should I see then ?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity : for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose ;<sup>a</sup> and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then you are in love ; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, sir ; I was in love with my bed : I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set ; so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you ?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them ;—Peace ! here she comes.

*Enter SILVIA.*

*Speed.* O excellent motion !<sup>a</sup> O exceeding puppet !  
Now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* O, ' give ye good ev'n ! here 's a million of manners.

[ *Aside.*

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant,<sup>3</sup> to you two thousand.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Motion*—a puppet-show. Silvia is the puppet, and Valentine will interpret for her. The master of the show was, in Shakspeare's time, often called interpreter to the puppets.

<sup>b</sup> Much of the dialogue between Valentine and Speed is printed metrically in the original. This is sometimes obviously enough wrong : but in other instances, such as these, we have some free dramatic versification which ought to be retained.



*Speed.* He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours ;  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,  
But for my duty to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant : 't is very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off ;  
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,  
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains ?

*Val.* No, madam ; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much :  
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period ! Well, I guess the sequel ;  
And yet I will not name it ;—and yet I care not ;—  
And yet take this again ;—and yet I thank you ;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* And yet you will ; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*]

*Val.* What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

*Sil.* Yes, yes ; the lines are very quaintly writ :  
But since unwillingly, take them again ;  
Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request ;  
But I will none of them ; they are for you :  
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And when it's writ, for my sake read it over :  
And if it please you, so : if not, why so.

*Val.* If it please me, madam ! what then ?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.  
And so good morrow, servant.

[*Exit SILVIA.*]

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !  
My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.  
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter ?

*Val.* How now, sir ? what are you reasoning with yourself ?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What needs she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you, indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I'll warrant you 't is as well.

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;  
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,  
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,<sup>a</sup> for in print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir; though theameleon Love  
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals,  
and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress;  
be moved, be moved.<sup>b</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

<sup>a</sup> *In print*—with exactness. Speed is repeating, or affects to be repeating, some lines which he has read.

<sup>b</sup> *Be moved*—have compassion on me.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner :

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. [*Giving a ring.*

*Pro.* Why then we 'll make exchange ;<sup>4</sup> here, take you this.

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy ;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !

My father stays my coming ; answer not ;

The tide is now : nay, not thy tide of tears ;

That tide will stay me longer than I should : [*Exit JULIA.*

Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;

For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

*Enter PANTHINO.*

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

*Pro.* Go ; I come, I come :—

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCE, leading a Dog.*

*Laun.* Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault : I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it :

This shoe is my father ;—no, this left shoe <sup>s</sup> is my father ; no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither :—yes, it is so, it is so ; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father ; A vengeance on 't ! there 't is : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid ; I am the dog :—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father ; “ Father, your blessing ; ” now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping ; now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on :—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now ! ) like a wood<sup>a</sup> woman ;—well, I kiss her ;—why, there 't is ; here's my mother's breath up and down ; now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes : now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pan.* Launce, away, away, aboard ; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter ? why weep'st thou, man ? Away, ass ; you 'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

*Laun.* It is no matter if the tied were lost ; for it is the unkindest tied <sup>b</sup> that ever man tied.

*Pan.* What 's the unkindest tide ?

*Laun.* Why, he that 's tied here ; Crab, my dog.

*Pan.* Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood : and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage ; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master ; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service ; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

*Laun.* For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

*Pan.* Where should I lose my tongue ?

*Laun.* In thy tale.

*Pan.* In thy tail ?

*Laun.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and

<sup>a</sup> *Wood*—mad, wild.

<sup>b</sup> This quibble, according to Steevens, is found in Lyly's ‘*Endymion*,’ 1591.



the service, and the tied!<sup>a</sup> Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pan.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Laun.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pan.* Wilt thou go?

*Laun.* Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

*Sil.* Servant!

*Val.* Mistress.

*Speed.* Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

*Speed.* Not of you.

*Val.* Of my mistress then.

*Speed.* 'T were good you knocked him.

*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.

*Val.* Indeed, madam, I seem so.

*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

*Val.* Haply I do.

*Thu.* So do counterfeits.

*Val.* So do you.

*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?

*Val.* Wise.

*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?

*Val.* Your folly.

*Thu.* And how quote<sup>b</sup> you my folly?

<sup>a</sup> We give the punctuation of the original edition. Malone prints the passage thus:—

“Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: and the tide!” Steevens omits the *and*, completing the sentence at “service;” and adding “The tide!” as interjectional. Both editors appear to forget the quibble of Launce on his *tied* dog; to which quibble, it appears to us, he returns in this passage. In the first instance he says, “It is no matter if the *tied* were lost;”—he now says, “Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the *tied*.” In the original there is no difference in the orthography of the two words.

<sup>b</sup> *Quote*—to mark.

*Val.* I quote<sup>a</sup> it in your jerkin.

*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.<sup>e</sup>

*Val.* Well, then, I'll double your folly.

*Thu.* How?

*Sil.* What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

*Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

*Val.* You have said, sir.

*Thu.* Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

*Val.* I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire:  
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks,  
And spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words,  
And, I think, no other treasure to give your followers;  
For it appears, by their bare liveries,  
That they live by your bare words.<sup>b</sup>

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.  
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health:<sup>c</sup>  
What say you to a letter from your friends  
Of much good news?

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful  
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

<sup>a</sup> Quote was pronounced *cote*, from the old French *coter*. Hence the quibble, I coat it in your *jerkin*,—your short-coat, or jacket.

<sup>b</sup> We have again a metrical arrangement in the original of this and the preceding speech of Valentine, which scarcely looks like accident. (See p. 42.) It is not, however, the versification of Shakspeare's early plays; but, if not meant for verse, it is a measured prose, full of a spirited harmonious movement.

<sup>c</sup> The ordinary reading is "your father's in good health."

*Val.* Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman  
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,  
And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves  
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy  
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:  
And though myself have been an idle truant,  
Omitting the sweet benefit of time  
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,  
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days;  
His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)  
He is complete in feature,<sup>a</sup> and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,  
He is as worthy for an empress' love,  
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.  
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,  
With commendation from great potentates;  
And here he means to spend his time a-while:  
I think 't is no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him then according to his worth;  
Silvia, I speak to you: and you, sir Thurio:—  
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:  
I will<sup>b</sup> send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit* DUKE.]

<sup>a</sup> *Feature* (form or fashion) was applied to the body as well as the face. Thus, in Gower,—

“ Like to a woman in semblance  
Of feature and of countenance.”

And later, in ‘All Ovid's Elegies, by C. M.’ (Christopher Marlowe)—

“ I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature,  
I loath her manners, love her body's feature.”

<sup>b</sup> “*I'll*” is the common reading.

*Val.* This is the gentleman I told your ladyship  
Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,  
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

*Val.* Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.

*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,  
How could he see his way to seek out you?

*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

*Thu.* They say that love hath not an eye at all—

*Val.* To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself;  
Upon a homely object love can wink.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Sil.* Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

*Val.* Welcome, dear *Proteus*!—Mistress, I beseech you,  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

*Sil.* His worth is-warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

*Val.* Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.<sup>a</sup>

*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability:—  
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed;  
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

*Sil.* That you are welcome?

*Pro.* No; that you are worthless.

*Thu.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The original reads "such a worthy a mistress."

<sup>b</sup> In the original this line is given to *Thurio*; and we are not sure that *Theobald's* change, of bringing a servant on to deliver the message, is right. We may imagine *Thurio* fidgeting during the dialogue between *Silvia*, *Proteus*, and *Valentine*; and then hastily coming forward to interrupt it with a real or pretended message. It is characteristic that he should wish to break off this talk in which he



*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure. Come, sir Thurio,  
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:  
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;  
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt* SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.]

*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

*Val.* And how do yours?

*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you;  
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:  
I have done penance for contemning love;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.  
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,<sup>a</sup>  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:  
Was this the idol that you worship so?

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

is neglected. He may be supposed to step to the door, and receive a message.  
We restore the original reading.

<sup>a</sup> There is no woe compared to his correction. The idiom was not uncommon.

*Val.* O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,  
Yet let her be a principality,  
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my mistress.

*Val.* Sweet, except not any;  
Except thou wilt except against my love.

*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her too:  
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—  
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,  
And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;  
She is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.  
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,  
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.  
My foolish rival, that her father likes,  
Only for his possessions are so huge,  
Is gone with her along; and I must after,  
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you?

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd: Nay, more, our marriage  
hour,  
With all the cunning manner of our flight,  
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;  
The ladder made of cords; and all the means  
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :  
I must unto the road,<sup>a</sup> to disembark  
Some necessities that I needs must use ;  
And then I 'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste ?

*Pro.* I will.—

[*Exit VAL.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it her mien<sup>b</sup> or Valentinus' praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus ?  
She is fair ;<sup>c</sup> and so is Julia, that I love ;—  
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold ;  
And that I love him not, as I was wont :  
O ! but I love his lady too, too much ;  
And that 's the reason I love him so little.  
How shall I dote on her with more advice,  
That thus without advice begin to love her ?  
'T is but her picture<sup>d</sup> I have yet beheld,  
And that hath dazzled<sup>e</sup> my reason's light ;  
But when I look on her perfections,  
There is no reason but I shall be blind.

<sup>a</sup> *Road*—open harbour.

<sup>b</sup> The folio of 1623 reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise." Warburton would read, "It is mine eye," &c. This reading Steevens adopts, making the sentence interrogative, "Is it mine eye?" The present reading is that of Malone, and its correctness is supported by the circumstance that *mien* was, in Shakspeare's time, spelt *mine*, according to its French etymology.

<sup>c</sup> So the original. The common reading is "*She's* fair."

<sup>d</sup> *Picture*. Her person, which I have seen, has shown me her "perfections" only as a picture. Dr. Johnson receives the expression in a literal sense, and complains that Shakspeare has committed a blunder, when "he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture."

<sup>e</sup> *Dazzled* is here used as a trisyllable.

If I can check my erring love, I will ;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.*

*Speed.* Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

*Laun.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth ; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged ; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently ; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia ?

*Laun.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him ?

*Laun.* No.

*Speed.* How then ? shall he marry her ?

*Laun.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken ?

*Laun.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them ?

*Laun.* Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

*Laun.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not ! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou say'st ?

*Laun.* Ay, and what I do, too : look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Laun.* Why, stand under and understand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will 't be a match ?

*Laun.* Ask my dog : if he say ay, it will ; if he say no, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.



*Laun.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Laun.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Laun.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Laun.* Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Laun.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Laun.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale<sup>a</sup> with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;  
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;  
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,  
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.  
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:  
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,  
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,  
But now I worship a celestial sun.  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;  
And he wants wit that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—  
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,

<sup>a</sup> *Ale*—a rural festival, oftentimes connected with the holidays of the Church, as a Whitsun-ale. Launce calls Speed a Jew because he will not go to the ale (the Church feast) with a Christian.

Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd  
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.  
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;  
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.  
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:  
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;  
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,  
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.  
 I to myself am dearer than a friend:  
 For love is still most precious in itself:  
 And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!  
 Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.  
 I will forget that Julia is alive,  
 Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;  
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,  
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.  
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,  
 Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—  
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder  
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;  
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:  
 Now presently I'll give her father notice  
 Of their disguising, and pretended<sup>a</sup> flight;  
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;  
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:  
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,  
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.  
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,  
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in Julia's House.*

*Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.*

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!  
 And, even in kind love, I do conjure<sup>b</sup> thee,—

<sup>a</sup> *Pretended*—intended.

<sup>b</sup> *Conjure*. Malone prints this word with an accent on the first syllable—*cónjуре*. In the same way, in the next line but one, he marks the accent on *charáctєr'd*. Since the publication of our first edition we have been led, through a consideration

Who art the table<sup>7</sup> wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—  
To lesson me ; and tell me some good mean,  
How, with my honour, I may undertake  
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas ! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim<sup>8</sup> is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;  
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly ;  
And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food ?  
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire ;  
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns ;  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;

of the many false theories which have prevailed as to the general versification of Shakspeare, to believe that this system of accenting words differently from their ordinary pronunciation, and constantly varying, is a false one. For example, in the passage before us, Malone prints,

“ And, *e'en* in kind love, I do conjure thee.”

The emphasis must here be on *kind* and *con*. But read,

“ And, *even* in kind love, I do conjure thee,”

placing the emphasis on *love* and *jure*, and the metre is perfect enough, without such a variation from the common pronunciation. Upon a just metrical system there is no difficulty in such passages. Our opinion is much strengthened by the communication of a friend on this subject ; and we intend, therefore, to remove these arbitrary marks.

And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along ?

*Jul.* Not like a woman ; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men :  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?

*Jul.* That fits as well as—"tell me, good my lord,  
What compass will you wear your farthingale ?"  
Why, ev'n what<sup>a</sup> fashion thou best lik'st,<sup>b</sup> Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,  
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have  
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.  
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,  
For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?  
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.  
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,

<sup>a</sup> *What.* Malone says, "first folio, *that.*" It is *what*, both in the first folio and the second ; though generally printed *that*.

<sup>b</sup> *Lik'st*—the folio, *likes*.



No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :  
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite<sup>a</sup> of love,  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.

*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect !  
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him !

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,  
To bear a hard opinion of his truth :  
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;  
And presently go with me to my chamber,  
To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.  
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,  
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;  
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence :  
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;  
I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*

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<sup>a</sup> *Infinite*—infinity. The same form of expression occurs in Chaucer :—  
“ Although the life of it be stretched with infinite of time.” The reading we give  
is that of the first folio. The common reading is that of the second folio :—  
“ Instances as infinite.”

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Beggar at Hallowmas.*”

IF we were to look only at the severe statutes against mendicancy, we might suppose that, at the period when Shakspeare thus described what he must have commonly seen, there were no beggars in the land but the licensed beggars, which these statutes permitted. Unlicensed beggars were, by the statute of 1572, to be punished, in the first instance, by grievous whipping, and burning through the gristle of the right ear; and for second and third offences they were to suffer death as felons. It is clear that these penal laws were almost wholly inoperative; and Harrison, in his ‘Description of Britain,’ prefixed to Holinshed, shows the lamentable extent of vagrancy amongst the “thriftless poor.” In our notes upon ‘King Lear,’ where Edgar describes himself as “Poor Tom, who is whipped from tything to tything, and stock’d, punish’d, and imprison’d,” we again notice this subject. Of the “valiant beggar,”—the compound of beggar and thief,—Shakspeare has given a perfect picture in his *Autolycus*. We give a curious representation of the Beggarman and Beggarwoman, from a manuscript of the ‘*Roman de la Rose*’ in the Harleian Collection (No. 4425). The date of the MS. is somewhat earlier than this play, and these beggars are French; but the costume of rags is not a subject for very nice distinctions either of time or place.

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*He, being in love, could not see to garter his hose.*”

Shakspeare is here speaking of the garters of his own time; but, at the period to which we have confined the costume of this play, garters of great magnificence appeared round the large slashed hose, both above and below the knee. To go ungartered was the common trick of a fantastic lover, who thereby implied he was too much occupied by his passion to pay attention to his dress.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Sir Valentine and servant.*”

Sir J. Hawkins says, “Here Silvia calls her lover servant, and again her gentle servant. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspeare wrote.” Steevens gives several examples of this. Henry James Pye,

in his 'Comments on the Commentators,' mentions that, "in 'The Noble Gentlemen' of Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the dramatis personæ than servant," and that "mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays." It is clear to us, however correct may be the interpretation of "servant" and "mistress," that Shakspeare here uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relations between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress, he says that he has written for her a letter,—“some lines to one she loves,”—unto a “secret nameless friend;” and what is still stronger evidence that the word “servant” had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine, introducing Proteus to Silvia, says,

“Sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship;”

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus,

“Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.”

Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

“Had come along with me, but that his mistress  
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.”

It appears, therefore, that we must sometimes receive these words in a vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harnessed knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom they had gazed upon in the tilt-yard as their “mistress,” and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a “servant” dedicated to the defence of her honour or the praise of her beauty.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*Why, then, we 'll make exchange.*”

The priest, in 'Twelfth Night' (Act V. Scene 1), describes the ceremonial of betrothing :—

“A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.”

Such a contract was recognised by the Church; and in France the presence of the *curé*, or of a priest deputed by him, was essential to its completeness. This contract was made, in private, by Proteus and Julia; and it was also made by Valentine and Silvia—“We are betroth'd.”

<sup>5</sup> SCENE III.—“*This left shoe.*”

A passage in 'King John' also shows that each foot was formerly fitted with its shoe, a fashion of unquestionable utility, which was revived about thirty years ago :—

“Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet.”

<sup>6</sup> SCENE IV.—“*My jerkin is a doublet.*”

The jerkin, or jacket, was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for, by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces

or ribands, at the pleasure of the wearer. A "doblet jaquet" and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered; and a "doblet hose and jaquet" of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin; are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII.

In 1535 a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory.

7 SCENE VII.— "The table wherein all my thoughts  
Are visibly character'd."

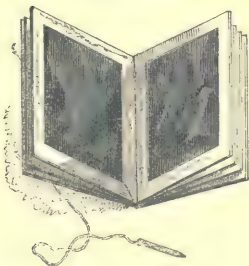
The allusion is to the table-book, or tables, which were used, as at present, for noting down something to be remembered. Hamlet says—

"My tables,—meet it is I set it down."

They were made sometimes of ivory, and sometimes of slate. The Archbishop of York, in 'Henry IV.,' says—

"And, therefore, will he wipe his tables clean."

The table-book of slate is engraved and described in Gesner's treatise, '*De Rerum Fossilium Figuris*,' 1565; and it has been copied in Douce's 'Illustrations.'



8 SCENE VII.—"A true-devoted pilgrim."

The comparison which Julia makes between the ardour of her passion and the enthusiasm of the pilgrim is exceedingly beautiful. When travelling was a business of considerable danger and personal suffering, the pilgrim, who was not weary

"To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps,"

to encounter the perils of a journey to Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Jerusalem, was a person to be looked upon as thoroughly in earnest.

In the time of Shakspeare the pilgrimages to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, which Chaucer has rendered immortal, were discontinued; and few, perhaps, undertook the sea-voyage to Jerusalem. But the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, or St. Jago, the patron-saint of Spain, at Compostella, was undertaken by all classes of Catholics. The house of our Lady at Loretto was, however, the great object of the devotee's vows; and, at particular seasons, there were not fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims visiting it at once. The Holy House (the *Santa Casa*) is the house in which the Blessed Virgin is said to have been born, in which she was betrothed to Joseph, and where the annunciation of the Angel was made. It is pretended that it was carried, on the 9th of May, 1291, by supernatural means from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia; and from thence removed, on the 10th of December, 1294, to Italy, where it was deposited in a wood at midnight. The *Santa Casa* (which now stands within the large church of



Loretto) consists of one room, the length of which is  $31\frac{3}{4}$  feet, the breadth 13 feet, and the height 18 feet. On the ceiling is painted the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and other paintings once adorned the walls of the apartment. On the west side is the window through which the Angel is said to have entered the house; and facing it, in a niche, is the image of the Virgin and Child, which has been enriched by the offerings of princes and devotees. The mantle, or robe, which she has on is covered with innumerable jewels of inestimable value, and she has a triple crown of gold enriched with pearls and diamonds, given her by Louis XIII. of France. The niche in which the figure stands is adorned with seventy-one large Bohemian topazes, and on the right side of the image is an angel of cast gold, profusely enriched with diamonds and other gems. There are many other costly offerings preserved in the house, and there are a few relics considered more valuable than the richest jewels that have been presented. Notwithstanding the mean appearance of the walls within the Santa Casa, the outside is encased and elegantly adorned with the finest Carrara marble, which was begun in 1514, in the pontificate of Leo X., and consecrated, in 1538, by Paul III. The expense of this casing amounted to 50,000 crowns, and the most celebrated sculptors of the age were employed. Bramante was the architect, and Baccio Bandinelli assisted in the sculptures. The whole was completed in 1579, in the pontificate of Gregory XIII. The munificent expenditure upon the house of our Lady at Loretto had, probably, contributed greatly to make the pilgrimage the most attractive in Europe when Shakspeare wrote.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;  
We have some secrets to confer about. [*Exit THURIO.*]  
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me ?

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal :  
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours  
Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.  
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,  
This night intends to steal away your daughter ;  
Myself am one made privy to the plot.  
I know you have determin'd to bestow her  
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;  
And should she thus be stolen away from you,  
It would be much vexation to your age.  
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,  
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;  
Which to requite, command me while I live.  
This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;  
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid  
Sir Valentine her company, and my court :  
But, fearing lest my jealous aim<sup>a</sup> might err,

<sup>a</sup> *Aim.* Steevens explains this noun as meaning *guess*. But *aim* also signifies purpose, intention. The Duke feared that his "jealous aim"—his purpose—to forbid Valentine his court might "disgrace the man."

And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,  
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)  
 I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find  
 That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.  
 And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this.  
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,<sup>a</sup>  
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,  
 The key whereof myself have ever kept ;  
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean  
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,  
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;  
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
 And this way comes he with it presently ;  
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
 That my discovery be not aimed at ;<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Suggested*—tempted.

<sup>b</sup> *Aimed at.* Here the word is again stated, both by Steevens and Johnson, to mean *to guess*. The common interpretation of aim,—to point at, to level at,—will, however, give the meaning of the passage quite as well. At first sight it might appear that the word *aim*, which, literally or metaphorically, is ordinarily taken to mean the act of looking towards a definite object with a precise intention, cannot include the random determination of the mind which we imply by the word *guess*. But we must go a little further. The etymology of both words is somewhat doubtful. Aim is supposed to be derived from *æstimare*, to weigh attentively ; guess, from the Anglo-Saxon *wiss-an*, *wis*, to think (See Richardson's Dictionary). Here the separate meanings of the two words almost slide into one and the same. It is certain that in the original and literal use of the word *aim*, in archery, was meant the act of the mind in considering the various circumstances connected with the flight of the arrow, rather than the mere operation of the sense in pointing at the mark. When Locksley, in 'Ivanhoe,' tells his adversary, "You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert, or that would have been a better shot," he furnishes Hubert with a new element of calculation for his next *aim*. There is a passage of Bishop Jewell: "He that seeth no mark must shoot by aim." This certainly does not mean *must shoot at random*—although it may mean *must shoot by guess*,—must shoot by calculation. To give aim, in archery, was the business of one who stood within view of the butts, to call out how near the arrows fell to the mark,—as "Wide on the bow-hand ;—wide on the shaft-hand ;—short ;—gone." To give aim was, therefore, to give the knowledge of a fact, by which the intention, the aim, of the archer might be better regulated in future. In the fifth act (fourth scene) of this comedy, the passage

"Behold her, that gave aim to all thy oaths,"

has reference to the aim-giver of the butts.

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.<sup>a</sup>

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.]

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger  
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,  
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import ?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify  
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter ; stay with me a while ;  
I am to break with thee of some affairs,  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought  
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

*Val.* I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the match  
Were rich and honourable ; besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter :  
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

*Duke.* No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;  
And, where<sup>b</sup> I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,  
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in :  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this ?

<sup>a</sup> Pretence — design.

<sup>b</sup> Where — whereas.



*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,<sup>a</sup>  
Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence :  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
(For long ago I have forgot to court :  
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd ;)  
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,  
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents  
her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you :  
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone ;  
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say :  
For " get you gone," she doth not mean " away :"  
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;  
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.  
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,  
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*Duke.* But, she I mean is promis'd by her friends  
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;  
And kept severely from resort of men,  
That no man hath access by day to her.

*Val.* Why then I would resort to her by night.

*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,  
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

*Val.* What lets,<sup>b</sup> but one may enter at her window ?

*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;

<sup>a</sup> The original has

" There is a lady in *Verona*, here."

But the scene is clearly in Milan ; and therefore Pope's alteration must be received.

<sup>b</sup> Lets—hinders.

And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it  
Without apparent hazard of his life.

*Val.* Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,  
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,  
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,  
So bold Leander would adventure it.

*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,  
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

*Val.* When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

*Duke.* This very night; for love is like a child,  
That longs for everything that he can come by.

*Val.* By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

*Duke.* But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;  
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it,  
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord.

*Duke.* Then let me see thy cloak:  
I'll get me one of such another length.

*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—  
What letter is this same? What's here?—"To Silvia"?  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!  
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;  
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:  
O, could their master come and go as lightly,  
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.  
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;  
While I, their king, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,  
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:  
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,  
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.  
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son),

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,  
And with thy daring folly burn the world ?  
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?  
Go, base intruder ! overweening slave !  
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;  
And think my patience, more than thy desert,  
Is privilege for thy departure hence :  
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,  
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.  
But if thou linger in my territories,  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love  
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.  
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit* DUKE.]

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment ?  
To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;  
And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her,  
Is self from self : a deadly banishment !  
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?  
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?  
Unless it be to think that she is by,  
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.  
Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale ;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon :  
She is my essence ; and I leave to be,  
If I be not by her fair influence  
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.  
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :  
Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;  
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

*Pro.* Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

*Laun.* So-ho ! so-ho !

*Pro.* What seest thou?

*Laun.* Him we go to find :

There's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.<sup>a</sup>

*Pro.* Valentine?

*Val.* No.

*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?

*Val.* Neither.

*Pro.* What then?

*Val.* Nothing.

*Laun.* Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

*Pro.* Who wouldst thou strike?

*Laun.* Nothing.

*Pro.* Villain, forbear.

*Laun.* Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,  
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,  
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

*Val.* Is Silvia dead?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—  
Hath she forsworn me?

*Pro.* No, Valentine.

*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—  
What is your news?

*Laun.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

*Pro.* That thou art banished. O, that's the news;  
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,  
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.  
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom  
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:  
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;  
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

<sup>a</sup> This is given metrically in the original.

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;  
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.  
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,  
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,  
That to close prison he commanded her,  
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

*Val.* No more ; unless the next word that thou speak'st  
Have some malignant power upon my life :  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lament'st.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.  
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence :  
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.<sup>1</sup>  
The time now serves not to expostulate :  
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate ;  
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs :  
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,  
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,  
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE and PROTEUS.]

*Laun.* I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave : but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love : yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman : but



what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, "She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, "She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter SPEED.*

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

*Laun.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

*Laun.* The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black?

*Laun.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Laun.* Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest, I can.

*Laun.* I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Laun.* O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Laun.* There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!<sup>a</sup>

*Speed.* Imprimis, "She can milk."

*Laun.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* Item, "She brews good ale."

*Laun.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* Item, "She can sew."

*Laun.* That 's as much as to say, can she so?

*Speed.* Item, "She can knit."

*Laun.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Stock*—stocking.

*Speed.* Item, "She can wash and scour."

*Laun.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* "She can spin."

*Laun.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath many nameless virtues."

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* "Here follow her vices."

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* Item, "She is not to be kissed<sup>a</sup> fasting, in respect of her breath."

*Laun.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

*Laun.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

*Laun.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* Item, "She is slow in words."

*Laun.* O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue:

I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* Item, "She is proud."

*Laun.* Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, And cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath no teeth."

*Laun.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* Item, "She is curst."

*Laun.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* "She will often praise her liquor."

*Laun.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* Item, "She is too liberal."

*Laun.* Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

<sup>a</sup> *Kissed* is not in the original. It was introduced by Rowe.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath more hair than wit,<sup>a</sup> and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

*Laun.* Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

*Laun.* More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt,<sup>3</sup> and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What 's next.

*Speed.*—"And more faults than hairs,"—

*Laun.* That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.*—"And more wealth than faults."

*Laun.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I 'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Laun.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

*Speed.* For me?

*Laun.* For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Laun.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [Exit.

*Laun.* Now will he be swunged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.*

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you, Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

<sup>a</sup> An old English proverb.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trenched<sup>a</sup> in ice; which with an hour's heat  
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.  
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—  
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,  
According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—  
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee  
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,  
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect  
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant  
How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.  
What might we do, to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:  
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken  
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:  
'T is an ill office for a gentleman;  
Especially, against his very<sup>b</sup> friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,

<sup>a</sup> Trenched—cut.

<sup>b</sup> Very—true; real (verus).

Your slander never can endamage him ;  
 Therefore the office is indifferent,  
 Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,  
 By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
 She shall not long continue love to him.  
 But say, this weed her love from Valentine,  
 It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,  
 Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,  
 You must provide to bottom it on me ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Which must be done, by praising me as much  
 As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind ;  
 Because we know, on Valentine's report,  
 You are already love's firm votary,  
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.  
 Upon this warrant shall you have access  
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;  
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,  
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;  
 Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,  
 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect :—  
 But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;  
 You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,  
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes  
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.  
 Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears  
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,

<sup>a</sup> This image, derived from the labours of the sempstress, had found its way into English poetry before the time of Shakspeare :—

“ A bottom for your silk, it seems,  
 My letters are become,  
 Which, oft with winding off and on,  
 Are wasted whole and some.”



That may discover such integrity :  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews ;  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.  
After your dire lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,  
With some sweet concert : to their instruments  
Tune a deploring dump ;<sup>a</sup> the night's dead silence  
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.  
This, or else nothing, will inherit<sup>b</sup> her.

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.  
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,  
Let us into the city presently  
To sort<sup>c</sup> some gentlemen well skill'd in music :  
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,  
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We 'll wait upon your grace, till after supper ;  
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it ; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Dump*—a mournful elegy. Dump, or dumps, for sorrow, was not originally a burlesque term :—

“ My sinews dull, in dumps I stand.”—SURREY.

<sup>b</sup> *Inherit*—obtain possession of.

<sup>c</sup> *Sort*—to choose.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*”

THE lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays, in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued. In the verses which Valentine has addressed to Silvia, he says,

“My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them.”

In ‘Hamlet’ we have the same allusion :—

“In her excellent white bosom, these.”

A passage in Lord Surrey’s ‘Sonnets’ conveys the same idea, which occurs also in Chaucer’s ‘Merchant’s Tale’ :—

“This purse hath she in her bosom hid.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Saint Nicholas be thy speed.*”

When Speed is about to read Launce’s paper, Launce, who has previously said, “Thou canst not read,” invokes Saint Nicholas to assist him. Saint Nicholas was the patron-saint of scholars. There is a story in Douce how the saint attained this distinction, by discovering that a wicked host had murdered three scholars on their way to school, and by his prayers restored their souls to their bodies. This legend is told in ‘The Life of Saint Nicholas,’ composed in French verse by *Maître Wace*, chaplain to Henry II., and which remains in manuscript. By the statutes of St. Paul’s School, the scholars are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on the anniversary of this saint. The parish-clerks of London were incorporated into a guild, with Saint Nicholas for their patron. These worthy persons were, probably, at the period of their incorporation, more worthy of the name of *clerks* (scholars) than we have been wont in modern times to consider. But why are thieves called Saint Nicholas’ clerks in ‘Henry IV.’? Warburton says, by a quibble between Nicholas and old Nick. This we doubt. Scholars appear, from the ancient statutes against vagrancy, to have been great travellers about the country. These statutes generally recognise the right of poor scholars to beg; but they were also liable to the penalties of the gaol and the stocks, unless they could produce letters testimonial from the chancellor of their respective universities. It is not unlikely that in the journeys of these hundreds of poor scholars they should have occasionally “taken a purse” as well as begged “an almesse,” and that some of “Saint Nicholas’s clerks” should have become as celebrated for the same accomplishments which distinguished Bardolph and Peto at Gadshill, as for the learned poverty which entitled them to travel with a chancellor’s licence.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*The cover of the salt hides the salt.*”

The large salt-cellar of the dinner-table was a massive piece of plate, with a cover equally substantial. There was only one salt-cellar on the board, which was placed near the top of the table; and the distinction of those who sat above and below the salt was universally recognised.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near Mantua.*

*Enter certain Outlaws.*

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast ; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.*

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you ;<sup>a</sup>  
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone ! these are the villains  
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir ; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ! we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he is a proper man !

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose ;  
A man I am cross'd with adversity :  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,  
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

*Val.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

*Val.* From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ?

*Val.* Some sixteen months ; and longer might have stay'd,  
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

*Val.* I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence ?

*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse :  
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;

<sup>a</sup> *You*—in the original, *ye*.

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so :  
But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues ?

*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy ;  
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,<sup>1</sup>  
This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

1 *Out.* We 'll have him ; sirs, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them ;  
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you anything to take to ?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,  
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of awful<sup>a</sup> men :  
Myself was from Verona banished,  
For practising to steal away a lady,  
An heir, and near allied<sup>b</sup> unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,  
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.  
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,  
And, partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape ; and by your own report  
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,  
As we do in our quality much want ;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,  
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :

<sup>a</sup> *Awful.* Steevens and others think we should here read *lawful*. But Shakspeare, in other places, uses this word in the sense of *lawful* :—

“ We come within our awful banks again.”

<sup>b</sup> The original gives the line thus :—

“ And heire and Neece, alide unto the Duke.”

Theobald gave us *near*, which is probably correct. It would be *neere* in the manuscript.

Are you content to be our general ?  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consort ?  
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :  
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you ;  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,  
And show thee all the treasure we have got ;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,  
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer ;  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend :  
When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn  
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd :  
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,  
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,  
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.  
But here comes Thurio : now must we to her window,  
And give some evening music to her ear.



*Enter THURIO and Musicians.*

*Thu.* How now, sir Proteus; are you crept before us?

*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love  
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

*Thu.* Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

*Thu.* Who? Silvia?

*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

*Thu.* I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,  
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly;  
I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where  
you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked  
for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music.

[*Music plays.*]

*Host.* Hark! hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

#### SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she,  
The heaven such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness:  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing,  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

*Host.* How now? are you sadder than you were before?  
How do you, man? the music likes<sup>a</sup> you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing.

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,  
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.<sup>b</sup>

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,  
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.<sup>2</sup>

*Thu.* Farewell. [Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.

<sup>a</sup> *Likes*—pleases.

<sup>b</sup> *Nick*—beyond all reckoning. The nick was the notch upon the tally-stick by which accounts were kept. An innkeeper in a play before Shakspeare's time, 'A Woman never Vexed,' says—

————— "I have carried  
The tallies at my girdle seven years together,  
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the nick."

These primitive day-books and ledgers were equally adapted to an alehouse score and a nation's revenue; for, as our readers know, they continued to be used in the English Exchequer till within the last few years.

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,  
You would<sup>a</sup> quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What's your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass<sup>b</sup> yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is even this,—  
That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,  
To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,  
I am so far from granting thy request,  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;  
And by and by intend to chide myself,  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;  
But she is dead.

<sup>a</sup> *You would*, in the original. The common reading is *you'd*.

<sup>b</sup> *Compass*. Johnson says that in this passage "the word *will* is ambiguous. He wishes to gain her will; she tells him, if he wants her will he has it." Douce considers that Johnson has mistaken the meaning of the word *compass*, which does not here mean to gain, but to perform. It appears to us that a double ambiguity is here intended. Silvia says, "What is your will?"—what is your *wish*?—for, although Shakspeare has accurately distinguished between the two words, as in this play (Act I., Scene 3)—

"My will is something sorted with his wish"—

he yet often uses them synonymously. Proteus' reply to the question is—"That I may compass yours"—that *I may have your will within my power*—encompassed—surrounded. Julia, in her answer, receives the word *compass* in its meaning of *to perform*; and distinguishes between *wish* and *will*. "You have your wish;"—you may compass—you may perform my will—"my will is even this," &c. This latter meaning of *compass* is frequent in Shakspeare, as, "You judge it impossible to compass wonders." ('1 Henry VI.') "That were hard to compass." ('Twelfth Night.') The meaning in which Proteus appears to us to use the term is indicated in 'The Merry Wives'—"May be the knave bragged of that he could not compass"—of that which was beyond his power.

*Jul.* 'T were false, if I should speak it ;  
For I am sure she is not buried.

[*Aside.*

*Sil.* Say that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,  
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betroth'd : And art thou not asham'd  
To wrong him with thy importunacy ?

*Pro.* I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so suppose am I ; for in his grave  
Assure thyself my love is buried.

*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

*Jul.* He heard not that.

[*Aside.*

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep :  
For, since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow ;  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*Jul.* If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,  
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

[*Aside.*

*Sil.* I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;  
But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,  
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it :  
And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'er-night,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS ; and SILVIA, from above.

*Jul.* Host, will you go ?

*Host.* By my halidom,<sup>a</sup> I was fast asleep.

*Jul.* Pray you, where lies sir Proteus ?

*Host.* Marry, at my house : Trust me, I think, 't is almost  
day.

*Jul.* Not so ; but it hath been the longest night  
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *Halidom*—holiness ; *holi* and *dom*,—as in *kingdom*. *Holidame*—holy virgin—  
was a corruption of the term.

SCENE III.—*The same.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* This is the hour that madam Silvia  
Entreated me to call, and know her mind ;  
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—  
Madam, madam !

*SILVIA appears above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls ?

*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend ;  
One that attends your ladyship's command.

*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.  
According to your ladyship's impose,<sup>a</sup>  
I am thus early come, to know what service  
It is your pleasure to command me in.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,  
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)  
Valiant, wise, remorseful,<sup>b</sup> well accomplish'd.  
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will  
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;  
Nor how my father would enforce me marry  
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.  
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee say,  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.<sup>3</sup>  
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode ;  
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
I do desire thy worthy company,  
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.

<sup>a</sup> *Impose*—command. The word, as a noun, does not occur again in Shakspeare.

<sup>b</sup> *Remorseful*—compassionate.



I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,  
To bear me company, and go with me:  
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,  
That I may venture to depart alone.

*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances;  
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,  
I give consent to go along with you;  
Recking as little what betideth me  
As much I wish all good befortune you.  
When will you go?

*Sil.* This evening coming.

*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?

*Sil.* At friar Patrick's cell,  
Where I intend holy confession.

*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship:  
Good morrow, gentle lady.

*Sil.* Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,<sup>a</sup> and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep<sup>a</sup> himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been

<sup>a</sup> *Keep*—restrain.

there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog," says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks<sup>5</sup> for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory<sup>6</sup> for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,  
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please.—I'll do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant;  
[*To* LAUNCE.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Laun.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Laun.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What, didst thou offer her this from me?

*Laun.* Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,  
Or ne'er return again into my sight.  
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?  
A slave, that still an end<sup>a</sup> turns me to shame. [*Exit LAUNCE.*  
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,  
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,  
That can with some discretion do my business,  
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;  
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;  
Which (if my augury deceive me not)  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:  
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,  
Deliver it to madam Silvia:  
She lov'd me well,<sup>b</sup> deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems you lov'd her not to leave<sup>c</sup> her token:  
She is dead, belike?

*Pro.* Not so; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, alas!

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well  
As you do love your lady Silvia:  
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;  
You dote on her that cares not for your love.  
'T is pity, love should be so contrary;  
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal  
This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit PROTEUS.*

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?  
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

<sup>a</sup> *Still an end*—almost perpetually. A common form of expression in our old writers. Gifford has given several examples in a note to Massinger's 'A Very Woman.'—Act III., Scene 1.

<sup>b</sup> She lov'd me well, *who* deliver'd it to me.

<sup>c</sup> *To leave*—to part with.

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :  
Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him  
That with his very heart despiseth me ?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will :  
And now am I (unhappy messenger)  
To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;  
To carry that, which I would have refus'd ;  
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.  
I am my master's true confirmed love ;  
But cannot be true servant to my master,  
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
Yet I will woo for him ; but yet so coldly,  
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter SILVIA, attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she ?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom ?

*Jul.* From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

*Sil.* O !—he sends you for a picture ?

*Jul.* Ay, madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there. [*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this : tell him, from me,  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvis'd  
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :  
This is the letter to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :

I know they are stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,  
As easily as I do tear his paper.

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me ;  
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,  
His Julia gave it him at his departure :  
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

*Jul.* She thanks you.

*Sil.* What say'st thou ?

*Jul.* I thank you, madam, that you tender her :  
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

*Sil.* Dost thou know her ?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself :  
To think upon her woes I do protest  
That I have wept an hundred several times.

*Sil.* Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

*Jul.* I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.

*Sil.* Is she not passing fair ?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :  
When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask <sup>7</sup> away,  
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I. <sup>a</sup>

*Sil.* How tall was she ?

*Jul.* About my stature : for, at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd, <sup>8</sup>  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;

<sup>a</sup> In this passage *pinch'd* means painted, and not, as Johnson has it, pinched with cold. *Black* signifies dark, tanned. In the next act Thurio says, "my face is black," as opposed to "fair." It is curious that *black*, *bleak*, *blight*, are words having a strong affinity ; and that, therefore, "the air," which "starv'd the roses," and "pinch'd the lily-tincture," so as to make "black," is the same as the withering and *blighting* agency, the *bleak* wind, which covers vegetation with a sterile *blackness*. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)



Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
 As if the garment had been made for me :  
 Therefore, I know she is about my height.  
 And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,  
 For I did play a lamentable part ;  
 Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning  
 For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;  
 Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
 That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
 Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,  
 If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !—  
 Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—  
 I weep myself to think upon thy words.  
 Here, youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this  
 For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  
 Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.]

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.  
 A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.  
 I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
 Since she respects my mistress' love so much.  
 Alas, how love can trifle with itself !  
 Here is her picture : Let me see ; I think,  
 If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers :  
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,  
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.  
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :<sup>a</sup>  
 If that be all the difference in his love,  
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.<sup>9</sup>  
 Her eyes are grey as glass ;<sup>b</sup> and so are mine :  
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.  
 What should it be, that he respects in her,

<sup>a</sup> Capell says the colour of the hair marks this play as of the period of Elizabeth. The auburn, or yellow, of the queen's hair made that colour beautiful.

<sup>b</sup> The glass of Shakspeare's time was not of the colourless quality which now constitutes the perfection of glass, but of a light-blue tint ; hence "as grey as glass." "Eyen as gray as glasse," in the old romances, expresses the pale cerulean blue of those eyes which usually accompany a fair complexion—a complexion belonging to the "auburn" and "yellow" hair of Julia and Silvia.

But I can make respective<sup>a</sup> in myself,  
If this fond love were not a blinded god?  
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,  
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,  
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;  
And, were there sense in his idolatry,  
My substance should be statue<sup>b</sup> in thy stead.  
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,  
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,  
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,  
To make my master out of love with thee!

[*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> Steevens interprets *respective* as respectful, respectable; but the true meaning of the word, and the context, show that Julia says, "What he respects in her has equal relation to myself."

<sup>b</sup> The words *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In Massinger's 'City Madam,' Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters

"may take leave  
Of their late suitors' statues."

Luke replies—"There they *hang*." Stow, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's funeral, mentions "her statue or picture lying upon the coffin;" and in one of the inventories of Henry VIII.'s furniture, *pictures of earth*—that is, busts of *terra cotta*—are recited.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*“Robin Hood’s fat friar.”*

THE jolly Friar Tuck of the old Robin Hood ballads—the almost equally famous Friar Tuck of ‘Ivanhoe’—is the personage whom the outlaws here invoke. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon the legends

“Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made,  
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade,”

as Drayton has it. It may be sufficient to give a representation of his “bare scalp.” The following illustration is copied, with a little improvement in the drawing, from the Friar in Mr. Tollet’s painted window, representing the celebration of May-day. The entire window is given in the Illustrations of ‘All’s Well that Ends Well,’ Act II. We may mention here that the figures, which represent Morris-dancers, are very spirited. One of the chief is supposed to be Maid Marian, the Queen of May; and as Marian was the mistress of Robin Hood, who was anciently styled King of May, it has been conjectured that the Friar is Robin’s jovial chaplain. At any rate, the figure is not unworthy of Friar Tuck.



Shakspeare has two other allusions to Robin Hood. The old Duke, in ‘As You Like It,’ “is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live, like the old Robin Hood of England.” Master Silence, that “merry heart,” that “man of mettle,” sings, “in the sweet of the night,” of

“Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.”

The honourable conditions of Robin’s lawless rule over his followers were evidently in our poet’s mind when he makes Valentine say

“I take your offer, and will live with you;  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*At saint Gregory's well.*”

This is, as far as we know, the only instance in which holy wells are mentioned by Shakspeare. We have already mentioned (see Introductory Notice) that the popular belief in the virtues of these sainted wells must have been familiar to him. Saint Gregory's well, the place where Proteus and Thurio were to meet, might have been found in some description of Italian and other cities which Shakspeare had read; for these wells were often contained within splendid buildings, raised by some devotee to protect the sacred fount from which, he believed, he had derived inestimable advantage. Such was the well of Saint Winifred at Holywell, in Flintshire. This remarkable fountain throws up eighty-four hogsheads every minute, which volume of water forms a considerable stream. The well is enclosed within a beautiful Gothic temple, erected by the mother of Henry VII. The following engraving represents this rich and elegant building.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“*Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*”

Sir Eglamour was selected by Silvia as the companion of her flight, not only as “a gentleman,” but as one whose affections were buried in the “grave” of his “lady” and “true love.” Steevens says that it was common for widows and widowers to make solemn vows of chastity, of which the church took account. It is immaterial (for the matter has been controverted) whether Sir Eglamour was a widower, or had made this vow upon the death of one to whom he was betrothed.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE IV.—“*He steps me to her trencher.*”

That the daughter of a Duke of Milan should eat her capon from a trencher may appear somewhat strange. It may be noted, however, that the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, was ordinarily served on wooden trenchers, and that plates of pewter, mean as we may now think them, were reserved in his family for great holidays. ‘The Northumberland Household Book,’ edited by Bishop Percy, furnishes several entries which establish this. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. there are also entries regarding trenchers; as, for example, in 1530,—“Item, paid to the s'geant of the pantrye for certen trenchors for the king, xxiijs. iiijd.”

<sup>5</sup> SCENE IV.—“*I have sat in the stocks.*”

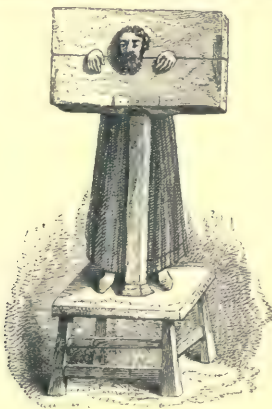
Launce speaks familiarly of an object that was the terror of vagabonds in every English village,—the “Ancient Castle” of ‘Hudibras,’—the

“Dungeon scarce three inches wide;  
With roof so low, that under it  
They never stand, but lie or sit;  
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,  
Is to the middle-leg in prison.”

Civilization has banished the stocks, with many other relics of a barbarous age. The following representation, which is taken from Fox’s ‘Acts and Monuments,’ and there professes to depict “the straight handling of close prisoners in Lollards’ tower,” may contribute to preserve the remembrance of this renowned “Fabric.”

<sup>6</sup> SCENE IV.—“*I have stood on the pillory.*”

The pillory is also abolished in all ordinary cases, and perhaps public opinion will prevent it being ever again used. Our ancestors were ingenious in the varieties of form in which they constructed their pillories. Douce has engraved no less than six specimens of these instruments of punishment. The pillory that was in use amongst us not a quarter of a century ago appears to have differed very slightly from that of the time of Henry VIII. The following engraved illustration, which represents the infliction of the punishment upon Robert Ockam, in that reign, is copied, like the preceding illustration, from Fox’s ‘Martyrs.’





7 SCENE IV.—“*Sun-expelling mask.*”

Stubbes, in his ‘*Anatomic of Abuses*,’ published in 1595, thus describes the masks of the ladies of Elizabeth’s time: “When they use to ride abroad they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look.”

8 SCENE IV.—“*At Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play’d.*”

We shall include the general subject of pageants in an illustration of the line in Act V.—

“Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.”

9 SCENE IV.—“*A colour’d periwig.*”

No word has puzzled etymologists more than periwig. It has been referred to a Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and northern origin, and, perhaps, with equal want of success. It is the same word as *perwick*, *periwicke*, and *peruke*. Whiter, in his very curious ‘*Etymological Dictionary*,’ thinks it is a compound of two words, or, rather, combinations of sounds, common to many languages. “The wig belonging to the head,” he says, “means the *raised up*, *soft* covering. In the *perruque*, or *perri-wig*, the PRQ, or PR, means, I believe, the *enclosure*, as in *park*.” When we smile at Julia’s expression, “a colour’d periwig,” we must recollect that, in Shakspeare’s time, the word had not a ludicrous meaning. False hair was worn by ladies long before wigs were adopted by men. In a beautiful passage in ‘*The Merchant of Venice*,’ Shakspeare more particularly notices this female fashion:—

“So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.”

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.**Enter EGLAMOUR.*

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky :  
And now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.  
She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time ;  
So much they spur their expedition.

*Enter SILVIA.*

See where she comes : Lady, a happy evening !

*Sil.* Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour,  
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall ;  
I fear I am attended by some spies.

*Egl.* Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off :  
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.**Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

*Pro.* O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;  
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long ?

*Pro.* No ; that it is too little.

*Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

*Pro.* But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.

*Thu.* What says she to my face ?

*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.

*Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

*Pro.* But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,  
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

*Jul.* 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;  
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?

*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.

*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

*Jul.* But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my valour?

*Pro.* O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

*Jul.* She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* What says she to my birth?

*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.

*Jul.* True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*

*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?

*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them.

*Thu.* Wherefore?

*Jul.* That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*

*Pro.* That they are out by lease.<sup>a</sup>

*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

*Enter DUKE.*

*Duke.* How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour<sup>b</sup> of late?

*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.

*Duke.* Saw you my daughter?

*Pro.* Neither.

*Duke.* Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;  
And Eglamour is in her company.

'T is true; for friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently; and meet with me

<sup>a</sup> By his possessions, Thurio means his lands; but Proteus, who is bantering him, alludes to his mental endowments, which he says "are out by lease"—are not in his own keeping.

<sup>b</sup> *Sir Eglamour* is the reading of the second folio. The first omits *sir*.

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot  
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.  
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit.]

*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,  
That flies her fortune when it follows her :  
I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,  
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[Exit.]

*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,  
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

[Exit.]

*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love,  
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

*Enter SILVIA and Outlaws.*

*1 Out.* Come, come ;  
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one  
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

*2 Out.* Come, bring her away.

*1 Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her ?

*3 Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,  
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.  
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,  
There is our captain : we'll follow him that's fled.  
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

*1 Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave ;  
Fear not ; he bears an honourable mind,  
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

*Sil.* O Valentine, this I endure for thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my distresses, and record<sup>a</sup> my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was !  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !  
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day ?  
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase :  
They love me well ; yet I have much to do,  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who 's this comes here ?

[*Steps aside.*

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,  
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)  
To hazard life, and rescue you from him  
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look ;  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am suré, you cannot give.

*Val.* How like a dream is this I see and hear !  
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

[*Aside.*

*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am !

*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;  
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

[*Aside.*

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,

<sup>a</sup> *Record*—to sing : thus :—

“ Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,  
Sweetly records her tuneful harmony.”

*Drayton's Eclogues, 1593.*

Douce says that the word was formed from the *recorder*, a sort of flute with which birds were taught to sing.



Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul ;  
 And full as much (for more there cannot be)  
 I do detest false perjur'd Proteus :  
 Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
 Would I not undergo for one calm look ?  
 O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,<sup>a</sup>  
 When women cannot love where they're belov'd,

*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.  
 Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
 For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
 Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths  
 Descended into perjury, to love me.  
 Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,  
 And that 's far worse than none ; better have none  
 Than plural faith, which is too much by one :  
 Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

*Pro.* In love,  
 Who respects friend ?

*Sil.* All men but Proteus.

*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
 Can no way change you to a milder form,  
 I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;  
 And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

*Sil.* O heaven !

*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.

*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ;  
 Thou friend of an ill fashion !

*Pro.* Valentine !

*Val.* Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love ;  
 (For such is a friend now ;) treacherous man !  
 Thou hast beguil'd my hopes ; nought but mine eye  
 Could have persuaded me : Now I dare not say  
 I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.  
 Who should be trusted when one's own<sup>b</sup> right hand  
 Is perjur'd to the bosom ? Proteus,

<sup>a</sup> *Approv'd*—proved, experienced.

<sup>b</sup> *One's own.* The original has not *own*, which was added by Hanmer. The second folio has, "Who should be trusted *now*," &c.

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
 The private wound is deepest : O time most accurs'd !  
 'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.

*Pro.* My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—  
 Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow  
 Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
 I tender it here ; I do as truly suffer  
 As e'er I did commit.

*Val.* Then I am paid ;  
 And once again I do receive thee honest :—  
 Who by repentance is not satisfied  
 Is nor of heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleas'd ;  
 By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd,—  
 And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
 All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> This passage has much perplexed the commentators. Pope thinks it very odd that Valentine should give up his mistress at once, without any reason alleged ; and consequently the two lines spoken by Valentine, after his forgiveness of Proteus,—

“ And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
 All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee,”—

are considered to be interpolated or transposed. Sir W. Blackstone thinks they should be spoken by Thurio. In our first edition we suggested, without altering the text, that the two lines might be spoken by Silvia. A correspondent, however, had the kindness to supply us with an explanation which, we think, is very preferable, removing, as it appears to do, much of the difficulty ; although, after all, it might be intended that Valentine, in a fit of romance, should give up his mistress. Our correspondent writes as follows :—“ It appears to me that the lines belong, properly, to Valentine, as given in all the editions, and not to Silvia, as suggested by you. The error of all the previous commentators, and, as I think, the one into which you have fallen, is in understanding the word ‘all’ to be used by Shakspeare, in the above passage, in the sense of ‘everything,’ or as applying to ‘love’ in the previous line ; whereas it refers to ‘wrath’ in the line which immediately precedes the above couplet. The way in which I would read these three lines is as follows :—

“ ‘By penitence the Eternal's *wrath*'s appeas'd ;  
 And that my love (*i. e.* for Proteus) may appear plain and free,  
 All (*i. e.* the wrath) that *was* mine in (*i. e.* on account of) Silvia, I give thee  
 (*i. e.* give thee up—forego).’

In other words, Valentine, having pardoned Proteus for his treachery to himself, in order to convince him how sincere was his reconciliation (justifying, however, to himself what he was about to do by the consideration that even

“ ‘By penitence the Eternal's *wrath*'s appeas'd’),  
 also forgives him the insult he had offered to Silvia. The use above suggested of the preposition ‘in’ appears to me to be highly poetical. It distinguishes between Valentine's wrath on his own account, for Proteus's treachery to himself, and that

*Jul.* O me, unhappy !

[*Faints.*<sup>a</sup>

*Pro.* Look to the boy.

*Val.*

Why, boy !

Why, wag ! how now ? what 's the matter ? Look up ; speak.

*Jul.* O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia ; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy ?

*Jul.* Here 't is : this is it.

[*Gives a ring.*

*Pro.* How ! let me see :

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

*Jul.* O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook ;

This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*

*Pro.* But how camest thou by this ring ? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

*Jul.* And Julia herself did give it me ;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

*Pro.* How ! Julia !

*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,<sup>b</sup>

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart :

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root ?<sup>c</sup>

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush !

Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment ; if shame live

In a disguise of love :

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

*Pro.* Than men their minds ! 't is true ; O heaven ! were  
man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error

Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all th' sins :<sup>d</sup>

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins :

of Silvia for the indignity offered her by Proteus, which latter Valentine adopts and makes his own, and so calls his wrath in Silvia. The use of the word 'was' also supports this reading. Valentine wishes to express that his wrath was past : had he been speaking of his 'love' he would have said 'is.'"

<sup>a</sup> *Faints* is a modern stage direction.

<sup>b</sup> See Note to Act III., Scene 1.

<sup>c</sup> "Cleft the root" is an allusion to *cleaving the pin*, in archery, continuing the metaphor from "give aim." To *cleave the pin* was to break the nail which attached the mark to the butt.

<sup>d</sup> *All th' sins.* So the original. *All sins*, the ordinary reading, is less emphatic.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either:  
Let me be blest to make this happy close;  
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

*Pro.* Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.*

*Out.* A prize, a prize, a prize!

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
Milan shall not behold thee.<sup>a</sup> Here she stands;  
Take but possession of her with a touch;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;  
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not:  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means for her as thou hast done,  
And leave her on such slight conditions.—  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!  
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—  
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

<sup>a</sup> The reading of the original edition is, "Verona shall not hold thee." The correction, which appears essential, was made by Theobald. The same mistake occurs in Act III., Scene 1, when the Duke says,

"There is a lady in Verona here,"

the scene being clearly in Milan.

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,  
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.  
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,  
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,  
Are men endued with worthy qualities;  
Forgive them what they have committed here,  
And let them be recall'd from their exile:  
They are reformed, civil, full of good,  
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;  
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.  
Come, let us go; we will include all jars  
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.<sup>1</sup>

*Val.* And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:  
What think you of this page, my lord?

*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

*Val.* I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

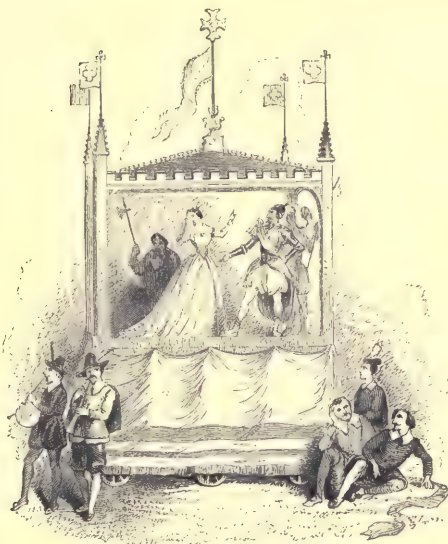
*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?

*Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—  
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear  
The story of your loves discovered:  
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

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## ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

SCENE IV.—“*Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.*”

MALONE, in a note on this passage, says, “*Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify masques and revels.” This assertion appears to us to have been hastily made. We have referred to all the passages of Shakspeare in which the plural noun “triumphs” is used; and it appears to us to have a signification perfectly distinct from that of masques and revels. And first of ‘*Julius Cæsar*.’ Antony says—

“O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?”

In ‘*Titus Adronicus*,’ Tamora, addressing her conqueror, exclaims,

“We are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy triumphs.”

In these two quotations we have the original meaning of triumphs—namely, the solemn processions of a conqueror with his captives and spoils of victory. The triumphs of modern times were gorgeous shows, in imitation of those pomps of antiquity. When Columbus, returning from his first voyage, presented to the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon the productions of the countries which he had discovered, the solemn procession on that memorable occasion was a real *Triumph*. But when Edward IV., in Shakspeare (‘*Henry VI., Part III.*’), exclaims, after his final conquest—

“And now what rests, but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?”—

he refers to those ceremonials which the genius of chivalry had adopted from the mightier pomps of antiquity, imitating something of their splendour, but laying aside their stern demonstrations of outward exultation over their vanquished foes. There were no human captives in massive chains—no lions and elephants led along to the amphitheatre, for the gratification of a turbulent populace. Edward exclaims of his prisoner Margaret—

“Away with her, and waft her hence to France!”

The dread of Cleopatra was that of exposure in the Triumph:—

“Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome?”

Here, then, was the difference of the Roman and the feudal manners. The triumphs of the middle ages were shows of peace, decorated with the pomp of arms; but altogether mere scenic representations, deriving their name from the more solemn triumphs of antiquity. But they were not masques, as Malone has stated. The Duke of York, in ‘Richard II.,’ asks,

“What news from Oxford? hold these jousts and triumphs?”

and for these “jousts and triumphs” Aumerle has prepared his “gay apparel.” There is one more passage which appears to us conclusive as to the use of the word Triumphs. The passage is in ‘Pericles:’ Simonides asks,

“Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?”

And when answered that they are, he says—

“Return then, we are ready; and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty’s child.”

The triumph, then, meant the “joustes of peace” which we have noticed in a previous Illustration; and the great tournament there mentioned, when Elizabeth sat in her “fortress of Perfect Beauty,” was expressly called a triumph. In the triumph was, of course, included the processions and other “stately” shows that accompanied the sports of the tilt-yard.

The Duke of Milan, in this play, desires to “include all jars,” not only with “triumphs,” but with “mirth and rare solemnity.” The “mirth” and the “solemnity” would include the “pageant”—the favourite show of the days of Elizabeth. The “masque” (in its highest signification) was a more refined and elaborate device than the pageant; and, therefore, we shall confine the remainder of this Illustration to some few general observations on the subject of “pageants.”

We may infer, from the expression of Julia in the fourth act,—

“At Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play’d,”—

that the pageant was a religious ceremonial, connected with the festivals of the church. And so it originally was. The “pageants” performed at Coventry were, for the most part, “dramatic mysteries;” and the city, according to Dugdale, was famous, before the suppression of the monasteries, for the pageants that were played there on Corpus Christi day. “These pageants,” says the fine old topographer, “were acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, and contained the story of the New Testament, which was composed into old English rhyme. The theatres for the several scenes were very large and high, and, being placed upon wheels, were drawn to all the eminent places of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators.” It appears, from Mr. Sharp’s ‘Dissertation on the Coventry Pageants,’ that the trading companies were accustomed to perform these plays; and it will be remembered that, when Elizabeth was entertained by Leicester at Kenilworth, the “old Coventry play of Hock Tuesday” formed a principal

feature of the amusements. The play of 'Hock Tuesday' commemorates the great victory over the Danes, A.D. 1002, and it was exhibited before the queen by Captain Cox and many others from Coventry. The Whitsun plays at Chester, called the Chester Pageants, or Chester Mysteries, were also performed by the trading companies of that ancient city. Archdeacon Rogers, who died in 1569, has left an account of the Whitsun plays, which he saw in Chester, which shows that the pageant-vehicles there, like those of Coventry, were scaffolds upon wheels. Mr. Collier, in his valuable 'History of the Stage,' mentions a fact, given by Hall the historian, that in 1511, at the revels at Whitehall, Henry VIII. and his lords "entered the hall in a pageant on wheels."

It is clear, from the passage in which Julia describes her own part in the "pageants of delight,"—

"Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,"—

that the pageant had begun to assume something of the classical character of the masque. But it had certainly not become the gorgeous entertainment which Jonson has so glowingly described, as "of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves." The pageant in which Julia acted at Pentecost was probably such as Shakspere had seen in the streets of Coventry, or in some stately baronial hall of his rich county. The "pageant on wheels" in which Henry and his lords entered his hall of revels was evidently the same sort of machine as that described by Dugdale, and which we have copied, with a slight adaptation, from a print in Sharp's 'Dissertation.'

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## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

“ASSUREDLY that criticism of Shakspeare will alone be genial which is reverential. The Englishman who, without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakspeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ; and will discourse at best but as a blind man, while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the silent *fiat* of the uprising Apollo.”\* Thus a “reverential” criticism will not only be most genial,—it will be most intelligible. Heminge and Condell, in their Preface to the first collected edition of Shakspeare, truly say, —“Read him again and again; and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him.” To love Shakspeare best is best to understand him. And yet, from the days of Rymer, who described Othello as “a bloody farce, without salt or savour,” we have had “a wilderness” of *critics*, each one endeavouring, “merely by his *ipse dixit*, to treat as contemptible what he has not intellect enough to comprehend, or soul to feel, without assigning any reason, or referring his opinion to any demonstrative principle.”† In noticing the various critical opinions upon each play, we must, of necessity, present our readers with many remarks which are not “reverential.” But we trust also to be able to show, in most cases by authorities which *do* refer to some “demonstrative principle,” that those who have uttered the name of Shakspeare “without reverence,” as too many of the commentators have done, are “but stammering interpreters of the general and almost idolatrous admiration of his countrymen.”‡

Without any reference to the period of the poet's life in which ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona’ was written, Theobald tells us, “This is one of Shakspeare's worst plays.” Hanmer thinks Shakspeare “only enlivened it with some speeches and lines, thrown in here and there.” Upton determines “that, if any proof can be drawn

\* Coleridge, *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 63.

† Id. p. 11.

‡ Schlegel's ‘*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*,’ Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 104.

from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere." Johnson, though singularly favourable in his opinion of this play, says of it, "there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." Mrs. Lenox (who, in the best slip-slop manner, does not hesitate to pass judgment upon many of the greatest works of Shakspeare) says, "'tis generally allowed that the plot, conduct, manners, and incidents of this play are extremely deficient." On the other hand, Pope gives the style of this comedy the high praise of being "natural and unaffected;" although he complains that the familiar parts are "composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only by the gross taste of the age he lived in." Johnson says, "When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life. But it abounds in *γνώμαι* (sententious observations) beyond most of his plays; and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful." Coleridge, the best of critics on Shakspeare, has no remark on this play beyond calling it "a sketch." Hazlitt, in a more elaborate criticism, follows out the same idea: "This is little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in. It is the story of a novel dramatised with very little labour or pretension; yet there are passages of high poetical spirit, and of inimitable quaintness of humour, which are undoubtedly Shakspeare's; and there is throughout the conduct of the fable a careless grace and felicity which marks it for his." We scarcely think that Coleridge and Hazlitt are correct in considering this play "a sketch," if it be taken as a whole. In the fifth act, unquestionably, the outlines are "loosely sketched in." The unusual shortness of that act would indicate that it is, in some degree, hurried and unfinished. If the text be correct which makes Valentine offer to give up Silvia to Proteus, there cannot be a doubt that the poet intended to have worked out this idea, and to have exhibited a struggle of self-denial, and a sacrifice to friendship, which very young persons are inclined to consider possible. Friendship has its romance as well as love. In the other parts of the comedy there is certainly extremely little that can be called sketchy. They appear to us to be very carefully finished. There may be a deficiency of power, but not of elaboration. A French writer who has analysed all Shakspeare's plays (M. Paul Duport) considers that this play possesses a powerful charm, which he attributes to the brilliant and poetical colouring of



its style. He thinks, and justly, that a number of graceful comparisons, and of vivid and picturesque images, here take the place of the bold and natural conceptions (the "vital and organic" style, as Coleridge expresses it) which are the general characteristic of his genius. In these elegant generalizations M. Duport properly recognises the vagueness and indecision of the youthful poet.\* The remarks of A. W. Schlegel on this comedy are acute, as usual:—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" paints the irresolution of love, and its infidelity towards friendship, in a pleasant, but, in some degree, superficial manner; we might almost say with the levity of mind which a passion suddenly entertained, and as suddenly given up, presupposes. The faithless lover is at last forgiven without much difficulty by his first mistress, on account of his ambiguous repentance. For the more serious part, the premeditated flight of the daughter of a prince, the captivity of her father along with herself by a band of robbers, of which one of the two gentlemen, the faithful and banished friend, has been compulsively elected captain,—for all this a peaceful solution is soon found. It is as if the course of the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love."† A recent writer, who has well studied Shakspeare, and has published a volume of very praiseworthy research,‡ distinguished for correct taste and good feeling (although some of its theories may be reasonably doubted), considers this comedy Shakspeare's first dramatic production, and imagines that it might have been written at Stratford, and have formed his chief recommendation to the Blackfriars company. He adds,—“This play appears to me enriched with all the freshness of youth; with strong indications of his future matured poetical power and dramatic effect. It is the day-spring of genius, full of promise, beauty, and quietude, before the sun has arisen to its splendour. I can likewise discern in it his peculiar gradual development of character, his minute touches, each tending to complete a portrait; and if these are not executed by the master-hand, as shown in his later plays, they are by the same apprentice-hand, each touch of strength sufficient to harmonise with the whole.” Johnson says of this play, “I am inclined to believe that it was not very successful.” It is difficult to judge of the accuracy of this belief. The “quietude,” the “minute touches,” may not have been exactly suited to an audience who had as yet been unaccustomed to the delicate lights and shadows of the Elizabethan drama. Shak-

\* *Essais Littéraires sur Shakspeare*, tome ii. p. 357. Paris, 1828.

† *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 156.

‡ *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems, &c.* By Charles Armitage Brown. 1838.

spere, in some degree, stood in the same relation to his predecessors as Raphael did to the earlier painters. The gentle gradations, the accurate distances, the harmony and repose, had to be superadded to the hard outlines, the strong colouring, and the disproportionate parts of the elder artists, in the one case as in the other. But our dramatist, who unquestionably always looked to what the *stage* demanded from him, however he may have looked beyond the mere wants of his present audience, put enough of attractive matter into 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' to command its popularity. No "clown" that had appeared on the stage before his time could at all approach to Launce in real humour. But the clowns that the celebrated Tarleton represented had mere words of buffoonery put in their mouths; and it is not to be wondered at that Shakspeare retained some of their ribaldry. It would be some time before he would be strong enough to assert the rights of his own genius, as he unquestionably did in his later plays. He must, as a young writer, have been sometimes forced into a sacrifice to the popular requirements.

Mr. Boaden, as it is stated by Malone, is of opinion that 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' contains the germ of other plays which Shakspeare afterwards wrote.\* The expression, "germ of other plays," is somewhat undefined. There are in this play the germ of several incidents and situations which occur in the poet's maturer works—the germ of some other of his most admired characters—the germ of one or two of his most beautiful descriptions. When Julia is deputed by Proteus to bear a letter to Silvia, urging the love which he ought to have kept sacred for herself, we are reminded of Viola, in 'Twelfth Night,' being sent to plead the Duke's passion for Olivia, although the other circumstances are widely different;—when we see Julia wearing her boy's disguise, with a modest archness and spirit, our thoughts involuntarily turn not only to Viola, but to Rosalind, and to Imogen, three of the most exquisite of Shakspeare's exquisite creations of female character;—when Valentine, in the forest of Mantua, exclaims,

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns,"

we hear the first faint notes of the same delicious train of thought, though greatly modified by the different circumstances of the speaker, that we find in the banished Duke of the forest of Ardennes:—

\* Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 32.

" Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp?"

When Valentine exclaims,

" And why not death, rather than living torment?"

we recollect the grand passage in 'Macbeth,' where the same thought is exalted, and rendered terrible, by the peculiar circumstances of the speaker's guilt:—

" Better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy."

There are, generally speaking, resemblances throughout the works of Shakspeare which none but his genius could have preserved from being imitations. But, taking the particular instance before us, when with matured powers he came to deal with somewhat similar incidents and characters in other plays, and to repeat the leading idea of a particular sentiment, we can, without difficulty, perceive how vast a difference had been produced by a few years of reflection and experience;—how he had made to himself an entirely new school of art, whose practice was as superior to his own conceptions as embodied in his first works, as it was beyond the mastery of his contemporaries, or of any who have succeeded him. It was for this reason that Pope called the style of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' "simple and unaffected." It was opposed to Shakspeare's later style, which is teeming with allusion upon allusion, dropped out of the exceeding riches of his glorious imagination. With the exception of the few obsolete words, and the unfamiliar application of words still in use, this comedy has, to our minds, a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct, instead of the splendour of the perfect artist, subjecting every crude and apparently unmanageable thought to the wonderful alchymy of his all-penetrating genius. Look, in this comedy, at the images, for example, which are derived from external nature, and compare them with the same class of images in the later plays. We might select several illustrations, but one will suffice:—

" As the most favour'd bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;  
Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime."

Here the image is feeble, because it is generalized. But compare it with the same image in 'Romeo and Juliet : '—

" But he, his own affection's counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say how true,  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovering,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
*Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*"

Johnson, as we have already seen, considered this comedy to be wanting in "diversity of character." The action, it must be observed, is mainly sustained by Proteus and Valentine, and by Julia and Silvia ; and the conduct of the plot is relieved by the familiar scenes in which Speed and Launce appear. The other actors are very subordinate, and we scarcely demand any great diversity of character amongst them ; but it seems to us, with regard to Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce, that the characters are exhibited, as it were, in pairs, upon a principle of very defined though delicate contrast. We will endeavour to point out these somewhat nice distinctions.

Coleridge says, "It is Shakspeare's peculiar excellence, that, throughout the whole of his splendid picture-gallery (the reader will excuse the acknowledged inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality everywhere,—mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odours. Speaking of the effect, that is, his works themselves, we may define the excellence of their method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science."\* Nothing can be more just and more happy than this definition of the distinctive quality of Shakspeare's works,—a quality which puts them so immeasurably above all other works,—"the union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular." It constitutes the peculiar charm of his matured style,—it furnishes the key to the surpassing excellence of his representations, whether of facts which are cognizable by the understanding or by the senses, in which a single word individualizes the "particular" object described

\* The Friend. 3d edit. 1837, vol. iii. p. 121.



or alluded to, and, without separating it from the "universal," to which it belongs, gives it all the value of a vivid colour in a picture, perfectly distinct, but also completely harmonious. The skill which he attained in this wonderful mastery over the whole world of materials for poetical construction was the result of continued experiment. In his characters, especially, we see the gradual growth of this extraordinary power, as clearly as we perceive the differences between his early and his matured forms of expression. But it is evident to us, that, in his very earliest delineations of character, he had conceived the principle which was to be developed in "his splendid picture-gallery." In the comedy before us, Valentine and Proteus are the "two gentlemen"—Julia and Silvia the two ladies "beloved"—Speed and Launce the two "clownish" servants. And yet how different is the one from the other of the same class! Proteus, who is first presented to us as a lover, is evidently a very cold and calculating one. He is "a votary to fond desire;" but he *complains* of his mistress that she has metamorphosed him:—

"Made me neglect my studies—lose my time."

He ventures, however, to write to Julia; and when he has her answer, "her oath for love, her honour's pawn," he immediately takes the most prudent view of their position:—

"O that our fathers would applaud our loves!"

But he has not decision enough to demand this approbation:—

"I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,  
Lest he should take exceptions to my love."

He parts with his mistress in a very formal and well-behaved style;—they exchange rings, but Julia has first offered "this remembrance" for her sake;—he makes a commonplace vow of constancy, whilst Julia rushes away in tears;—he quits Verona for Milan, and has a new love at first sight the instant he sees Silvia. The mode in which he sets about betraying his friend, and wooing his new mistress, is eminently characteristic of the calculating selfishness of his nature:—

"If I can check my erring love, I will;  
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill."

He is of that very numerous class of men who would always be virtuous, if virtue would accomplish their object as well as vice;—who prefer truth to lying, when lying is unnecessary;—and who have a law of justice in their own minds, which if they can observe they "will;" but "if not,"—if they find themselves poor erring mortals, which they infallibly do,—they think

"Their stars are more in fault than they."



This Proteus is a very contemptible fellow, who finally exhibits himself as a ruffian and a coward, and is punished by the heaviest infliction that the generous Valentine could bestow—his forgiveness. Generous, indeed, and most confiding, is our Valentine—a perfect contrast to Proteus. In the first scene he laughs at the passion of Proteus, as if he knew that it was alien to his nature; but when he has become enamoured himself, with what enthusiasm he proclaims his devotion!—

“Why, man, she is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl.”

In this passionate admiration we have the germ of Romeo, and so also in the scene where Valentine is banished:—

“And why not death, rather than living torment?”

But here is only a sketch of the strength of a deep and all-absorbing passion. The whole speech of Valentine upon his banishment is forcible and elegant; but compare him with Romeo in the same condition:—

“Heaven is here  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not.”

We are not wandering from our purpose of contrasting Proteus and Valentine, by showing that the character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo; for the strong impulses of both these lovers are as much opposed as it is possible to the subtle devices of Proteus. The confiding Valentine goes to his banishment with the cold comfort that Proteus gives him:—

“Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that.”

He is compelled to join the outlaws, but he makes conditions with them that exhibit the goodness of his nature; and we hear no more of him till the catastrophe, when his traitorous friend is forgiven with the same confiding generosity that has governed all his intercourse with him. We have little doubt of the incorrect sense in which it is usually received,—or, at any rate, of the unfinished nature,—of the passage in which he is supposed to give up Silvia to his false friend. But it is perfectly natural and probable that he should receive Proteus again into his confidence, upon his declaration of “heartly sorrow,” and that he should do so upon principle:—

“Who by repentance is not satisfied,  
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.”

It is, to our minds, quite delightful to find in this, which we consider amongst the earliest of Shakspeare's plays, that exhibition of the real Christian spirit of charity which, more or less, pervades all his writings; but which, more than any other quality, has made some persons, who deem their own morality as of a higher and purer order, cry out against them, as giving encouragement to evil doers. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the noble lessons which Shakspeare teaches *dramatically* (and not according to the childish devices of those who would make the dramatist write a "*moral*" at the end of five acts, upon the approved plan of a Fable in a spelling-book), and we therefore pass over, for the present, those profound critics who say "he has no moral purpose in view."\* But there are some who are not quite so pedantically wise as to affirm "he paid no attention to that retributive justice which, when human affairs are rightly understood, pervades them all;"† but who yet think that Proteus ought to have been at least banished, or sent to the galleys for a few years with the outlaws; that Angelo, in 'Measure for Measure,' should have been hanged; that Leontes, in 'The Winter's Tale,' was not sufficiently punished for his cruel jealousy by sixteen years of sorrow and repentance;—that Iachimo, in 'Cymbeline,' is not treated with poetical justice when Posthumus says,—

"Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you is to spare you;"—

and that Prospero is a very weak magician not to apply his power to a better purpose than only to give his wicked brother and his followers a little passing punishment; weak indeed, when he has them in his hands, to exclaim,—

"Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further: go release them, Ariel."

Not so thought Shakspeare. He, that never represented crime as virtue, had the largest pity for the criminal. "He has never varnished over wild and bloodthirsty passions with a pleasing exterior—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul:"‡ but, on the other hand, he has never made the criminal a monster, and led us to flatter ourselves that he is not

\* Lardner's Cyclopædia, 'Literary and Scientific Men,' vol. ii. p. 128.

† Ibid., vol. iii. p. 122.

‡ A. W. Schlegel, 'Black,' vol. ii. p. 137.

a man. It is as a man, subject to the same infirmities as all are who are born of woman, that he represents Proteus, and Iachimo, and other of the lesser criminals, as receiving pardon upon repentance. It is not so much that they are deserving of pardon, but that it would be inconsistent with the characters of the pardoners that they should exercise their power with severity. Shakspeare lived in an age when the vindictive passions were too frequently let loose by men of all sects and opinions,—and much too frequently in the name of that religion which came to teach peace and good will. Is it to be objected to him, then, that wherever he could he asserted the supremacy of charity and mercy;—that he taught men the “quality” of that blessed principle which

“Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven;”—

that he proclaimed—no doubt to the annoyance of all self-worshippers—that “the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;”—and that he asked of those who would be hard upon the wretched, “Use every man after his desert, and who shall ’scape whipping?” We may be permitted to believe that this large toleration had its influence in an age of racks and gibbets; and we know not how much of this charitable spirit may have come to the aid of the more authoritative and holier teaching of the same principle,—forgotten even by the teachers, but gradually finding its way into the heart of the multitude,—till human punishments at length were compelled to be subservient to other influences than those of the angry passions, and the laws could only dare to ask for justice, but not for vengeance.

The generous, confiding, courageous, and forgiving spirit of Valentine are well appreciated by the Duke—“Thou art a gentleman.” In this praise is included all the virtues which Shakspeare desired to represent in the character of Valentine;—the absence of which virtues he has also indicated in the selfish Proteus. The Duke adds, “and well derived.” “Thou art a gentleman,” in “thy spirit”—a gentleman in “thy unrivalled merit;” and thou hast the honours of ancestry—the further advantage of honourable progenitors.

We have dwelt so long upon the contrasts in the characters of the “two gentlemen,” Proteus and Valentine, that we may appear to have forgotten our purpose of also tracing the distinctive peculiarities of the two ladies “beloved.” Julia, in the sweetest feminine tenderness, is entirely worthy of the poet of Juliet and Imogen. Amidst her deep and sustaining love she has all the playfulness that belongs to the true woman. When she receives the letter of Proteus, the

struggle between her affected indifference and her real disposition to cherish a deep affection is exceedingly pretty. Then comes, and very quickly, the development of the change which real love works,—the plighting her troth with Proteus,—the sorrow for his absence,—the flight to him,—the grief for his perjury,—the forgiveness. How full of heart and gentleness is all her conduct after she has discovered the inconstancy of Proteus! How beautiful an absence is there of all upbraiding either of her faithless lover or of his new mistress! Of the one she says,

“Because I love him, I must pity him;”

the other she describes, without a touch of envy, as

“A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.”

Silvia is a character of much less intensity of feeling. She plays with her accepted lover as with a toy given to her for her amusement; she delights in a contest of words between him and his rival Thurio; she avows she is betrothed to Valentine, when she reproves Proteus for his perfidy, but she allows Proteus to send for her picture, which is, at least, not the act of one who strongly felt and resented his treachery to his friend. When she resolves to escape from her prison, she does not go forth to danger and difficulty with the spirit of Julia,—“a true-devoted pilgrim,”—but she places herself under the protection of Eglamour (“a very perfect gentle knight,” as Chaucer would have called him)—

“For the ways are dangerous to pass.”

She goes to her banished lover, but she flies from her father—

“To keep me from a most unholy match.”

When she encounters Proteus in the forest, she, indeed, spiritedly avows her love for Valentine and her hatred for himself; nor is there, in any of the slight distinctions which we have pointed out, any real inferiority in her character to that of Julia. She is only more under the influence of circumstances. Julia, by her decision, subdues the circumstances of her situation to her own will.

Turn we now to Speed and Launce, the two “clownish” servants of Valentine and Proteus.

In a note introducing the first scene between Speed and Proteus, Pope says, “This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe were written by Shakspeare, and others interpolated by the players), is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only by the gross taste of the age he lived in; *populo ut placerent*. I wish I had authority to leave them out.”



There are passages in Shakspeare which an editor would desire to leave out, if he consulted only the standard of taste in his own age; just as there are passages in Pope which we now consider filthy and corrupting, which the wits and fine ladies of the court of Anne only regarded as playful and piquant. The scenes, however, in which Speed and Launce are prominent,—with the exception of a few obscure allusions, which will not be discovered unless a commentator points them out, and of one piece of plain speaking in Launce, which is refinement itself when compared with the classical works of the Dean of St. Patrick's,—these scenes offer a remarkable instance of the reform which Shakspeare was enabled to effect in the conduct of the English stage, and which, without doubt, banished a great deal of what had been offensive to good manners, as well as good taste. The “clown” or “fool” of the earlier English drama was introduced into every piece. He came on between the acts, and sometimes interrupted even the scenes by his buffoonery. Occasionally the author set down a few words for him to speak; but out of these he had to spin a monologue of doggrel verses created by his “extemporal wit.” The ‘Jeasts’ of Richard Tarleton, the most celebrated of these clowns, were published in 1611; and fortunate it must have been for the morals of our ancestors that Shakspeare constructed dialogue for his “Clowns,” and insisted on their adhering to it: “Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them.” The “Clown” was the successor of the “Vice” of the old Moralities; and he was the representative of the domestic “Jester” that flourished before and during the age of Shakspeare. We shall have frequent occasion to return to this subject. The “clownish” servant was something intermediate between the privileged “fool” of the old drama, and the pert lackey of the later comedy. But he originally stood in the place of the genuine “Clown;” and his “conceits” are to be regarded partly as a reflection of the manners of the most refined, whose wit, in a great degree, consisted in a play upon words, and partly as a law of the established drama, which even Shakspeare could not dispense with, if he had desired so to do. But his instinctive knowledge of the value of his dramatic materials led him to retain the “Clowns” amongst other inheritances of the old stage; and who that has seen the use he has made of the “*allowed fool*” in ‘Twelfth Night,’ and ‘As You Like It,’ and ‘All’s Well that Ends Well,’ and especially in ‘Lear,’—of the country clown in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ and ‘The Merchant of Venice,’—and of the “clownish” or witty servant in ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ will regret that he did not cast away what



Pope has called "low" and "trifling," determining to retain a machinery equally adapted to the relief of the tragic and the heightening of the comic, and entirely in keeping with what we now call the romantic drama,—an edifice of which Shakspeare found the scaffolding raised and the stone quarried, but which it was reserved for him alone to build up upon a plan in which the most apparently incongruous parts were subjected to the laws of fitness and proportion, and wherein even the grotesque (like the grinning heads in our fine Gothic cathedrals) was in harmony with the beautiful and the sublime.

Speed and Launce are both punsters; but Speed is by far the more inveterate one. He begins with a pun—my master "is shipp'd already, and I have play'd the sheep (ship) in losing him." The same play upon words which the ship originates runs through the scene; and we are by no means sure that, if Shakspeare made Verona a seaport in ignorance (which we very much doubt),—if, like his own Hotspur, he had "forgot the map,"—whether he would, at any time, have converted Valentine into a land-traveller, and have lost his pun upon a better knowledge. In the scene before us, Speed establishes his character for "a quick wit;" Launce, on the contrary, very soon earns the reputation of "a mad-cap" and "an ass." And yet Launce can pun as perseveringly as Speed. But he can do something more. He can throw in the most natural touches of humour amongst his quibbles; and, indeed, he altogether forgets his quibbles when he is indulging his own peculiar vein. That vein is unquestionably drollery,—as Hazlitt has well described it,—the richest farcical drollery. His descriptions of his leave-taking, while "the dog all this while sheds not a tear," and of the dog's misbehaviour when he thrust "himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs," are perfectly irresistible. We must leave thee, Launce; but we leave thee with less regret, for thou hast worthy successors. Thou wert among the first fruits, we think, of the creations of the greatest comic genius that the world has seen, and thou wilt endure for ever, with Bottom, and Malvolio, and Parolles, and Dogberry. Thou wert conceived, perhaps, under that humble roof at Stratford, to gaze upon which all nations have since sent forth their pilgrims! Or, perhaps, when the young poet was, for the first time, left alone in the solitude of London, he looked back upon that shelter of his boyhood, and shadowed out his own parting in thine, Launce!

THE  
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and*  
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Æmilia, but unknown to each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *twin brothers, and attendants on the two*  
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

*A merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

PINCH, *a schoolmaster and a conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCE, *her servant.*

*A Courtezan.*

*Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

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SCENE.—EPHESUS.



[Remains of the Gymnasium, Ephesus.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

‘THE COMEDY OF ERRORS’ was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspeare’s Plays in 1623. Appearing for the first time after the death of Shakspeare, this copy presents many typographical errors; and in a few passages the text is manifestly corrupt. The difficulties, however, are not very considerable; and the original copy is decidedly better, for the most part, than the modern innovations. Malone, in adhering to this text, was more distinctly opposed to Steevens than in other plays, in which he has, though evidently contrary to his own better opinion, adopted the suggestions of Steevens and others, who introduced what they considered amendments, but which amendments were founded upon an imperfect knowledge of the phraseology and metre of their author. The rejections by Malone of the changes of Steevens are here made with somewhat more of pertinacity, and perhaps of ill-temper, than was common with him.

‘The Comedy of Errors’ was clearly one of Shakspeare’s very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production. We have here no existing sketch to enable us to trace what he introduced, and what he corrected, in the maturity of his judgment.

It was, we imagine, one of the pieces for which he would manifest little solicitude after his genius was fully developed. The play is amongst those mentioned by Meres in 1598. The only allusion in it which can be taken to fix a date is that which is supposed to refer to the civil contests of France upon the accession of Henry IV. We have noticed this passage in our Illustrations of Act III.; but we are by no means sure that the *equivoque* in the description of France, "arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir," is to be received with reference to the war of the League. The spelling of *heire* in the original copy is not conclusive; for the words *heire* and *haire* are confounded in other places of the early copies of Shakspeare's dramas. At any rate, the change of *heire* to *haire* in the second folio shows that the supposed allusion to Henry IV. was forgotten in 1632.

We must depend, then, upon the internal evidence of this being a very early play. This evidence consists,

1. In the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language as early as the time of Chaucer by the name of "rime dogerel." This peculiarity is found only in three of our author's plays,—in "Love's Labour's Lost," in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and in 'The Comedy of Errors.' But this measure was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. It prevails very much more in this play than in "Love's Labour's Lost;" for prose is here much more sparingly introduced. The doggerel seems to stand half-way between prose and verse, marking the distinction between the language of a work of art and that of ordinary life, in the same way that the recitative does in a musical composition. It is to be observed, too, in 'The Comedy of Errors,' that this measure is very carefully regulated by somewhat strict laws:—

"We came into the world like brother and brother,  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

This concluding passage, which is cast in the same mould as the other similar verses of the play, is much more regular in its structure than the following in "Love's Labour's Lost:"—

"And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,  
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more  
than he."

The latter line almost reminds us of 'Mrs. Harris's Petition,' which, according to Swift, "Humbly sheweth

"That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold,  
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings,  
in money and gold."



The measure in 'The Comedy of Errors' was formed by Shakspeare upon his rude predecessors. In some of these it is not only occasionally introduced, but constitutes the great mass of the dialogue. In 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' for example, a long play of five acts, which has been called the first English comedy, the doggrel measure prevails throughout, as in the concluding lines :—

" But now, my good masters, since we must be gone,  
And leave you behind us, here all alone,  
Since at our lasting ending thus merry we be,  
For Gammer Gurton's Needle's sake, let us have a plaudytie."

The supposed earlier comedy of 'Ralph Roister Doister' is composed in the same measure.\* Nor was it in humorous performances alone that this structure of verse (which Shakspeare always uses as a vehicle of fun) was introduced. In 'Damon and Pithias,' a serious play, which was probably produced about 1570, the sentence of Dionysius is thus pronounced upon Pithias :—

" Pythias, seeing thou takest me at my word, take Damon to thee :  
For two months he is thine ; unbind him ; I set him free ;  
Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,  
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon."

There cannot, we think, be a stronger proof that 'The Comedy of Errors' was an early play of our author, than its agreement, in this particular, with the models which Shakspeare found in his almost immediate predecessors.

2. In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'The Comedy of Errors,' alternate rhymes are very frequently introduced. Shakspeare obtained the mastery over this species of verse in the 'Venus and Adonis,' "the first heir of his invention," as he himself calls it. He writes it with extraordinary facility—with an ease and power that strikingly contrast with the more laboured elegiac stanzas of modern times. Nothing can be more harmonious, or the harmony more varied, than this measure in Shakspeare's hands. Take, for example, the well-known lines in the 'Venus and Adonis,' which, themselves the most perfect music, have been allied to one of the most successful musical compositions of the present day :—

\* An anonymous critic, putting a very implicit faith in Mr. Collier's account of 'Ralph Roister Doister,' has objected to our use of the term "*supposed* earlier comedy." He says, "there is no supposition in the case." We beg to refer to a very clear statement of the matter in 'The Pictorial History of England,' vol. iii. p. 580, where it is shown that "the superior antiquity assigned to 'Ralph Roister Doister' is *not* very conclusively made out."

“ Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.”

Compare these with the following in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost :’—

“ A wither’d hermit, five-score winters worn,  
 Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye :  
 Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,  
 And gives the crutch the cradle’s infancy.”

Or with these, in ‘Romeo and Juliet :’—

“ If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—  
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,  
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.”

Or with some of the lines in ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream,’ such as—

“ Why should you think that I should woo in scorn ?  
 Scorn and derision never come in tears :  
 Look, when I vow I weep ; and vows so born  
 In their nativity all truth appears.”

Or, lastly, with the exquisite address of Antipholus of Syracuse to Luciana, in the third act of ‘The Comedy of Errors :’—

“ Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;  
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother’d in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your word’s deceit.”

There was clearly a time in Shakspeare’s poetical life when he delighted in this species of versification ; and in many of the instances in which he has employed it in the dramas we have mentioned, the passages have somewhat of a fragmentary appearance, as if they were not originally cast in a dramatic mould, but were amongst those scattered thoughts of the young poet which had shaped themselves into verse, without a purpose beyond that of embodying his feeling of the beautiful and the harmonious. When the time arrived that he had fully dedicated himself to the great work of his life, he rarely ventured upon cultivating these offshoots of his early versification. The doggerel was entirely rejected ; the alternate rhymes no longer tempted him by their music to introduce a measure which is scarcely akin with the dramatic spirit ; the couplet was adopted more and more sparingly ; and he finally adheres to the blank verse which he may almost be said to have created,—in his hands certainly the grandest as well as the sweetest form in which the highest thoughts were ever unfolded to listening humanity.

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## SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

THE commentators have puzzled themselves, after their usual fashion, with the evidence which this play undoubtedly presents of Shakspeare's ability to read Latin, and their dogged resolution to maintain the opinion that in an age of grammar-schools our poet never could have attained that common accomplishment. The speech of Ægeon, in the first scene,—

“A heavier task could not have been impos'd  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable,”—

is, they admit, an imitation of the

“Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem”

of Virgil.

“Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,”

is in Catullus, Ovid, and Horace. The “owls” that “suck our breath” are the “*striges*” of Ovid. The apostrophe of Dromio to the virtues of “beating”—“When I am cold he heats me with beating; when I am warm he cools me with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return”—is modelled upon Cicero:—“*Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*” The burning of the conjuror's beard is an incident copied from the twelfth book of Virgil's ‘*Æneid*,’ where Corinæus sings “the goodly bush of hair” of Ebusus, in a manner scarcely consistent with the dignity of heroic poetry. Lastly, in the original copy of ‘The Comedy of Errors,’ the Antipholus of Ephesus is called *Sereptus*—a corruption of the epithet by which one of the twin brothers in Plautus is distinguished—*Menæchmus Surreptus*. There was a translation of this comedy of Plautus, to which we shall presently more fully advert. “If the poet had not dipped into the original Plautus,” says Capell, “*Surreptus* had never stood in his copy, the translation having no such *agnomen*, but calling one brother simply *Menæchmus*, the other *Sosicles*.” With all these admissions on the part of some of those who proclaimed that Farmer had made a wonderful discovery when he attempted to prove that Shakspeare did not know the difference between *clarus* and *carus*—(see ‘Henry V.,’ Act V., Illustration)—they will not swerve from their belief that his mind was so constituted as to be incapable of attaining that species of knowledge which was of the easiest attainment in his

own day, and for the teaching of which a school was expressly endowed at Stratford-upon-Avon. Steevens says, "Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of 'The Menæchmi' of Plautus, by W. W., *i. e.* (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595." Ritson thinks that Shakspeare was under no obligation to this translation; but that 'The Comedy of Errors' "was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was *capable* of reading 'The Menæchmi' without the help of a translation." Malone entirely disagrees with Ritson's theory that this comedy was much indebted to an earlier production; but sets up a theory of his own to get over the difficulty started by Ritson, that not a single name, word, or line is taken from Warner's translation: a play called 'The Historie of Error' was enacted before Queen Elizabeth, "by the children of Powles," in 1576; and from this piece, says Malone, "it is extremely probable that he was furnished with the fable of the present comedy," as well as the designation of "*surreptus*." Here is, unquestionably, a very early play of Shakspeare,—and yet Steevens maintains that it was taken from a translation of Plautus, published in 1595; the play has no resemblance, beyond the general character of the incidents, to this translation,—and therefore Ritson pronounces that it is not entirely Shakspeare's work;—and, while Malone denies this, he guesses that 'The Comedy of Errors' was founded upon a much older play. And why all this contradictory hypothesis? Simply because these most learned men are resolved to hold their own heads higher than Shakspeare, by maintaining that he could not do what they could—read Plautus in the original. We have not a doubt that 'The Comedy of Errors' was written at least five years before the publication of Warner's translation of 'The Menæchmi;' and, further, that Shakspeare, in the composition of his own play, was perfectly familiar with 'The Menæchmi' of Plautus. In Hamlet he gives, in a word, the characteristics of two ancient dramatists;—his criticism is decisive as to his familiarity with the originals: "Seneca cannot be too *heavy*, nor Plautus too *light*." We shall furnish a few extracts from this translation of 1595; whence it will be seen, incidentally, that the lightness of the free and natural old Roman is wondrously loaded by the prosaic hand of Master William Warner.

The original argument of 'The Menæchmi,' it will be perceived, at once gave Shakspeare the epithet *surreptus*, as well as furnished him with some of the characters of his play, much more distinctly than the translation, which we present with it:—



[PLAUTUS.]

“ Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii ;  
 Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.  
 Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est  
 Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.  
 Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæ-  
 ritat  
 Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum  
 devenit :  
 Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.  
 Menæchmum civem credunt omnes adve-  
 nam :  
 Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor et  
 socer.  
 Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invi-  
 cem.”

[WARNER.]

“ Two twinborn sons a Sicill merchant had,  
 Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other :  
 The first his father lost a little lad,  
 The grandsire named the latter like his  
 brother.  
 This (grown a man) long travel took to  
 seek  
 His brother, and to Epidamnum came,  
 Where th' other dwelt enrich'd, and him so  
 like,  
 That citizens there take him for the same :  
 Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking  
 either,  
 Much pleasant error, ere they meet toge-  
 ther.”

This argument is almost sufficient to point out the difference between the plots of Plautus and of Shakspeare. It stands in the place of the beautiful narrative of Ægeon, in the first scene of ‘The Comedy of Errors.’ In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakspeare does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the “meretrix, uxor, et socer” (softened by Warner into “father, wife, neighbours”). We have “Medicus,” the prototype of Doctor Pinch; but the mother of the twins is not found in Plautus. We scarcely need say that the Parasite and the Father-in-law have no place in Shakspeare’s comedy. The scene in ‘The Comedy of Errors’ is changed from Epidamnum to Ephesus; but we have mention of Epidamnum once or twice in the play.

‘The Menæchmi’ opens with the favourite character of the Roman comedy—the Parasite; the scene is at Epidamnum. The Parasite is going to dine with Menæchmus, who comes out from his house, upbraiding his jealous wife. But his wife is not jealous without provocation:—

“Hanc modò uxori intus palam surripui; ad scortum fero.”

The Antipholus of Shakspeare does not propose to dine with one “pretty and wild,” and to bestow “the chain” upon his hostess, till he has been provoked by having his own doors shut upon him. Our



poet has thus preserved some sympathy for his Antipholus, which the Menæchmus of Plautus forfeits upon his first entrance. Menæchmus and the Parasite go to dine with Erotium (meretrix). Those who talk of Shakspeare's anachronisms have never pointed out to us what formidable liberties the translators of Shakspeare's time did not scruple to take with their originals. Menæchmus gives very precise directions for his dinner, after the most approved Roman fashion :—

“Jube igitur nobis tribus apud te prandium accurarier,  
Atque aliquid scitamentorum de foro obsonarier,  
Glandionidem suillam, laridum peronidem, aut  
Sinciput, aut polimenta porcina, aut aliquid ad eum modum.”

This passage W. W. thus interprets :—“Let a good dinner be made for us three. Hark ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and potato-roots ; let our other dishes be as you please.” In reading this bald attempt to transfuse the Roman luxuries into words accommodated to English ideas, we are forcibly reminded how “rare Ben” dealt with the spirit of antiquity in such matters :—

“The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels’ heels,  
Boil’d in the spirit of sol, and dissolv’d pearl,  
Apicius’ diet, ’gainst the epilepsy :  
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.  
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calver’d salmons,  
Knots, godwits, lampreys : I myself will have  
The beards of barbels serv’d, instead of salads ;  
Oil’d mushrooms,” &c.—*Alchymist*, Act II., Scene 1.

The second act in Plautus opens with the landing of Menæchmus Sosicles and Messenio at Epidamnus. The following is Warner’s translation of the scene :—

“*Men.* Surely, Messenio, I think seafarers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing as, when they have been long tossed and turmoiled in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

*Mes.* I’ll be sworn, I should not be gladder to see a whole country of mine own than I have been at such a sight. But, I pray, wherefore are we now come to Epidamnus? must we needs go to see every town that we hear of?

*Men.* Till I find my brother, all towns are alike to me : I must try in all places.

*Mes.* Why then, let’s even as long as we live seek your brother : six years now have we roamed about thus—Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Illyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all haven-towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time we must needs have found it, had it been above ground. It cannot be that he is alive ; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it!

*Men.* Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly inform me of his death, I were satisfied ; otherwise I can never desist seeking : little knowest thou, Messenio, how near my heart it goes.

*Mes.* This is washing of a blackamoor. Faith, let’s go home, unless ye mean we should write a story of our travel.

*Men.* Sirrah, no more of these saucy speeches. I perceive I must teach you how to serve me, not to rule me.

*Mes.* Ay, so ; now it appears what it is to be a servant. Well, I must speak my conscience. Do ye hear, sir ? Faith I must tell you one thing : when I look into the lean estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stock, I hold it very needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother we quite lose ourselves. For this assure yourself, this town, Epidamnium, is a place of outrageous expenses, exceeding in all riot and lasciviousness ; and, I hear, as full of ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold. Then for courtezans, why here 's the currentest stamp of them in the world. You must not think here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The very name shows the nature ; no man comes hither *sine damno*.

*Men.* You say very well indeed : give me my purse into mine own keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*."

Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in 'The Comedy of Errors,'—

"They say this town is full of cozenage," &c.—

was derived from Warner's translation, where "ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtezans," are found ; the *voluptarii*, *potatores*, *sycophantæ*, *palpatores*, and *meretrices* of Plautus. But surely the "jugglers," "sorcerers," "witches," of Shakspeare are not these. With his exquisite judgment, he gave Ephesus more characteristic "liberties of sin." The cook of the courtesan in Plautus first mistakes the wandering brother for the profligate of Epidamnium. Erotium next encounters him, and with *her* he dines ; and, leaving her, takes charge of a cloak, which the Menæchmus of Epidamnium had given her. In 'The Comedy of Errors' the stranger brother dines with the wife of him of Ephesus. The Parasite next meets with the wanderer, and, being enraged that the dinner is finished in his absence, resolves to disclose the infidelities of Menæchmus to his jealous wife. The "errors" proceed, in the maid of Erotium bringing him a chain which she says he had stolen from his wife : he is to cause it to be made heavier and of a newer fashion. The traveller goes his way with the cloak and the chain. The jealous wife and the Parasite lie in wait for the faithless husband, who, the Parasite reports, is carrying the cloak to the dyer's ; and they fall with their reproaches upon the Menæchmus of Epidamnium, who left the courtesan to attend to his business. A scene of violence ensues ; and the bewildered man repairs to Erotium for his dinner. He meets with reproaches only ; for he knows nothing of the cloak and the chain. The stranger Menæchmus, who has the cloak and chain, encounters the wife of his brother, and of course he utterly denies any knowledge of her. Her father comes to her assistance, upon her hastily sending for him. He first reproaches his daughter for her suspicions of her husband, and her

shrewish temper : Luciana reasons in a somewhat similar way with Adriana, in 'The Comedy of Errors;'—and the Abbess is more earnest in her condemnation of the complaining wife. The scene in Plautus wants all the elevation that we find in Shakspeare; and the old man seems to think that the wife has little to grieve for, as long as she has food, clothes, and servants. Menæchmus, the traveller, of course cannot comprehend all this; and the father and daughter agree that he is mad, and send for a doctor. He escapes from the discipline which is preparing for him; and the doctor's assistants lay hold of Menæchmus, the citizen. He is rescued by Messenio, the servant of the traveller, who mistakes him for his master, and begs his freedom. The servant, going to his inn, meets with his real master; and, while disputing with him, the Menæchmus of Epidamnium joins them. Of course, the *éclaircissement* is the natural consequence of the presence of both upon the same scene. The brothers resolve to leave Epidamnium together; the citizen making proclamation that he will sell all his goods, and adding, with his accustomed loose notions of conjugal duty,

“ Venibit uxor quoque etiam, si quis emptor venerit.”

Hazlitt has said, “ This comedy is taken *very much* from ‘The Menæchmi’ of Plautus, and is not an improvement on it.” We think he is wrong in both assertions.

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#### PERIOD OF THE ACTION.

WE have noticed some of the anachronisms which the translator of Plautus, in Shakspeare's time, did not hesitate to introduce into his performance. W. W. did not do this ignorantly; for he was a learned person; and, we are told in an address of ‘The Printer to his Readers,’ had “divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them.” There was, no doubt, a complete agreement as to the principle of such anachronisms in the writers of Shakspeare's day. They employed the conventional ideas of their own time, instead of those which properly belonged to the date of their story; they translated images as well as words; they were addressing uncritical readers and spectators, and they thought it necessary to make themselves intelligible by speaking of familiar instead of recondite things. Thus W. W. not only gives us mary-bone pies and potatoes, instead of the complicated messes of the Roman sensualist, but he talks of constables and toll-gatherers, Bedlam fools, and claret. In

Douce's 'Essay on the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakspeare,' the offences of our poet in 'The Comedy of Errors' are thus summed up:—"In the *ancient* city of Ephesus we have ducats, marks, and guilders, and the *Abbess of a Nunnery*. Mention is also made of several modern European kingdoms and of America; of Henry the Fourth of France,\* of Turkish tapestry, a rapier, and a striking clock; of Lapland sorcerers, Satan, and even of Adam and Noah. In one place Antipholus calls himself a *Christian*. As we are unacquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakspeare is responsible for these anachronisms." The ducats, marks, guilders, tapestry, rapier, striking-clock, and Lapland sorcerers, belong precisely to the same class of anachronisms as those we have already exhibited from the pen of the translator of Plautus. Had Shakspeare used the names of Grecian or Roman coins, his audience would not have understood him. Such matters have nothing whatever to do with the period of a dramatic action. But we think Douce was somewhat hasty in proclaiming that the *Abbess of a Nunnery*, *Satan*, *Adam and Noah*, and *Christian*, were anachronisms, in connexion with the "ancient city of Ephesus."

Douce, seeing that 'The Comedy of Errors' was suggested by 'The Menæchmi' of Plautus, considers, no doubt, that Shakspeare intended to place his action at the same period as the Roman play. It is manifest to us that he intended precisely the contrary. 'The Menæchmi' contains invocations in great number to the ancient divinities;—Jupiter and Apollo are here familiar words. From the first line of 'The Comedy of Errors' to the last we have not the slightest allusion to the classical mythology. Was there not a time, then, even in the *ancient* city of Ephesus, when there might be an Abbess—men might call themselves Christians—and Satan, Adam, and Noah might be names of common use? We do not mean to affirm that Shakspeare intended to select the Ephesus of Christianity—the great city of churches and councils—for the dwelling-place of Antipholus, any more than we think that Duke Solinus was a real personage—that "Duke Menaphon, his most renowned uncle," ever had any existence—or that even his name could be found in any story more trustworthy than that of Greene's 'Arcadia.' The truth is, that, in the same way that *Ardenne*s was a sort of *terra incognita* of chivalry, the poets of Shakspeare's time had no hesitation in placing the fables of the romantic ages in classical localities, leaving the periods and

\* Mention is certainly *not* made of Henry IV.; there is a *supposed* allusion to him.



the names perfectly undefined and unappreciable. Who will undertake to fix a period for the action of Sir Philip Sydney's great romance, when the author has conveyed his reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him "what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead?" We cannot open a page of Sydney's 'Arcadia' without being struck with what we are accustomed to call anachronisms,—and these from a very severe critic, who, in his 'Defence of Poesy,' denounces with merciless severity all violation of the unities of the drama. One example will suffice:—Histor and Damon sing a "double sestine." The classical spirit that pervades the following lines belongs to the "true Arcadian" age:—

"O Mercury, foregoer to the evening,  
O heavenly huntress of the savage mountains,  
O lovely star entitled of the morning,  
While that my voice doth fill these woful valleys,  
Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining music,  
Which oft hath echo tired in secret forests."

But to what period belong the following lines of the 'Phaleuciads,' which Zelmene sings, whose voice "strains the *canary*-birds?"—

"Her *cannons* be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,  
Which at first volley gave too open entry,  
Nor rampier did abide; my brain was *up-blown*,  
*Undermined* with a speech, the piercer of thoughts."

Warton has prettily said, speaking of Spenser, "*exactness* in his poem would have been like the cornice which a painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso." Those who would define everything in poetry are the makers of corniced grottos. As we are not desirous of belonging to this somewhat obsolete fraternity, to which even Warton himself affected to belong when he wrote what is truly an apology for 'The Fairy Queen,' we will leave our readers to decide—whether Duke Solinus reigned at Ephesus before "the great temple, after having risen with increasing splendour from seven repeated misfortunes, was finally burnt by the Goths in their third naval invasion;"\* or whether he presided over the decaying city, somewhat nearer to the period when Justinian "filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columns;"† or, lastly, whether he approached the period of its final desolation, when the "candlestick was removed out of its place," and the Christian Ephesus became the Mohammedan Aiasaluck.

But, decide as our readers may—and if they decide not at all they will not derive less satisfaction from the perusal of this drama—it becomes necessary for the demands of the modern stage that the

\* Gibbon, chap. x.

† Chandler.



scenery and costume should belong to some definite period. The short technical notice which we give on the subject of costume aims at greater precision than we should consider necessary with reference to the poetical character of this play. This desire for exactness is, to a certain extent, an evil; and it is an evil which necessarily belongs to what, at first appearance, is a manifest improvement in the modern stage. The exceeding beauty and accuracy of scenery and dress in our days is destructive, in some degree, to the *poetical* truth of Shakspeare's dramas. It takes them out of the region of the broad and universal, to impair their freedom and narrow their range by a topographical and chronological minuteness. When the word "Thebes"\* was exhibited upon a painted board to Shakspeare's audience, their thoughts of that city were in subjection to the descriptions of the poet; but if a pencil as magical as that of Stanfield had shown them a Thebes that the child might believe to be a reality, the words to which they listened would have been comparatively uninteresting, in the easier gratification of the senses instead of the intellect. Poetry must always have something of the vague and indistinct in its character. The exact has its own province. Let Science explore the wilds of Africa, and map out for us where there are mighty rivers and verdant plains, in the places where the old geographers gave us pictures of lions and elephants to designate undiscovered desolation. But let Poetry still have its undefined countries; let Arcadia remain unsurveyed; let us not be too curious to inquire whether Dromio was an ancient heathen or a Christian, nor whether Bottom the weaver lived precisely at the time when Theseus did battle with the Centaurs.

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#### COSTUME.

THE costume of this comedy must, we fear, be left conventional. The two masters, as well as the two servants, must of course be presumed to have been attired precisely alike, or the difference of dress would at least have called forth some remark, had it not led to an immediate *éclaircissement*; and yet, that the Syracusan travellers, both master and man, should by mere chance be clothed in garments not only of the same fashion but of the same colour as those of their Ephesian brethren, is beyond the bounds of even stage probability.

\* See Sydney's 'Defence of Poesy.' "What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" This rude device was probably employed in the representation of the 'Thebais' of Seneca, translated by Newton, 1581.

Were the scene laid during the classical era of Greece, as in 'The Menæchmi,' on which the comedy was founded, the absurdity would not be quite so startling, as the simple tunic of one slave *might* accidentally resemble that of another; and the chlamys and petasus of the upper classes were at least of one general form, and differed but occasionally in colour: but the appearance of an Abbess renders it necessary to consider the events as passing at the time when Ephesus had become famed amongst the Christian cities of Asia Minor, and at least as late as the first establishment of religious communities (*i. e.* in the fourth century).

We can only recommend to the artist the Byzantine Greek paintings and illuminations, or the costume adopted from them for Scriptural designs by the early Italian masters.



[Medal of Ephesus.]



[Remains of a Gate at Ephesus.]

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more ;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws ;  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans<sup>a</sup> and ourselves,

<sup>a</sup> *Syracusans.* In the first folio, *Syracusans*, as we now read, is invariably spelt *Syracusians*. In Malone's edition (1821) the old spelling is restored, Boswell stat-

To admit no traffic in our adverse towns :  
 Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,  
 Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
 Again, If any Syracusan born,  
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
 His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;  
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
 To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort ; when your words are done,  
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.  
 Yet, that the world may witness that my end  
 Was wrought by nature,<sup>a</sup> not by vile offence,  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracuse was I born ; and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
 And by me, too, had not our hap been bad.<sup>b</sup>  
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,  
 And the great care of goods at random left,<sup>c</sup>  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,

ing that it has the sanction of Bentley, in his 'Epistles of Phalaris.' There can be little doubt that *Syracusians* is an error of the early typography ; for the Syracusani of the Latin naturally becomes the Syracusans of the English. In the first line of the Duke's speech we have *Syracusa*. Syracusians can only be obtained by a forced derivation from the Greek form *Συρακώσιος*.

<sup>a</sup> *By nature*—by the impulses of nature, by natural affection,—as opposed to *vile offence*, the violation of the municipal laws of Ephesus.

<sup>b</sup> The word *too* in this line was supplied in the *second folio*.

<sup>c</sup> The first folio reads—

“ And *he* great care of goods at random left.”

Malone made the text easy and clear by the substitution of *the*.

Before herself (almost at fainting under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear)  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
There had she not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,  
A poor mean woman was delivered<sup>a</sup>  
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike :  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return :  
Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon. We came aboard :<sup>b</sup>  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :  
But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
My wife, most careful for the latter born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,

<sup>a</sup> The word *poor* in this line was added in the second folio.

<sup>b</sup> The punctuation of the original gives somewhat of a different meaning :—

“ Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soon we came aboard.”

The line is printed thus, without a hemistich. These long lines constitute a peculiarity of the Shaksperian versification, which has been inconsiderately destroyed by the modern editors.



Such as seafaring men provide for storms :  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;  
And, by the benefit of his wished light,  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !  
Gather the sequel by that went before. ✓

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so ;  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee. ✓

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us !  
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;  
Which being violently borne upon,<sup>a</sup>  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;  
And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;  
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;  
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

<sup>a</sup> Upon—the original has *up*.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother ; and importun'd me,  
That his attendant (so his case was like,<sup>a</sup>  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)  
Might bear him company in the quest of him :  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;  
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,  
Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
But here must end the story of my life ;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd  
To bear the extremity of dire mishap !  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd  
But to our honour's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
To seek thy help by beneficial help :  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus :  
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,

<sup>a</sup> *So his case was like.* So is the reading of the first folio ;—his case was so like that of Antipholus.

And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to die :—  
Gaoler, take him into thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Ægeon* wend,  
But to procrastinate his liveless<sup>a</sup> end. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

*Mer.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit* DRO. S.]

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn and dine with me ?

*Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;  
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Liveless.* So the original: *lifeless* and *liveless* are the same ; as *lively* and *lifely* also are the same.

<sup>b</sup> *Soon at five o'clock.* This is ordinarily printed, "Soon, at five o'clock." But Antipholus says—

Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterward consort you till bed-time ;  
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—  
What now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,  
Are penitent<sup>b</sup> for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I pray :  
Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,  
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;  
The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?

<sup>a</sup> " Within this hour it will be dinner-time."

The time of dinner was *twelve* ; therefore five o'clock would not have been *soon*.  
We must therefore understand the phrase as *about* five o'clock.

<sup>b</sup> *Penitent*—in the sense of doing penance.

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :  
I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;<sup>a</sup>  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,<sup>b</sup>  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of  
season ;  
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir ? why, you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave ; have done your foolishness,  
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from<sup>c</sup> the mart  
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner ;  
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd<sup>d</sup> my money ;  
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks ? what mistress, slave, hast  
thou ?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix ;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

<sup>a</sup> *Post indeed.* The *post* of a shop was used as the tally-board of a publican is now used, to keep the *score*.

<sup>b</sup> *Clock.* The original has *cook*. Pope made the necessary change.

<sup>c</sup> This is usually printed *fro'*, but the original has *fro* ; the typographical contraction of *from*, to save space.

<sup>d</sup> *Bestow'd*—stowed, deposited.



*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your  
hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [*Exit Dro. E.*]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>a</sup> of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin:<sup>b</sup>

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> *O'er-raught*—overreached.

<sup>b</sup> *Liberties of sin.* Some would read *libertines*.

## ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I. "*It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,*" &c.

THE offence which Ægeon had committed, and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness by which the poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In 'The Taming of the Shrew,' written most probably about the same period as 'The Comedy of Errors,' the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand:—

"*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?

*Ped.*

Of Mantua.

*Tra.* Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

*Ped.* My life, sir? how, I pray? for that goes hard.

*Tra.* 'T is death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua; know you not the cause?

Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly."

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the just principles of foreign commerce were asserted in a very remarkable manner in the preamble to a statute (1 Eliz. c. 13): "Other foreign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said several acts"—(statutes prohibiting the export or import of merchandise by English subjects in any but English ships),—"as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions; by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure between the foreign princes and the kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore grieved and endamaged." The inevitable consequences of commercial jealousies between rival states—the retaliations that invariably attend these "narrow and malignant politics," as Hume forcibly expresses it—are here clearly set forth. But in five or six years afterwards we had acts "for setting her Majesty's people on work," forbidding the importation of foreign wares ready wrought, "to the intent that her Highness's subjects might be employed in making thereof." These laws were directed against the productions of the Netherlands; and they were immediately followed by counter-proclamations, forbidding the carrying into England of any matter or thing out of which the same wares might be made; and prohibiting the importation in the Low Countries of all English manufactures, under pain of confiscation. Under these laws, the English merchants were driven from town to town—from Antwerp to Embden, from Embden to Hamburgh; their ships seized, their goods confiscated. Retaliation of course followed, with all the complicated injuries of violence begetting violence. The political wisdom of our poet (for Shakspeare is one of the most philosophical of politicians) must have seen the folly and wickedness of such proceedings; and we believe that these passages are intended to mark his sense of them. The same brute force which would confiscate the goods and burn the ships of the merchant, would put the merchant himself to death under another state of society. He has stigmatised the principle of commercial jealousy by carrying out its consequences under an unconstrained despotism.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.<sup>a</sup>

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>b</sup>

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

<sup>a</sup> *Ill.* This is the reading of the second folio, which is necessary for the rhyme. The original has *thus*.

<sup>b</sup> *Lash'd with woe.* Steevens says, "Should it not rather be *leash'd*?"—coupled like a hound. But he turns from this solution, to suggest that "lash'd with woe" has the meaning of *punished* with woe. To *lash*, to be under *the lash*, are well-known expressions, which require no explanation. But a *lace*, a *leash*, a *latch*, a *lash*, is each a form of expressing what binds or fastens; and thus "headstrong liberty," and "woe," are bound together—are inseparable.

Are masters to their females, and their lords :<sup>a</sup>

Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But were you wedded you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where ?<sup>b</sup>

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause ;  
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience<sup>c</sup> in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try ;—

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

<sup>a</sup> In the original we have—

“ *Man*, more divine, the *master* of all these,  
Lord of the wide world,” &c.

But the subsequent use of “*souls*,” and of the plural verb, renders the change unavoidable.

<sup>b</sup> Johnson would read, “start some other *hare*.” But *where* has here the power of a noun, and is used, as in ‘Henry VIII.’—“the king hath sent me *otherwise*.” We have lost this mode of using *where* in composition ; but we retain *otherwise*, in a different guise : we understand *otherwhile*, at a different time ; and we can therefore have no difficulty with *otherwise*, in a different place.

<sup>c</sup> The allusion is to the practice of “begging a fool” for the guardianship of his fortune. (See ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ Illustrations of Act V.) This abominable prerogative of the Crown seems to have been popularly understood as late as the time of Congreve. In ‘The Way of the World,’ on Witwood’s inquiring what he should do with the fool his brother, Petulant replies, “Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both.”

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.  
Beshrew his hand! I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.<sup>a</sup>

*Adr.* But say, I prithee, is he coming home?  
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold mad;  
But sure he is stark mad:  
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks<sup>b</sup> in gold:  
“’T is dinner-time,” quoth I; “My gold,” quoth he:  
“Your meat doth burn,” quoth I; “My gold,” quoth  
he:

“Will you come?”<sup>c</sup> quoth I; “My gold,” quoth he:  
“Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?”  
“The pig,” quoth I, “is burn’d;” “My gold,” quoth he:  
“My mistress, sir,” quoth I; “Hang up thy mistress;  
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!”

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:  
“I know,” quoth he, “no house, no wife, no mistress;”  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

<sup>a</sup> *Understand them*—stand under them. We have the same quibble in ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona’—“My staff understands me.” Milton does not disdain to make Belial, “in gamesome mood,” use a similar play upon words. (See ‘Paradise Lost,’ book vi., verse 625.)

<sup>b</sup> *A thousand marks* is the reading of the second folio—the first has “a hundred.”

<sup>c</sup> This line is ordinarily printed, in correction of the supposed deficiency of metre—

“Will you come *home*?” quoth I; my gold, quoth he.”

The retardation of the line, according to the original, is not a defect.



*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating :  
Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant ! fetch thy master home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,  
That like a football you do spurn me thus ?<sup>a</sup>  
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :  
If I last in this service you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience loureth in your face !

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.  
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :  
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?  
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.  
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?  
That's not my fault, he's master of my state :  
What ruins are in me that can be found  
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground  
Of my defeatures :<sup>b</sup> My decayed fair<sup>c</sup>  
A sunny look of his would soon repair :  
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,  
And feeds from home : poor I am but his stale.<sup>d</sup>

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy !—fie ! beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.  
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere ;  
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?

<sup>a</sup> To be *round* with any one is to be plain-spoken ; as in 'Hamlet'—"Let her be *round* with him." Dromio uses the word in a double sense, when he alludes to the football.

<sup>b</sup> *Defeatures*—want of beauty—defect of features.

<sup>c</sup> *Fair* is used substantively, for beauty.

<sup>d</sup> *Stale* is stalking-horse : thus, in Ben Jonson's 'Catiline'—

"dull, stupid Lentulus,  
My *stale*, with whom I *stalk*."

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—  
 Would that alone alone he would detain,<sup>a</sup>  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !  
 I see, the jewel best enamelled  
 Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold ; and so no man that hath a name,  
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.<sup>b</sup>  
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
 I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation, and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
 I sent him from the mart : See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

<sup>a</sup> We cannot understand this line as it is given here and in the received texts. In the first folio we have

“ Would that alone *a loue* he would detain.”

The obvious error, says Malone, was corrected in the second folio. But what sense have we obtained by the correction ? The repetition of the word *alone* perplexes the sense, without rendering the passage emphatic. Possibly, although the text is corrupt in the first folio, the meaning is—I would the chain alone would detain his love—hold his love to me—

“ Would that alone *his love* it would detain.”

But a slight alteration will give a clearer meaning :—

“ Would that alone alone *him* would detain !”

Would that the chain alone would detain him alone !

<sup>b</sup> This passage has been altered by Pope, Warburton, and Steevens, from the original ; and it is so impossible to gain a tolerable reading without changing the text, that we leave it as it is commonly received. In the first folio the reading is—

“ I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty ; *yet* the gold bides still  
 That others touch ; *and* often touching will  
 Where gold ; and no man, that hath a name,  
 By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.”

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,  
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beating him.*]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:  
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>a</sup>  
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,  
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.  
If you will jest with me know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering,  
I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I  
must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it<sup>b</sup> too; or else  
I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why  
am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

<sup>a</sup> The "serious hours" of Antipholus are his *private* hours: the "sauciness" of Dromio intrudes upon those hours, and deprives his master of his exclusive possession of them—makes them "*a common*" property.

<sup>b</sup> *Insconce it*—defend it—fortify it.

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore ; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me ; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season ?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason ?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir ? for what ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time ?

*Dro. S.* No, sir ; I think the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that ?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason ?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery ?<sup>a</sup>

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig,<sup>b</sup> and recover the lost hair of another man.

<sup>a</sup> In this, as in all Shakspeare's early plays, and in his Poems, we have the professional allusions of the attorney's office in great abundance.

<sup>b</sup> *Periwig*. This, the word in the folio, is ordinarily printed *peruke*.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scant<sup>a</sup> men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.<sup>b</sup>

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;<sup>c</sup> the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, in<sup>d</sup> no time to recover hair lost by nature.

<sup>a</sup> *Men.* The original has *them*; no doubt a typographical error.

<sup>b</sup> *Falsing*—the participle of the obsolete verb *to false*. Shakspeare uses this verb once only, viz. in 'Cymbeline,' Act II., Scene 3:—

“T is gold

Which buys admittance; oft it doth: yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers *false* themselves.”

In Chaucer ('Romaunt of the Rose') we have—

“They *falsen* ladies traitorously.”

The verb is commonly used by Spenser—as

“Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury.”

<sup>c</sup> *Tiring*—attiring. In the folio we have *trying*, an obvious typographical error, corrected by Pope.

<sup>d</sup> *In.* So the first folio. The ordinary reading is “*e'en* no time.” But *in* agrees well enough with the long joke about “hair” and “periwig.” Dromio proves that “there is no time for all things,” because a man recovers his hair, by means of a periwig, “in no time.”



*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 't would be a bald conclusion : But soft ! who wafts us yonder ?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown ;  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects :  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
That thou art then estranged from thyself ?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
That, undividable, incorporate,  
Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;  
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall<sup>a</sup>  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious !  
And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
By ruffian lust should be contaminate !  
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
And tear the stain'd skin of<sup>b</sup> my harlot brow,  
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,  
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?

<sup>a</sup> *Fall* is here used as a verb active.

<sup>b</sup> *Of*. So the folio ; Steevens unnecessarily substituted *off*.

I know thou canst ; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot ;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust :  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;  
 I live dis-stain'd,<sup>a</sup> thou, undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame ? I know you not :  
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town as to your talk ;  
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother ! how the world is chang'd with you !  
 When were you wont to use my sister thus ?  
 She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio ?

*Dro. S.* By me ?

*Adr.* By thee ; and this thou didst return from him,—  
 That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?  
 What is the course and drift of your compact ?

*Dro. S.* I, sir ? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest ; for even her very words  
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,  
 Unless it be by inspiration ?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
 To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
 Abetting him to thwart me in my mood ?  
 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>b</sup>  
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :

<sup>a</sup> *Dis-stain'd*—unstained.

<sup>b</sup> *Exempt.* Johnson says the word here means *separated*. But surely Adriana intends to say that she must bear the wrong ; that Antipholus, being her husband, is released, acquitted, *exempt*, from any consequences of this wrong.

Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine;<sup>a</sup>  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger<sup>b</sup> state,  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle<sup>c</sup> moss;  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:  
 What, was I married to her in my dream?  
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd<sup>d</sup> fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.  
 This is the fairy land;<sup>1</sup>—O, spite of spites!  
 We talk with goblins, owls,<sup>e</sup> and elvish<sup>f</sup> sprites;  
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?  
 Dromio, thou Dromio,<sup>g</sup> thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

<sup>a</sup> When Milton uses this classical image, in 'Paradise Lost,'—

“They led the vine

To wed the elm; she, spous'd, about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms,”—

the annotators of our great epic poet naturally give us the parallel passages in Catullus, in Ovid, in Virgil, in Horace. Shakspeare unquestionably had the image from the same sources. Farmer does not notice this passage; but had he done so he would, of course, have shown that there were translations of 'The Georgics' and 'The Metamorphoses' when this play was written. It appears to us that this line of Shakspeare is neither a translation nor an imitation of any of the well-known classical passages; but a transfusion of the spirit of the ancient poets by one who was familiar with them.

<sup>b</sup> *Stronger.* The original has *stranger*.

<sup>c</sup> *Idle*—useless, fruitless—as in “deserts *idle*.” An *addle* egg is an *idle* egg. Shakspeare plays upon the words in 'Troilus and Cressida':—“If you love an *addle* egg as well as you love an *idle* head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.”

<sup>d</sup> *Offer'd.* In the first folio, *freed*.

<sup>e</sup> *Owls.* Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphe*s, upon the plea that owls could not suck breath and pinch. Warburton maintains that the *owl* here is the *strix* of the ancients—the destroyer of the cradled infant—

“Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,

Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis.” *Ovid. Fasti*, lib. vi.

<sup>f</sup> *Elvish* is wanting in the first folio, but is found in the second.

<sup>g</sup> *Dromio.* So the original, which distinctly gives *Dromio* with a capital D, and

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am I not?<sup>a</sup>

*Ant. S.* I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.  
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.  
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*]

in italic, as a proper name. Theobald altered it to *drone*. The verse, he says, "is half a foot too long." This is a reason *against* the alteration.

<sup>a</sup> *Am I not?* So the original. Theobald changed it to *am not I?* But Dromio may have meant to produce a triplet, by *not* rhyming to *so*.

## ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

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<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“ *This is the fairy land.*”

IN the first act we have the following description of the unlawful arts of Ephesus:—

“ They say this town is full of cozenage;  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such-like liberties of sin.”

It was observed by Capell that “the character given of Ephesus in this place is the very same that it had with the ancients, which may pass for some note of the poet’s learning.” It was scarcely necessary, however, for Shakspeare to search for this ancient character of Ephesus in more recondite sources than the most interesting narrative of St. Paul’s visit to the city, given in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In the 13th verse we find mention of “certain of the vagabond Jews, *exorcists* ;” and in the 19th verse we are told that “many of them also which used *curious arts* brought their books together, and burned them before all men.” The ancient proverbial term, *Ephesian Letters*, was used to express every kind of charm or spell.

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO,  
and BALTHAZAR.

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.  
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours :  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
To see the making of her carcanet,<sup>a</sup>  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here 's a villain, that would face me down  
He met me on the mart ; and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold ;  
And that I did deny my wife and house :  
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this ?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know :  
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :  
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,  
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar : 'Pray God, our  
cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome  
dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

<sup>a</sup> *Carcanet*—a chain, or necklace. In Harrington's 'Orlando Furioso' we have—

"About his neck a *carcket* rich he ware."

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common ; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest :  
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part ;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But, soft ; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen' !

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome,<sup>a</sup> malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch !<sup>b</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch :  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,  
When one is one too many ? Go, get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter ? My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there ? ho ! open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore ? for my dinner ; I have not din'd to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not ; come again when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe ?<sup>c</sup>

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name ;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

<sup>a</sup> *Mome* is the French word for a buffoon ;—*momer* is to go in disguise ; hence *mummary*. But *mome* here means a blockhead,—something foolish. *Mumchance* expresses the behaviour of one who has nothing to say for himself.

<sup>b</sup> *Patch* is a pretender, a deceitful fellow, one who is *patched* up. Shakspeare uses *patchery* in the sense of roguery : "Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery."—(*Troilus and Cressida*.)

<sup>c</sup> *Owe*—own.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there ! Dromio, who are those at the gate ?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* Faith, no ; he comes too late ;  
And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh ;—  
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff ?

*Luce.* Have at you with another : that's,—When ? can you tell ?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion ? you'll let us in, I hope ?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help ; well struck ; there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake ?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* Let him knock till it ake.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town ?

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise ?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife ? you might have come before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave ! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome ; we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with<sup>a</sup> neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master ; bid them welcome hither.

<sup>a</sup> *Part with*—depart with.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold :  
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

*Ant. E.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind :

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S.* It seems, thou want'st breaking : Out upon thee, hind !

*Dro. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in : Go, borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather ; master, mean you so ?  
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :  
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife.  
Once this,<sup>a</sup>—Your long experience of her<sup>b</sup> wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>c</sup>  
Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner :  
And, about evening, come yourself alone,

<sup>a</sup> Once this—once for all.

<sup>b</sup> *Her.* The original has *your* ; and the same mistake occurs in the next line but one.

<sup>c</sup> To *make* the door is still a provincial expression.

To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made of it ;  
 And that supposed by the common rout,  
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :  
 For slander lives upon succession ;  
 For ever housed, where it gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,  
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse ;  
 Pretty and witty ; wild, and, yet too, gentle ;—  
 There will we dine : this woman that I mean,  
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert)  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;  
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 't is made :  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;  
 For there 's the house ; that chain will I bestow  
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
 Upon mine hostess there : good sir, make haste :  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office ? shall, Antipholus,  
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ? <sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Ruinat*e, instead of *ruinous*, is the reading of the folio. To make a rhyme to *ruinate*, Theobald inserted the word *hate* in the second line—" Shall, Antipholus, hate,"—shall hate rot thy love-springs ? The correction of *ruinate* to *ruinous*, suggested by Steevens, though not adopted by him, is much more satisfactory. It is



If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:  
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:  
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;  
 Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?  
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women! make us but<sup>a</sup> believe,  
 Being compact of credit,<sup>b</sup> that you love us;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:  
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,<sup>c</sup>  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)  
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,  
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

to be observed that *Antipholus* is the prevailing orthography of the folio, though in some places we have *Antipholis*. *Love-springs* are the early *shoots* of love, as in the 'Venus and Adonis'—

"This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*."

The idea of love growing *ruinous*, even while *building up* its mansion in the lover's bosom, is found in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona':—

"O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,  
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,  
 Lest, growing *ruinous*, the building fall."

<sup>a</sup> *But*. The original has *not*, which is contrary to the sense.

<sup>b</sup> *Compact of credit*—credulous.

<sup>c</sup> *Vain*. Johnson interprets this *light of tongue*.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister<sup>a</sup> flood of tears ;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed<sup>b</sup> I'll take thee, and there lie ;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die :—

Let Love,<sup>c</sup> being light, be drowned if she sink !

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated ;<sup>d</sup> how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where<sup>e</sup> you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

<sup>a</sup> *Sister* is the reading of the first folio ; *sister's* is that of the second folio, which is ordinarily received : *sister* is more elegant, using the noun adjectively, which is frequent with Shakspere.

<sup>b</sup> *Bed*. The folio reads *bud*. There can be no doubt, we think, of the propriety of the correction. "The golden hairs" which are "spread o'er the silver waves" will form the bed of the lover. It has been suggested that we should read, "And as a bed I'll take *them*."

<sup>c</sup> *Love* is here used as the queen of love. In the 'Venus and Adonis,' Venus, speaking of herself, says—

"Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

<sup>d</sup> To *mate*—to *amate*—is to make senseless,—to stupify as in a dream. *Mætan* (A. S.) is to dream.

<sup>e</sup> *Where*. The original has *when*.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:  
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;  
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit *LUC.*

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence:<sup>a</sup> I have but

<sup>a</sup> See Illustrations to 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I. When anything offensive was spoken of, this form of apology was used.

lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That 's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What 's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir;—but her name and<sup>a</sup> three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?<sup>2</sup>

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.<sup>3</sup>

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *And.* In the original, *is*—an evident error.

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured<sup>a</sup> to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and  
my heart of steel,  
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn  
i' the wheel.<sup>b</sup>

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
If every one knows us, and we know none,  
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

*Ant. S.* There 's none but witches do inhabit here;  
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.  
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
But, lest myself be guilty to<sup>c</sup> self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

<sup>a</sup> Assured—affianced.

<sup>b</sup> We have printed these two lines as verse. The doggrel, like some of Swift's similar attempts, contains a superabundance of syllables; but we have little doubt that Dromio's description of the kitchen-maid was intended to conclude emphatically with rhyme.

<sup>c</sup> Guilty to—not of—was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time.



*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus ?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that 's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain ;  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine : <sup>a</sup>  
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this ?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir ; I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :  
Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this I cannot tell :  
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> *Porpentine*. This word is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspeare for *porcupine*. It was, no doubt, the familiar word in Shakspeare's time, and ought not to be changed. It has been previously used, in Scene I. of this Act.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“ *I could find out countries in her.*”

SHAKSPERE most probably had the idea from Rabelais, in the passage where Friar John maps out the head and chin of Panurge (l. iii. c. 28):—“Ta barbe, par les distinctions du gris, du blanc, du tanné, et du noir, me semble une mappe-monde. Regarde ici. Voila Asie. Ici sont Tigris et Euphrates. Voila Africque. Ici est la Montaigne de la Lune. Veois-tu les palus du Nil ? Deça est Europe. Veois-tu Theleme ? Ce touppet ici, tout blanc, sont les Monts Hyperborées.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“ *Where Scotland ?*”

In ‘The Merchant of Venice,’ where Portia describes her suitors to Nerissa, we have an allusion—sarcastic although playful—to the ancient contests of Scotland with England, and of the support which France generally rendered to the weaker side :—

“ *Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.”

The word *Scottish* is found in the original quarto of this play, but in the folio of 1623 it is changed to *other*. Malone considers that, ‘The Merchant of Venice’ being performed in the time of James, the allusion to Scotland was suppressed by the Master of the Revels ; but that the more offensive allusion to the “barrenness” of Scotland, in the passage before us, being retained in the original folio edition, is a proof that ‘The Comedy of Errors’ was not revived after the accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“ *Making war against her heir.*”

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that this passage is an allusion to the war of the League. In the first folio we have the spelling *heire*, although in the second folio it was changed to *haire*. Upon the assassination of Henry III., in August, 1589, the great contest commenced between his *heir*, Henry of Navarre, and the Leaguers, who opposed his succession. In 1591 Elizabeth sent an armed force to the assistance of Henry. If the supposition that this allusion was meant by Shakspeare be correct, the date of the play is pretty exactly determined ; for the war of the League was in effect concluded by Henry’s renunciation of the Protestant faith in 1593.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“ *Where America, the Indies ?*”

This is certainly one of the boldest anachronisms in Shakspeare ; for, although the period of the action of ‘The Comedy of Errors’ may include a range of four or five centuries, it must certainly be placed before the occupation of the city by the Mohammedans, and therefore some centuries before the discovery of America.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*Mer.* You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you,  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you  
Is growing to me<sup>a</sup> by Antipholus:  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock  
I shall receive the money for the same:  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her<sup>b</sup> confederates,  
For locking me out of my doors by day.  
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!  
[*Exit DROMIO.*]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up that trusts to you.  
I promised your presence, and the chain;  
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

<sup>a</sup> *Growing to me*—accruing to me.

<sup>b</sup> *Her*—the original has *their*. This, and similar mistakes of the pronoun, arise from the abbreviations of the manuscript.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;  
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides I have some business in the town:  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
Perchance, I will<sup>a</sup> be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;  
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;  
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:  
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?

<sup>a</sup> *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman); it is an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotsman); and an ancient Anglicism, says Malone (an Irishman.)

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do ; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation :—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had !

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail :

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there 's a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away : our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now ! a madman ? Why, thou peevish<sup>a</sup> sheep,  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

<sup>a</sup> *Peevish*—silly. *Sheep* and *ship* were pronounced alike. Thus Speed's jest in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona':—

"Twenty to one then he is *shipp'd* already,  
And I have play'd the *sheep* in losing him."



*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave : be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no ?

Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad or merrily ?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no right.<sup>a</sup>

*Adr.* He meant he did me none ; the more my spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he ?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

<sup>a</sup> The modern construction would be—"He denied you had in him a right ;" but this was Shakspeare's phraseology, and that of his time.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my speech.

*Adr.* Didst speak him fair ?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still ;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere ;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind ;

Stigmatical<sup>b</sup> in making, worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah ! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse :

Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away ;<sup>1</sup>

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Here, go : the desk, the purse ; sweet, now, make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath ?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

*Dro. S.* No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him ;

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;

A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff ;<sup>2</sup>

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;<sup>3</sup>

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.<sup>4</sup>

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter ?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter ; he is 'rested on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested ? tell me, at whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well ;

<sup>a</sup> *Stigmatical*—branded in form—with a mark upon him.

But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:  
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his  
desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—'This I wonder at, [Exit LUC.  
That<sup>a</sup> he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—  
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?<sup>b</sup>

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;  
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone.  
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back  
for very fear.

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou  
reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's  
worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,  
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?  
If he<sup>c</sup> be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;  
And bring thy master home immediately.  
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,  
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;  
And every one doth call me by my name.

<sup>a</sup> *That*, according to the second folio. The original has *thus*.

<sup>b</sup> *Band*—bond. (See Note to 'Richard II.,' Act I., Scene 1.)

<sup>c</sup> *He*. The original has *I*. Malone made the change.

Some tender money to me, some invite me ;  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;  
Some offer me commodities to buy :  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Dro. S.* Master, here 's the gold you sent me for :  
What, have you got [rid of<sup>a</sup>] the picture of Old Adam new  
apparelled?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that  
Adam that keeps the prison : he that goes in the calf's-skin  
that was killed for the prodigal ; he that came behind you,  
sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 't is a plain case : he that went like a  
base-viol, in a case of leather ; the man, sir, that, when gen-  
tlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them ; he, sir,  
that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of  
durance ; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with  
his mace, than a morris-pike.<sup>b</sup>

*Ant. S.* What ! thou mean'st an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ; he, that brings  
any man to answer it that breaks his band ; one that thinks a  
man always going to bed, and says, " God give you good rest !"

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any  
ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that  
the bark Expedition put forth to-night ; and then were you  
hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay : Here  
are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

<sup>a</sup> Theobald inserted *rid of* ; and the words appear necessary—for the " fellow all in buff" was not with the Antipholus of Syracuse.

<sup>b</sup> A *morris-pike* was the pike of the Moors. The weapon is mentioned by Holinshed.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I ;  
And here we wander in illusions ;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :  
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan ?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam ; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench ; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, " God damn me," that's as much as to say, " God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.  
Will you go with me ? We'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio ?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?  
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd ;  
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone ; but she, more covetous,  
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise ; an' if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain ;  
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.



*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [Exeunt *ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself:  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;  
Both one, and other, he denies me now.  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break away:  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;  
And will not lightly trust the messenger:  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,<sup>a</sup>  
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.  
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

<sup>a</sup> This is ordinarily printed—

“And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus.”

As we print the passage, his wife will not lightly, easily, trust the messenger with the money; for it will sound harshly in her ears that her husband should be attached in Ephesus.

*Dro. E.* Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.<sup>s</sup>

*Ant. E.* But where 's the money ?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

*Dro. E.* I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 't is for me to be patient ; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows : when I am cold, he heats me with beating ; when I am warm, he cools me with beating ; I am waked with it, when I sleep ; raised with it, when I sit ; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home ; welcomed home with it, when I return : nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat ; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and others.*

*Ant. E.* Come, go along ; my wife is coming yonder.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end ; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, " Beware the rope's end."

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk ? [Beats him.

*Cour.* How say you now ? is not your husband mad ?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ;

Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand. -

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?  
Did this companion with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,  
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn  
me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did I not in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,  
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dro. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will you might,  
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*Luc.* And I am witness with her, that she did.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. E. and DRO. E.*

*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

*Pinch.* More company; the fiend is strong within him.

*Luc.* Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,  
thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

*Off.* Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*Pinch.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*Off.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

*Adr.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
 And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
 Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
 Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil.—

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E. and DRO. E.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day,  
 Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
 (The ring I saw upon his finger now,)  
 Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;  
 I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and  
 DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords; let's call more help,  
 To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR., and LUC.*]

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She that would be your wife now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:  
 I long that we were safe and sound aboard.



*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff<sup>a</sup> aboard. [ *Exeunt.*

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<sup>a</sup> *Stuff*—baggage. “The king’s stuff” is often mentioned in the orders issued for royal progresses.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away.*”

THIS image was a favourite one with the Elizabethan writers. In Lyly's ‘Campaspe,’ 1584, we have, “You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.” Greene and Nash also have the same allusion, which Shakspeare repeats in ‘Measure for Measure:’—

“With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.—“*A fellow all in buff.*”

The Prince asks Falstaff, “Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?” The buff jerkin, according to Dromio's definition, is “an everlasting garment,” worn by “a shoulder-clapper.” The commentators have thrown away much research upon these passages. Steevens maintains that *everlasting* and *durance* were technical names for very strong and durable cloth; but there can be no doubt, we think, that, the occupation of the bailiff being somewhat dangerous in times when men were ready to resist the execution of the law with the sword and rapier, he was clothed with the ox-skin, the buff, which in warfare subsequently took the place of the heavier coat of mail. It is by no means clear, from the passage before us, that the bailiff did not even wear a sort of armour:—

“One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“*A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well.*”

The hound that runs *counter* runs upon a false course; but the hound that draws *dry-foot* well follows the game by the scent of the foot, as the blood-hound is said to do. The bailiff's dog-like attributes were not inconsistent; for he was a sergeant of the *counter prison*, and followed his game as Brainworm describes in ‘Every Man in his Humour:’ “Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, *dry-foot*, over Moorfields to London this morning.”

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.—“*One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.*”

The arrest “before judgment” is that upon *mesne process*, and Shakspeare is here employing his legal knowledge. It appears that Hell was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer Chamber for the debtors of the Crown. It is described by that name in the Journals of the House of Commons, on the occasion of the coronation of William and Mary.

<sup>5</sup> SCENE IV.—“*Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*”

Dr. Gray has the following note on this passage:—“If the honest countryman in the Isle of Axholm in Lincolnshire, where they grow little else but hemp, had been acquainted with Shakspeare's works, I should have imagined that he borrowed his jest from hence. At the beginning of the rebellion in 1641, a party of the parliament soldiers, seeing a man sowing somewhat, asked him what it was he was sowing, for they hoped to reap his crop. ‘I am sowing of hemp, gentlemen,’ (says he,) ‘and I hope I have enough for you all.’”

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Mer.* Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Ang.* 'T is so ; and that self chain about his neck,  
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly :  
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

*Ant. S.* I think I had ; I never did deny it.

*Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir ; and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

*Mer.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee :  
Fie on thee, wretch ! 't is pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;  
Some get within him,<sup>a</sup> take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house.<sup>b</sup>  
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.*]

*Enter the Abbess.*

*Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*Mer.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much different from the man he was;  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?  
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?  
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.

*Abb.* Haply, in private.

<sup>a</sup> *Get within him*—close with him.

<sup>b</sup> *Take a house*—take to a house; take the shelter of a house.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;  
In company, I often glanced it ;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Abb.* And therefore came it that the man was mad :  
The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :  
And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;  
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness ?  
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :  
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,<sup>a</sup>  
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?  
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :  
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.  
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

<sup>a</sup> Capell took an amusing method of correcting the supposed confusion in the sex of melancholy, reading thus:—

“ But moody and dull melancholy, *kins-*  
*Woman* to grim and comfortless despair.”

This is as good as

“ I studied in the *U-*  
*Niversity* of Gottingen.”



*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient: for I will not let him stir,  
Till I have used the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again:  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—  
The place of depth<sup>a</sup> and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

<sup>a</sup> *The place of depth* is the reading of the original. The modern reading is "the place of death." Mr. Hunter ('Disquisition on The Tempest,' p. 121) condemns the alteration as "injudicious and unjustifiable;" believing that the original words indicate the name of a particular spot in the city—The Place of Depth. This appears to us an unnecessary refinement; and at variance with the context—

"The place of depth and sorry execution."

But, without accepting the words with a *local* meaning, they appear to us to have a

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay,  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

*Ang.* See, where they come; we will behold his death.

*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed; with the  
Headsman and other Officers.*

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,—this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,  
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home;  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed.  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,<sup>a</sup>  
He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
And, with his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,

general signification, which may dispense with the change to *death*. "The place of depth" is the deep abysm, suited for "sorry execution:" in the words of Spenser—

"A dreadful *depth*, how deep no man can tell."

The idea of *depth* is always associated with something solemn and mysterious.

<sup>a</sup> *Strong escape*—escape effected by strength.

We came again to bind them: then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;  
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
 My master and his man are both broke loose,  
 Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>a</sup> and bound the doctor,  
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;  
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him  
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:  
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while  
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:<sup>b</sup>  
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;  
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.  
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you: [Cry within.  
 Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with  
 halberds.

*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you

<sup>a</sup> *A-row—on row*—one after the other.

<sup>b</sup> It was the custom to shave, or crop, the heads of idiots. "*Crop*, the conjurer," was probably a nickname for the unhappy *natural*.

That he is borne about invisible :  
 Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;  
 And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice !  
 Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
 When I bestrid thee in the wars,<sup>a</sup> and took  
 Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood  
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice !

*Ege.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
 I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.  
 She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;  
 That hath abused and dishonoured me,  
 Even in the strength and height of injury !  
 Beyond imagination is the wrong  
 That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon  
 me,

While she with harlots<sup>b</sup> feasted in my house.

*Duke.* A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou so ?

*Adr.* No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my sister,  
 To-day did dine together : So befall my soul  
 As this is false he burthens me withal !

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
 But she tells to your highness simple truth !

*Ang.* O perjur'd woman ! they are both forsworn.  
 In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised what I say ;  
 Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,  
 Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

<sup>a</sup> Thus, in 'Henry IV. Part I.' :—"Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me."

<sup>b</sup> A *harlot* was, originally, a *hireling*. Thus in Chaucer's 'Sompnoure's Tale' :—

"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,  
 That was hir hostes man."

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him : In the street I met him ;  
And, in his company, that gentleman.  
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats : He with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By' th' way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates ; along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man : this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together ;  
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames, and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?



*Ang.* He had, my lord : and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !  
And this is false you burthen me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this !  
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been :  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :  
You say he din'd at home ; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

*Cour.* He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'T is true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange :—Go call the abbess hither ;  
I think you are all mated, or stark mad. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word ;  
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords :  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*Æge.* I am sure you both of you remember me.

*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

*Æge.* Why look you strange on me ? you know me well.

*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*Æge.* Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last ;  
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face :  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

*Ant. E.* Neither.

*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou ?

*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.

*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.

*Dro. E.* Ay, sir ? but I am sure I do not ; and whatsoever  
a man denies you are now bound to believe him.

*Æge.* Not know my voice ! O, time's extremity !  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?  
Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :  
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou know'st we parted : but, perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so ;  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, and  
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see him.]

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is genius to the other;  
And so of these: Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty:  
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:  
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:  
What then became of them I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right.  
These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—  
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together.<sup>a</sup>  
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

<sup>a</sup> In the original these six lines of the Duke's speech follow the line spoken by the Abbess—

“ And speak unto the same Æmilia.”

The transposition, which was made by Maloue, is necessary to the sense.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior  
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so ;  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother :—What I told you then,  
I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;  
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me :  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need ; thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it ; and much thanks for my good  
cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.  
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour,

My heavy burthens are delivered :<sup>a</sup>  
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity,  
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;  
 After so long grief, such nativity !

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ABBESS, ÆGEON, COURTEZAN, MERCHANT,  
 ANGELO, and Attendants.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard ?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd ?

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me ; I am your master, Dromio :

Come, go with us ; we'll look to that anon :

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. and E., ADR., and LUC.

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,  
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;  
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother :  
 I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.  
 Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question : how shall we try it ?

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior : till then, lead  
 thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus :  
 We came into the world like brother and brother :  
 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> The passage in the original stands thus :—

“ *Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail  
 Of you, my sons, and till this present hour  
 My heavy burthen *are* delivered.”

Theobald altered the number to *twenty-five*. In the first scene Ægeon says that at *eighteen* years his youngest boy became inquisitive after his brother : and when he supposes that he recognises this son, in the last scene, he says, “ but *seven* years since ” we parted.



## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

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COLERIDGE has furnished the philosophy of all just criticism upon 'The Comedy of Errors' in a note, which we shall copy entire from his 'Literary Remains':—

"The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakspeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the licence allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

This postulate granted, it is impossible to imagine any dramatic action to be managed with more skill than that of 'The Comedy of Errors.' Hazlitt has pronounced a censure upon the play which is in reality a commendation:—"The curiosity excited is certainly very considerable, though not of the most pleasing kind. We are teased as with a riddle, which, notwithstanding, we try to solve." To excite the curiosity, by presenting a riddle which we should try to solve, was precisely what Plautus and Shakspeare intended to do. Our poet has made the riddle more complex by the introduction of the two Dromios, and has therefore increased the excitement of our curiosity. But whether this excitement be pleasing or annoying, and whether the riddle amuse or tease us, entirely depends upon the degree of attention which the reader or spectator of the farce is disposed to bestow upon it. Hazlitt adds, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well as from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of atten-

tion, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance, which the story supposes, will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplexity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention,"—not a "painful effort," we think,—a reader or spectator of 'The Comedy of Errors' is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;"—we know more than the actors in the drama;—we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the characters is a constantly-increasing triumph to us. We have never seen the play; but one who has seen it thus describes the effect:—"Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves."\* Mr. Brown adds, with great truth, "To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect." The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shaksperian, than the narrative of Ægeon; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive, that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. The Duke, who, like the reader or spectator, has heard the narrative, instantly sees the real state of things when the *dénouement* is approaching:—

"Why, here begins his morning story right."

The reader or spectator has seen it all along,—certainly by an effort of attention, for without the effort the characters would be confounded like the vain shadows of a half-waking dream;—and, having seen it, it is impossible, we think, that the constant readiness of the reader or spectator to solve the riddle should be other than pleasurable. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of 'The Comedy of Errors,' who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar

\* Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, &c. By Charles Armitage Brown.

with the persons of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Schlegel says, "In such pieces we must always presuppose, to give an appearance of truth to the senses at least, that the parts by which the misunderstandings are occasioned are played with masks; and this the poet, no doubt, observed." Whether masks, properly so called, were used in Shakspeare's time in the representation of this play, we have some doubt. But, unquestionably, each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of the same height,—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room,—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be taken to make the deception perfect, and yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress. We once knew two adult twin-brothers who might have played the Dromios without the least aids from the arts of the theatre. They were each stout, their stature was the same, each had a sort of shuffle in his walk, the voice of each was rough and unmusical, and they each dressed without any manifest peculiarity. One of them had long been a resident in the country town where we lived within a few doors of him, and saw him daily; the other came from a distant county to stay with our neighbour. Great was the perplexity. It was perfectly impossible to distinguish between them, at first, when they were apart; and we well remember walking some distance with the stranger, mistaking him for his brother, and not discovering the mistake (which he humoured) till we saw his total ignorance of the locality. But after seeing this *Dromio erraticus* a few times the perplexity was at an end. There was a difference which was palpable, though not exactly to be defined. If the features were alike, their expression was somewhat varied; if their figures were the same, the one was somewhat more erect than the other; if their voices were similar, the one had a different mode of accentuation from the other; if they each wore a blue coat with brass buttons, the one was decidedly more slovenly than the other in his general appearance. If we had known them at all intimately, we probably should have ceased to think that the outward points of identity were even greater than the points of difference. We should have, moreover, learned the difference of their characters. It appears to us, then, that as this farce of real life was very soon at an end when we had become a little familiar with the peculiarities in the per-

sons of these twin-brothers, so the spectator of 'The Comedy of Errors' will very soon detect the differences of the Dromios and Antipholuses; and that, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only not tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

But has not Shakspeare himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the Errors, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character? Pope forcibly remarked that, if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in 'The Comedy of Errors.'

The Dromio of Syracuse is described by his master as

"A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests."

But the wandering Antipholus herein describes himself: he is a prey to "care and melancholy." He has a holy purpose to execute, which he has for years pursued without success:—

"He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water  
That in the ocean seeks another drop."

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspeare's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

"O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;  
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs."

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

"But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song."

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—



"The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions:  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!"

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtesan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the Errors are clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

"Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:  
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

"Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the Errors;—but he deserves it. His doors are shut against him, it is true;—in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:—

"Your long experience of her wisdom,  
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience;"—he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

"That chain will I bestow  
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)  
Upon mine hostess"—

would not have been made by his brother in a similar situation. He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtesan. But he is not satisfied:—

"Go thou  
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates."

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the



“rope’s end” instead of his “ducats.” His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character ; and when he has

“Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,”

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the wrong patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took “deep scars” to save his prince’s life,—and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured,—he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse ; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly-loving ;—that he has no habits of self-command ;—that his temperament is sensual ;—and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

“a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures.”

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their “merry jests ;” they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper ; they each cling faithfully to their master’s interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting :—

“The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell ;  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold.”

Again :—

“I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress’ marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.”

He is a formal humorist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this :—

“*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock’d up, and I shut out ?  
*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock’d, and you shut out.  
*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there ?  
*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil’d you there.  
*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me ?  
*Dro. E.* Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn’d you.”

On the contrary, the “merry jests” of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes.

He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and we have no doubt gave his tongue such active exercise, by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis, as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second scene of Act II., where Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the "kitchen-wench,"—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether irresistibly droll. The twin-brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way: but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out;—but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."



[Remains of Aqueduct at Ephesus.]

# LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,	}	<i>Lords attending on the King.</i>
LONGAVILLE,		
DUMAIN,		

BOYET,	}	<i>Lords attending on the Princess of France.</i>
MERCADE,		

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

*A Forester.*

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,	}	<i>Ladies attending on the Princess.</i>
MARIA,		
KATHARINE,		

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

*Officers and others, Attendants on the King and  
Princess.*

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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### STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.\*

THIS play was one of those published in Shakspeare's lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1598, under the following title: 'A pleasant conceited Comedie, called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere.' No subsequent edition appeared in a separate form till 1631. In the first collected edition of Shakspeare's plays, the folio of 1623, the text differs little from the original quarto. The editors of the first folio would appear to have taken the quarto as their copy, making, probably, a few slight alterations, and the printers adding to the changes by a few slight mistakes. The manifold errors of the press in the Latin words of the first edition have not been corrected in the second. We have still *Dictisima* for *Dictynna*, and *bome* for *bone*. Steevens, in a note to 'Henry V.,' observes, "It is very certain that authors, in the time of Shakspeare, did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw, in one of the old plays, a sentence of either Latin, Italian, or French, without the most ridiculous blunders." This neglect on the part of dramatic authors may be accounted for by the fact that the press was not their medium of publication; but it is remarkable that such errors should have been perpetuated through four of the collected editions of Shakspeare's works, and not have been corrected till the time of Rowe and Theobald.

We have seen, from the title of the first edition of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' that, when it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, at the

\* *Love's Labour's Lost*. The title of this play stands as follows in the folio of 1623: '*Loues Labour's Lost*.' The modes in which the genitive case and the contraction of *is* after a substantive are printed in the titles of other plays in this edition, and in some of the earlier copies, lead us to believe that the author intended to call his play 'Love's Labour is Lost.' The apostrophe is not given as the mark of the genitive case in these instances—'*The Winters Tale*,'—'*A Midsummer Nights Dream*'—(so printed). But when the verb *is* forms a part of the title, the apostrophe is introduced, as in '*All's Well that Ends Well*.' We do not think ourselves justified, therefore, in printing either 'Love's Labour Lost,' or 'Love's Labours Lost,'—as some have recommended.



Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." As no edition of the comedy, before it was corrected and augmented, is known to exist (though, as in the case of the unique 'Hamlet' of 1603, one may some day be discovered), we have no proof that the few allusions to temporary circumstances, which are supposed in some degree to fix the date of the play, may not apply to the augmented copy only. Thus, when Moth refers to "the dancing horse" who was to teach Armado how to reckon what "deuce-ace amounts to," the fact that Banks's horse (see Illustrations of Act I., Scene 2) first appeared in London in 1589 does not prove that the original play might not have been written before 1589. This date gives it an earlier appearance than Malone would assign to it, who first settled it as 1591, and afterwards as 1594. A supposed allusion to 'The Metamorphosis of Ajax,' by Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, is equally unimportant with reference to the original composition of the play. The "finished representation of colloquial excellence"\* in the beginning of the fifth act, is supposed to be an imitation of a passage in Sidney's 'Arcadia,' first printed in 1590. The passage might have been introduced in the augmented copy; to say nothing of the fact that the 'Arcadia' was known in manuscript before it was printed. Lastly, the mask in the fifth act, where the King and his lords appear in Russian habits, and the allusions to Muscovites which this mask produces, are supposed by Warburton to have been suggested by the public concern for the settlement of a treaty of commerce with Russia in 1591. But the learned commentator overlooks a passage in Hall's 'Chronicle,' which shows that a mask of Muscovites was a court recreation in the time of Henry VIII.†

In the *extrinsic* evidence, therefore, which this comedy supplies, there is nothing whatever to disprove the belief which we entertain that, before it had been "corrected and augmented," 'Love's Labour's Lost' was one of the plays produced by Shakspeare about 1589, when, being only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint-proprietor in the Blackfriars theatre. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion; and as this evidence involves several curious particulars of literary history, we have to request the reader's indulgence whilst we examine it somewhat in detail.

Coleridge, who always speaks of this comedy as a "juvenile drama"—"a young author's first work,"—says, "The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakspeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a

\* Johnson.

† See Illustrations to Act V.

*schoolboy's observation might supply.*"\* For this production, Shakspeare, it is presumed, found neither characters nor plot in any previous romance or drama. "I have not hitherto discovered," says Steevens, "any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance." Steevens might have more correctly said, that the story has most of the features which would be derived from an acquaintance with the ancient romances. The action of the comedy, and the higher actors, are the creations of one who was imbued with the romantic spirit of the middle ages—who was conversant "with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes."† Our poet himself, in this play, alludes to the Spanish romances of chivalry:—

"This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

With these materials, and out of his own "imaginative self-position," might Shakspeare have readily produced the King and Princess, the lords and ladies, of this comedy; and he might have caught the tone of the court of Elizabeth,—the wit, the play upon words, the forced attempts to say and do clever things,—without any actual contact with the society which was accessible to him after his fame conferred distinction even upon the highest and most accomplished patron. The more ludicrous characters of the drama were unquestionably within the range of "a schoolboy's observation."

And first, of Don Armado, whom Scott calls "the Euphuist."‡ The historical events which are interwoven with the plot of Scott's 'Monastery' must have happened about 1562 or 1563, before the authority of the unhappy Queen of Scots was openly trodden under foot by Murray and her rebellious lords; and she had at least the personal liberty, if not the free will, of a supreme ruler. Our great novelist is, as is well known, not very exact in the matter of dates; and in the present instance his licence is somewhat extravagant. Explaining the source of the affectations of *his* Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, he says—"it was about this period that 'the only rare poet of his time, the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and quickly-facetious

\* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 102.

† Ibid., p. 104.

‡ Introduction to 'The Monastery.'

John Lyly—he that sate at Apollo's table, and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of his own bays without snatching<sup>\*</sup>—he, in short, who wrote that singularly coxcombical work called '*Euphues and his England*'—was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his '*Anatomy of Wit*' had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary;—all the court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler Euphuisme* was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant as those of understanding how to use his rapier, or to dance a measure."<sup>†</sup> This statement is somewhat calculated to mislead the student of our literary history as to the period of the commencement, and of the duration, of Lyly's influence upon the structure of "polite conversation." '*Euphues,—the Anatomy of Wit,*' was first published in 1580; and '*Euphues and his England*' in 1581—some eighteen or twenty years after the time when Sir Piercie Shafton (the English Catholic who surrendered himself to the champions of John Knox and the Reformation) explained to Mary of Avenel the merits of '*The Anatomy of Wit*'—"that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known."<sup>‡</sup> Nor was the fashion of Euphuism as momentary as Scott represents it to have been. The prevalence of this "spurious and unnatural mode of conversation"<sup>§</sup> is alluded to in Jonson's '*Every Man out of his Humour,*' first acted in 1599;—and it forms one of the chief objects of the satire of rare Ben's '*Cynthia's Revels,*' first acted in 1600. But the most important question with reference to Shakspeare's employment of the affected phraseology which he puts into the mouth of Armado is, whether this "quaint, forced, and unnatural style" was an imitation of that said to be *introduced* by Lyly; if, indeed, Lyly did more than reduce to a system those innovations of language which had obtained a currency amongst us for some time previous to the appearance of his books. Blount, it is true, says—"our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. '*Euphues and his England*' began first that language." It is somewhat difficult precisely to define what "that language" is; but the language of Armado is not very different from that of Andrew Borde, the physician, who, according to Hearne, "gave rise to the name of Merry Andrew, the fool of the mountebank stage." His '*Breviary*

\* Extract from Blount, the editor of six of Lyly's plays, in 1632.

† Monastery, chap. xiv.

‡ Ibid.

§ Gifford's '*Ben Jonson,*' vol. ii. p. 250.

of Health,' first printed in 1547, begins thus: "Egregious doctours and maysters of the eximious and archane science of physicke, of your urbanitie exasperate not your selve."\* Nor is Armado's language far removed from the example of "dark words and ink-horn terms" exhibited by Wilson, in his 'Arte of Rhetorike,' first printed in 1553, where he gives a letter thus devised by a Lincolnshire man for a void benefice:—"Ponderying, expending, and revolutyng with myself, your ingent affabilitie, and ingenious capacitie for mundane affaires, I cannot but celebrate and extoll your magnificall dexteritie above all other. For how could you have adapted suche illustrate prerogative, and dominicall superioritie, if the fecunditie of your ingenie had not been so fertile and wonderfull pregnaunt?"† In truth, Armado the braggart, and Holofernes the pedant, both talk in this vein; though the schoolmaster may lean more to the hard words of Lexiphanism, and the fantastic traveller to the quips and cranks of Euphuism. Our belief is, that, although Shakspeare might have been familiar with Lyly's 'Euphues' when he wrote 'Love's Labour's Lost,' he did not, in Armado, point at the fashion of the court "to parley Euphuism."‡ The courtiers in this comedy, be it observed, speak, when they are wearing an artificial character, something approaching to this language, but not the identical language. They, indeed, "trust to speeches penn'd"—they "woo in rhyme"—they employ

"Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-pil'd hyperboles;"—

they exhibit a "constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with the making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it."§ But of no one of them can it be said, "He speaks not like a man of God's making." Ben Jonson, on the contrary, when, in 'Cynthia's Revels,' he satirized "the special fountain of manners, the court," expressly makes the courtiers talk the very jargon of Euphuism; as for example: "You know I call madam Philautia my Honour; and she calls me her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lips; and withal kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, Nay, now you are too

\* Quoted in Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' vol. iii. p. 355: 1824.

† Ibid., vol. iv. p. 160.

‡ Blount.

§ Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 104.



ambitious. And then do I reply, I cannot be too ambitious of Honour, sweet lady." But Armado,

"A refined traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,"

is the only man of "fire-new words." The pedant even laughs at him as a "fanatical phantasm." But such a man Shakspeare might have seen in his own country-town: where, unquestionably, the schoolmaster and the curate might also have flourished. If he had found them in books, Wilson's 'Rhetorike' might as well have supplied the notion of Armado and Holofernes, as Lyly's 'Euphues' of the one, or Florio's 'First Fruits' of the other.

Warburton, in his usual "discourse peremptory," tells us, "by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small Dictionary of that language, under the title of 'A World of Words.'" What Warburton asserted Farmer upheld. Florio, says Farmer, had given the first affront, by saying, "the plays that they play in England are neither right comedies nor right tragedies, but representations of histories without any decorum." Florio says this in his 'Second Fruits,' published in 1591. Now, if Shakspeare felt himself aggrieved at this statement, which was true enough of the English drama before his time, he was betrayed by his desire for revenge into very unusual inconsistencies. For, in truth, the making of a teacher of Italian the prototype of a country schoolmaster, who, whilst he lards his phrases with words of Latin, as if he were construing with his class, holds to the good old English pronunciation, and abhors "such rackers of orthography as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say, *doubt*," &c., is such an absurdity as Shakspeare, who understood his art, would never have yielded to through any instigation of caprice or passion. The probability is, that, when Shakspeare drew Holofernes, whose name he found in Rabelais,\* he felt himself under considerable obligations to John Florio for having given the world "his First Fruits; which yelde familiar speech, merie proverbes, wittie sentences, and golden sayings." This book was printed in 1578. But, according to Warburton, Florio, in 1598, in the preface to a new edition of his 'World of Words,' is furious upon Shakspeare in the following passage: "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarl than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who, lighting

\* "De fait, l'on luy enseigna ung grand docteur sophiste, nommé maistre Thubal Holoferne." Gargantua, livre i. chap. xiv.



on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a rhymer. Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plays, and scour their mouths on Socrates, those very mouths they make to vilify shall be the means to amplify his virtue." Warburton maintains that the sonnet was Florio's own, and that it was parodied in the "extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer," beginning

"The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket."

This is very ingenious argument, but somewhat bold; and it appears to us that Thomas Wilson was just as likely to have suggested the alliteration as John Florio. In 'The Arte of Rhetorike,' which we have already quoted, we find this sentence: "Some use over-muche repetition of one letter, as pitifull povertie prayeth for a penie, but puffed presumption passeth not a point." Indeed, there are many existing proofs of the excessive prevalence of alliteration in the end of the sixteenth century. Bishop Andrews is notorious for it. Florio seems to have been somewhat of a braggart, for he always signs his name "Resolute John Florio." But, according to the testimony of Sir William Cornwallis, he was far above the character of a fantastical pedant. Speaking of his translation of Montaigne (the book which has now acquired such interest by bearing Shakspeare's undoubted autograph), Sir William Cornwallis says, "divers of his (Montaigne's) pieces I have seen translated; they that understand both languages say very well done; and I am able to say (if you will take the word of ignorance), translated into a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure."\* Holofernes, the pedant, who had "lived long on the alms-basket of words"—who had "been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps,"—was not the man to deserve the praise of writing "a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure."

As far then as we have been able to trace, the original comedy of 'Love's Labour's Lost' might have been produced by Shakspeare without any personal knowledge of the court language of Euphuism,—without any acquaintance with John Florio,—and with a design only to ridicule those extravagancies which were opposed to the maxim of Roger Ascham, the most unpedantic of schoolmasters, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."† The further intrinsic evidence that this comedy was a very early production is most satisfactory. Coleridge has a very acute remark (which in our minds is worth all that has been written about the learning of

\* Essays. 1600.

† Toxophilus.

Shakspeare) as to his early literary habits :—" It is not unimportant to notice how strong a presumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakspeare's acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits, and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him ;—or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditations."\* The frequent rhymes,—the alternate verses,—the familiar metre which has been called doggerel (but which Anstey and Moore have made classical by wit, and by fun even more agreeable than wit)—lines such as

"His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes ;"—

the sonnets full of quaint conceits, or running off into the most playful anacreontics,—the skilful management of the pedantry, with a knowledge far beyond the pedantry,—and the happy employment of the ancient mythology,—all justify Coleridge's belief that the materials of this comedy were drawn from the immediate employments of Shakspeare's youth. Still the play, when augmented and corrected, might have received many touches derived from the power which he had acquired by experience. If it were not presumptuous to attempt to put our finger upon such passages, we would say that Biron's eloquent speech at the end of the fourth act, beginning

"Have at you then, affection's men at arms,"—

and Rosaline's amended speech at the end of the play,

"Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,"—

must be amongst the more important of these augmentations.

#### PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

THERE is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre as to possessions in Aquitain. We may place, therefore, the period of the action

\* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 108.

as the period of Elizabeth, for the manners are those of Shakspeare's own time. The more remarkable of the customs which are alluded to will be pointed out in our Illustrations.

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COSTUME.

CESARE VECELLIO, at the end of his third book (edit. 1598), presents us with the general costume of Navarre at this period. The women appear to have worn a sort of clog or patten, something like the Venetian chioppine; and we are told in the text that some dressed in imitation of the French, some in the style of the Spaniards, while others blended the fashions of both those nations. The well-known costume of Henri Quatre and Philip II. may furnish authority for the dress of the king and nobles of Navarre, and of the lords attending on the Princess of France, who may herself be attired after the fashion of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Henry III. of France, and first wife of his successor the King of Navarre. (*Vide* Montfaucon, *Monarchie Française*.) We subjoin the Spanish gentleman, and the French lady, of 1589, from Vecellio. For the costume of the Muscovites in the mask (Act V.), see Illustrations.





[Curious-knotted Garden.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON,<sup>a</sup> LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.*

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity.  
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—

<sup>a</sup> *Biron.* In all the old copies this name is spelt *Berowne*. In Act IV., Scene 3, we have a line in which *Biron* rhymes to *moon*. We may, therefore, suppose the pronunciation to have been *Beroon*. Boswell says that all French words of this termination were so pronounced in English; and that Mr. Fox always said *Touloon* (for Toulon) in the House of Commons.



Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :  
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;  
Our court shall be a little Academe,  
Still and comtemplative in living art.  
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,  
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,  
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes  
That are recorded in this schedule here :  
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names ;  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein :  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oath,<sup>a</sup> and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd : 't is but a three years' fast ;  
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine :  
Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout<sup>b</sup> the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.  
The grosser manner of these world's delights  
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :  
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die ;  
With all these living in philosophy.<sup>c</sup>

*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over,  
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
That is, To live and study here three years.  
But there are other strict observances :  
As, not to see a woman in that term ;  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :  
And, one day in a week to touch no food,  
And but one meal on every day beside ;  
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :  
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,  
And not be seen to wink of all the day ;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)  
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :

<sup>a</sup> *Oath.* The original copies have *oaths*.

<sup>b</sup> So the folio. Modern copies read "bank'rout *quite*."

<sup>c</sup> *With all these.* To love, to wealth, to pomp, Dumain is dead ; but philosophy, in which he lives, includes them all.



O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;  
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please ;  
I only swore, to study with your grace,  
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.  
What is the end of study ? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common  
sense ?

*King.* Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know :  
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,  
When I to fast expressly am forbid ;<sup>a</sup>

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid :  
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know :  
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain ; and<sup>b</sup> that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain :  
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile :  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

<sup>a</sup> *Forbid.* The old copies read "to *fast* expressly am forbid." This appears, at first, to be the converse of the oath. But *for-bid* was a very ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical. Biron will *study* to know what he is *forbid* to know ;—he uses here *forbid* in its common acceptation. But he is expressly *for-bid* to fast—expressly *bid* to fast ; and he will receive the word as if he were *forbidden*—*bid* from fasting. With this view of Biron's casuistry we restore the old word *fast*.

<sup>b</sup> For *and* the modern editors have given *but*.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from other's books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know is, to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*King.*<sup>a</sup> Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any<sup>b</sup> abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;  
But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.<sup>c</sup>

*King.* Well, sit you out;<sup>d</sup> go home, Biron; adieu!

<sup>a</sup> In modern editions these lines are given to Longaville, against the authority of the early editions.

<sup>b</sup> For *any* Pope gave us *an*. Why?

<sup>c</sup> So the quarto of 1598. The folio has—

“That were to climb o'er the house t' unlock the gate.”

<sup>d</sup> *Sit you out*. The folio has “*fit you out*.”

*Biron.* No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :  
 And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,  
 Than for that angel knowledge you can say ;  
 Yet, confident I'll keep what I have sworn,  
 And bide the penance of each three years' day,  
 Give me the paper,—let me read the same ;  
 And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.<sup>a</sup>

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

*Biron.* [*Reads.*]

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—  
 Hath this been proclaim'd ?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]

—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devis'd this penalty ?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why ?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility.<sup>b</sup>

[*Reads.*]

Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years,  
 he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy  
 The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—  
 About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father :  
 Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes th' admired princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is over-shot ;  
 While it doth study to have what it would,  
 It doth forget to do the thing it should :

<sup>a</sup> It is usual to close the sentence at "three years' day;" but the construction requires the rejection of such a pause.

<sup>b</sup> In the early editions this line is given to Longaville. It seems more properly to belong to Biron, and we therefore receive Theobald's correction, especially as Biron is reading the paper, and the early copies do not mark this when they give the line of comment upon the previous item to Longaville.

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must, of force, dispense with this decree;  
She must lie<sup>a</sup> here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years' space:  
For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace.  
If I break faith, this word shall speak<sup>b</sup> for me,  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions<sup>c</sup> are to others, as to me;  
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,  
I am the last that will last keep his oath.  
But is there no quick recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted  
With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One who<sup>d</sup> the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements,<sup>e</sup> whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *To lie*—to reside. We have the sense in Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador—"an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

<sup>b</sup> The folio reads *break*.

<sup>c</sup> *Suggestions*—temptations.

<sup>d</sup> *Who*. So the old copies. The more correct *whom* of the modern editions is a deviation from the idiom of Shakspeare's time.

<sup>e</sup> *Complements*—a man versed in ceremonial distinctions—in punctilios—a man who brings *forms* to decide the mutiny between right and wrong. *Compliment* and *complement* were originally written without distinction; and though the first may be taken to mean *ceremonies*, and the second *accomplishments*, both the one and the other have the same origin—they each *make that perfect which was wanting*. In this passage we have the meaning of *ceremonies*; but in Act III., where Moth says, "these are complements," we have the meaning of *accomplishments*.



How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;  
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,  
 A man of fire-new<sup>a</sup> words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport ;  
 And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.*

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person ?

*Biron.* This, fellow. What wouldst ?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his  
 grace's tharborough:<sup>b</sup> but I would see his own person in  
 flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's  
 villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high  
 words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low heaven:<sup>c</sup> God grant us  
 patience !

*Biron.* To hear ? or forbear hearing ?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to  
 forbear both.

<sup>a</sup> *Fire-new* and *bran-new*,—that is, *brand-new*,—new off the irons,—have each the same origin.

<sup>b</sup> *Tharborough*—thirdborough—a peace-officer.

<sup>c</sup> *Heaven.* This is the reading of the early copies ; but it was changed by Theobald to *having*. In our first edition we yielded to the universal adoption of the change ; but we have become satisfied that *heaven* is the true word, and we restore it accordingly. Mr. Whiter, in his 'Specimen of a Commentary,' has noticed this passage, in connexion with his theory of association. The *heaven* here mentioned is the *heaven* of the ancient stage—the covering, or internal roof—according to Mr. Whiter. (See 'Henry VI., Part I.,' Illustrations of Act I.) The "high words" expected in Armado's letter were associated with "a low heaven,"—as the ranting heroes of the early tragedy mouthed their lofty language beneath a very humble roof. Without adopting Mr. Whiter's theory in its full extent, we may receive the term "*low heaven*" as we receive the term "*highest heaven*" in 'Henry V.,' or the "*third heaven*" of some of the old comedies. Biron has somewhat profanely said, "I hope in God for high words ;" and Longaville reproves him by saying, your hope is expressed in strong terms for a very paltry gratification—"A high hope for a low heaven."



*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.<sup>a</sup>

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: And God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*]

"Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.*

"So it is,—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.<sup>b</sup>

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.*

"So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yeleft thy park. Then for the place where;

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<sup>a</sup> *Manner.* Costard here talks law-French. A thief was taken with the *mainour* when he was taken with the thing stolen—*hond-habend*, having in the hand.

<sup>b</sup> *So-so* in modern editions. *So* in early copies.

where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest : But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.<sup>a</sup> There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

*Cost.* Me ?

*King.*—

—“ that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

*Cost.* Me ?

*King.*

—“ that shallow vassal,

*Cost.* Still me ?

*King.*

—“ which, as I remember, hight Costard,

*Cost.* O me !

*King.*

—“ sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,”—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.*

—“ with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female ; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull ; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

*Dull.* Me, an 't shall please you ; I am Antony Dull.

*King.*

“ For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury ; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.”

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this ?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation ?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

<sup>a</sup> The early copies read “ *which* with.”

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.]

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit thee down, sorrow!<sup>a</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*

*Armado's House.*

*Enter* ARMADO and MOTH.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.*<sup>b</sup> Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.<sup>c</sup>

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, sir, no.

<sup>a</sup> *Sit thee down, sorrow.* The first folio omits *thee*.

<sup>b</sup> In the early copies, Armado is called *Braggart* through the scene, after his first words.

<sup>c</sup> *Imp*, in our old language, is a graft, a shoot;—and thence applied to a child.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious?<sup>a</sup>

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heat'st my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* He speaks the mere contrary, crosses<sup>b</sup> love not him.

[*Aside.*

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

<sup>a</sup> The first folio, *ingenious*.

<sup>b</sup> *Crosses*. A cross is a coin. Moth thinks his master has the poverty as well as pride of a Spaniard.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here 's three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.<sup>8</sup>

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cipher. [Aside.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir: and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a



love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate<sup>a</sup> thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathetic !

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known ;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown :

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know ;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.<sup>b</sup>

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 't is not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ; she deserves well.

*Moth.* To be whipped ; and yet a better love than my master.

[*Aside.*

*Arm.* Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto of 1598. The folio *immaculate*. To maculate is to stain—maculate thoughts are impure thoughts. Thus in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' of Beaumont and Fletcher,—

“ O vouchsafe

With that thy rare green eye, which never yet  
Beheld things *maculate*.”

<sup>b</sup> *Owe*—possess.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.*

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a<sup>a</sup> must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.<sup>b</sup> Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.<sup>c</sup>

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?<sup>d</sup>

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away. [*Exeunt DULL and JAQ.*]

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

<sup>a</sup> The folio, *he*.

<sup>b</sup> *Day-woman* most probably means dairy-woman. In parts of Scotland the term *dey* has been appropriated to dairy-maids; but in England, *deyes* were, perhaps, the lowest class of husbandry servants, generally. In a statute of Richard II., regulating wages, we have "a swineherd, a female labourer, and deye," put down at six shillings yearly. Chaucer describes the diet of his "poore widow" as that of a dey (*Nonnes Preestes Tale*):—

"Milk and brown bread, in which she fond no lack,  
Seinde bacon, and sometime an ey or twey;  
For she was, as it were, a maner *dey*."

We have no Saxon word, except *dairy*, that confirms the opinion that dey was the dairy-maid; but Douce says that, in Swedish, *dia* signifies to milk.

<sup>c</sup> *Hereby*—a provincial expression for *as it may happen*. Armado takes it as *hard by*.

<sup>d</sup> The folio has "With *what* face?" The phrase of the quarto, "with *that* face," was a vulgar idiomatic expression in the time of Fielding, who says he took it, "verbatim, from very polite conversation."

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent<sup>a</sup> in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH and COSTARD.]

*Arm.* I do affect<sup>b</sup> the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's buttshaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause<sup>c</sup> will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet.<sup>d</sup> Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Silent.* So the folio. The quarto has *too silent*. The antithesis of Costard's nonsense is somewhat spoiled by the *too*.

<sup>b</sup> *To affect* is to incline towards, and thence, metaphorically, to love.

<sup>c</sup> *First and second cause.* See Illustrations to 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II. Scene 4.

<sup>d</sup> *Sonnet.* All the old copies have *sonnet*. Hanmer "emended" it into *sonneteer*, which is the received reading. To "turn sonneteer" is not in keeping with Armado's style—as "adieu, valour—rust, rapier;"—and afterwards "devise, wit—write, pen." He says, in the same phraseology, he will "turn sonnet;" as at the present day we say, "he can *turn a tune*." Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, speaks of Shakspeare's "well-turned and true-filed lines."

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*In high-born words, the worth of many a knight  
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.*”

IN the variorum editions of Shakspeare there is a long dissertation by Warburton, to show that the romances of chivalry were of Spanish origin; and an equally long refutation of this opinion by Tyrwhitt. Tyrwhitt is, undoubtedly, more correct than Warburton; for, although the romances of chivalry took root in Spain, very few were of Spanish growth. Shakspeare could have known nothing of these romances through the source by which they have become familiar to England,—for ‘Don Quixote’ was not published till 1605; but ‘Amadis of Gaul’ (asserted by Sismondi to be of Portuguese origin) was translated in 1592; and ‘Palmerin of England’—which Southey mentions to be Portuguese—was translated in 1580. It is probable that many of the Spanish romances of the sixteenth century were wholly or partially known in England when Shakspeare wrote ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost;’ and formed, at least, a subject of conversation amongst the courtiers and men of letters. He, therefore, makes it one of the qualities of Armado to recount, “in high-born words,” the exploits of the knights of “tawny Spain”—exploits which once received their due meed of admiration—but which “the world’s debate”—the contentions of wars and political changes—have obscured. The extravagances of these romances, as told by Armado, are pointed at by the King—“I love to hear him lie.”

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*Curious-knotted garden.*”

We have given at the head of Act I. a representation of a “curious-knotted garden,” which will inform our readers better than any description. The beds, or plots, disposed in mathematical symmetry, were the knots. The gardener, in ‘Richard II.,’ comparing England to a neglected garden, says,—

“Her fruit-trees all unprun’d, her hedges ruin’d,  
Her *knots* disorder’d.”

Milton has exhibited the characteristics of this formal symmetry by a beautiful contrast :—

“Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art  
In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon  
Pour’d forth.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—“*The dancing horse will tell you.*”

Our ancestors were fond of learned quadrupeds. “Holden’s camel” was distinguished for “ingenuous study,” as mentioned by John Taylor, the water-poet; there was a superlatively wise elephant, noticed by Donne and Jonson;—but the “dancing horse”—“Banks’s horse”—has been celebrated by Shakspeare, and Jonson, and Donne, and Hall, and Taylor, and Sir Kenelm Digby, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The name of this wonderful horse was Morocco; and the nature of his performances may be best understood from the following engraving, which is copied from a pamphlet published in 1595. Banks first showed his horse in London in 1589; where, in addition to his usual accomplishments of telling the number of pence in a silver coin, and the number of points in throws of the dice, he filled the town with wonder

by going to the top of St. Paul's. The fame of Banks's horse led his master to visit the Continent, but he was unfortunate in this step. At Orleans the horse and the master were brought under suspicion of magic; and, to the utter disgrace of papal ignorance and intolerance, poor Banks and his "fine cut" were, at last, put to death at Rome; as Jonson quaintly says:—

"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch."





## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and  
Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the* PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest<sup>a</sup> spirits ;  
Consider who the king your father sends ;  
To whom he sends ; and what 's his embassy :  
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,  
To parley with the sole inheritor  
Of all perfections that a man may owe,  
Matchless Navarre : the plea of no less weight  
Than Aquitain ; a dowry for a queen.  
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world beside,  
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd<sup>b</sup> by base sale of chapmen's<sup>c</sup> tongues :  
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.  
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,  
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame  
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,  
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,

<sup>a</sup> *Dearest*—best.

<sup>b</sup> To *utter* is to put forth—as we say, “to utter base coin.”

<sup>c</sup> *Chapman* was formerly a seller—a *cheapman*, from *cheap*, a market ; and it is still used in this sense legally, as when we say, “dealer and chapman.” But it was also used indifferently for seller and buyer : the bargainer on either side was a *cheapman*, *chapman*, or *copeman*.

No woman may approach his silent court :  
 Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,  
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,  
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,  
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you  
 As our best-moving fair solicitor :  
 Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,  
 On serious business, craving quick despatch,  
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.  
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,  
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

[*Exit.*]

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.  
 Who are the votaries, my loving lords,  
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man ?

*Mar.* I know him, madam ; at a marriage feast,  
 Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir  
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemniz'd  
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville :  
 A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;  
 Well fitted in the arts,<sup>a</sup> glorious in arms :  
 Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.  
 The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss  
 (If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)  
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;  
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills  
 It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is 't so ?

*Mar.* They say so most, that most his humours know.

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.  
 Who are the rest ?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,  
 Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :  
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill ;  
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit.

<sup>a</sup> *The arts.* So the second folio. The earlier copies want the article.

I saw him at the duke Alençon's once ;  
And much too little of that good I saw,  
Is my report,<sup>a</sup> to his great worthiness.

*Ros.* Another of these students at that time  
Was there with him : As<sup>b</sup> I have heard a truth,  
Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal :  
His eye begets occasion for his wit :  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God bless my ladies ! are they all in love ;  
That every one her own hath garnished  
With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter BOYET.*

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord ?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach ;  
And he and his competitors in oath  
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,  
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,  
He rather means to lodge you in the field,  
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)  
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre.

[*The Ladies mask.*

*Enter KING, LONGVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.*

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* Fair I give you back again ; and welcome I have

<sup>a</sup> Compared to his great worthiness.

<sup>b</sup> *As*, in the folio ; the quarto, *if*. *As* appears more natural—*as*, in truth, I have heard.

not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he 'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn-out housekeeping:

'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [Gives a paper.]

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;

For you 'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'T is long<sup>a</sup> of you that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!<sup>b</sup>

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And send you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

<sup>a</sup> Long of you—along of you—through you.

<sup>b</sup> The ladies were masked, and, perhaps, were dressed alike. Biron, subsequently, after an exchange of wit with Rosaline, inquires who Katharine is; and Dumain, in the same manner, asks Boyet as to Rosaline.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)  
Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If then the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied,  
We will give up our right in Aquitain,  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,  
For here he doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns ; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitain ;<sup>a</sup>  
Which we much rather had depart withal,  
And have the money by our father lent,  
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.  
Dear princess, were not his requests so far  
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make  
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,  
And go well satisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,  
And wrong the reputation of your name,  
In so unseemingly to confess receipt  
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it ;  
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,  
Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arrest your word :—  
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

<sup>a</sup> He requires the repayment of a hundred thousand crowns—but does not propose to pay us the other hundred thousand crowns, by which payment he would redeem the mortgage. The original copies read *one* instead of *on* ; but the words were frequently confounded.



For such a sum, from special officers  
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,  
Where that and other specialties are bound ;  
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me : at which interview,  
All liberal reason I will<sup>a</sup> yield unto.  
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand  
As honour, without breach of honour, may  
Make tender of to thy true worthiness :  
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;  
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,  
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,  
Though so denied farther<sup>b</sup> harbour in my house.  
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell :  
To-morrow we shall visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace !

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place !

[*Exeunt KING and his train.*]

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations ; I would be glad  
to see it.

*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick ?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good ?

*Ros.* My physic says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick 't with your eye ?

*Ros.* No *poynt*,<sup>c</sup> with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life !

*Ros.* And yours from long living !

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[*Retiring.*]

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word : What lady is that same ?

<sup>a</sup> *I will.* The folio, *would I.*

<sup>b</sup> *Farther*, in the folio. The ordinary reading is *fair*—a weak epithet. The Princess is to be lodged, according to her rank, without the gates,—although denied a farther advance, lodgment, in the king's house.

<sup>c</sup> *No poynt*—the double negative of the French—*non point*.

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Long.* I beseech you a word: What is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be. [*Exit LONG.*

*Biron.* What 's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry madcap lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: Shall that finish the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Common*—several. Shakspeare here uses his favourite law-phrases,—which practice has given rise to the belief that he was bred in an attorney's office. But there is here, apparently, some confusion in the use,—occasioned by the word *though*. A "*common*," as we all know, is unapportioned land;—a *several*, land that is private property. Shakspeare uses the word according to this sense in the *Sonnets*:—

"Why

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:  
This civil war of wits were much better us'd  
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.

*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)  
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,  
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

*Prin.* Your reason.

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours do<sup>a</sup> make their retire  
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:  
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,  
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:  
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,  
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;  
All senses to that sense did make their repair,  
To feel only<sup>b</sup> looking on fairest of fair:  
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from whence they were  
glass'd,  
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.  
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,  
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

“Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,  
Which my heart knows the world's wide *common* place?”

But Dr. James has attempted to show that *several*, or *severell*, in Warwickshire, meant the *common field*;—common to a few proprietors, but not common to all. In this way, the word “though” is not contradictory. Maria's lips are “no common, though several”—

“Belonging to whom?

To my fortunes and me.”—

I and my fortunes are the co-proprietors of the common field,—but we will not “grant pasture” to others. Provincial usages are important in the illustration of Shakspeare.

<sup>a</sup> *Do* in the folio. The subsequent change of the tense does not necessarily require this to be altered. Boyet gives a general answer to “your reason,” in two lines; and then proceeds to particulars.

<sup>b</sup> *To feel only*. Thus the ancient copies. Jackson suggests “*To feed on by*.”

I'll give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,  
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclosed:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,  
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speakest skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is  
but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What, then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

*Arm.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* *Concolinel*<sup>1</sup> ——— [Singing.]

*Arm.* Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* <sup>a</sup> Will you win your love with a French brawl?<sup>a</sup>

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary<sup>3</sup> to it with your<sup>b</sup> feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids;<sup>c</sup> sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes;<sup>4</sup> with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,<sup>d</sup> these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Master*, in the quarto, is not given in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *Your*. The folio *the*.

<sup>c</sup> Thus the quarto of 1599. The folio *eye*.

<sup>d</sup> See Note to Act I., Scene I.



*Arm.* Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short; away.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:

Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—

I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter* MOTH and COSTARD.

*Moth.* A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.<sup>a</sup>

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all,<sup>b</sup> sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!<sup>c</sup>

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?<sup>d</sup>

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain. I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,  
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

<sup>a</sup> *Costard broken in a shin.* Costard is the head.

<sup>b</sup> *No salve in them all.* The common reading is "no salve in the mail," which is that of the old copies. We adopt Tyrwhitt's suggestion.

<sup>c</sup> When Moth quibbles about Costard and his shin, Armado supposes there is a riddle—and he calls for the *l'envoy*—the address of the old French poets, which conveyed their moral or explanation. Costard says he wants no such things—there is no salve in them all; he wants a plantain for his wound. (See Illustration to 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I.)

<sup>d</sup> But the arch page makes a joke out of Costard's blunder, and asks is not *l'envoy* a salve? He has read of the *Salve!* of the Romans, and has a pun for the eye ready. Dr. Farmer believes that Shakspeare had here forgot his small Latin, and thought that the words had the same pronunciation. Poor Shakspeare! what a dull dog he must have been at this Latin, according to the no-learning critics!

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,  
Were still at odds, being but three:

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,  
Staying the odds by adding four.<sup>a</sup>

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain,<sup>e</sup> a goose, that's flat:—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:  
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought.  
And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto of 1599. But the folio makes Armado merely give the moral, and Moth the *l'envoy*, without these repetitions. The sport which so delights Costard is lost by the omission. (See Illustration.)

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta : there is remuneration ; [*giving him money*] for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signor Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my incony<sup>a</sup> Jew !

[*Exit* MOTH.]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration ! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings : three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle ? a penny :—No, I'll give you a remuneration : why, it carries it.—Remuneration !—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard ! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration ?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration ?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship : God be with you !

*Biron.* O, stay, slave ; I must employ thee :

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir ?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir : Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this ;—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

<sup>a</sup> *Incony Jew.*—*Incony* is thought to be the same as the Scotch *canny*—which is our *knowing*—*cunning*. *Jew* is, perhaps, Costard's superlative notion of a clever fellow.

And in her train there is a gentle lady ;  
 When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,  
 And Rosaline they call her : ask for her ;  
 And to her white hand see thou do commend  
 This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon ; go.

[*Gives him money.*

*Cost.* Gardon,—O sweet gardon ! better than remuneration ;  
 eleven-pence farthing better : Most sweet gardon !—I will do  
 it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration.<sup>a</sup> [*Exit.*

*Biron.* O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I, that have been  
 love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;  
 A critic ; nay, a night-watch constable ;  
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,  
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !  
 This wimpled,<sup>b</sup> whining, purblind, wayward boy ;  
 This senior-junior,<sup>c</sup> giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid :  
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,  
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,  
 Sole imperator, and great general  
 Of trotting paritors.<sup>d</sup> O my little heart !—

<sup>a</sup> *Gardon—remuneration.* In a tract published in 1578, 'A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men,' there is a story of a servant who got a remuneration of three farthings from one of his master's guests, and a *guerdon* of a shilling from another guest. Perhaps the story had passed into the gossip of the people, and Costard's jocularly was understood by "the gentlemanly profession," who stood on the ground of the Blackfriars theatre, or the Globe.

<sup>b</sup> *Wimpled*—veiled.

<sup>c</sup> The original reading is, "*This signior Iunios.*" Theobald gave us the reading of *senior-junior*, as applied to the god "five thousand years a boy." Upton proposed to read "*signior Julio's,*" supposing that Shakspeare intended to compliment Julio Romano. But Tollet asks, "who, in support of Upton's conjecture, will ascertain that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf?" Tieck says that in Shakspeare's time the school of Raphael was more celebrated than Raphael himself; that Julio Romano is mentioned in 'The Winter's Tale' with high praise; and that in a Palace of Mantua may still be seen his great picture of the Power of Love, in which the God is represented stealing the lightning of Jupiter and the arms of Mars—truly a "giant-dwarf." It is somewhat remarkable that *Junio's* is printed with the distinctions of a proper name in the original.

<sup>d</sup> *Trotting paritors.* The paritor, apparitor, is the officer of the ecclesiastical



And I to be a corporal of his field,<sup>a</sup>  
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!<sup>z</sup>  
 What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!<sup>b</sup>  
 A woman, that is like a German clock,<sup>a</sup>  
 Still a repairing; ever out of frame;  
 And never going aright, being a watch,  
 But being watch'd that it may still go right?  
 Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;  
 And, among three, to love the worst of all;  
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,  
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;  
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,  
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!  
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!  
 To pray for her? Go to; it is a plague  
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect  
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.  
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan;<sup>a</sup>  
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[Exit.]

court who carries out citations—often, in old times, against offenders who were prompted by the

“Liege of all loiterers.”

<sup>a</sup> *A corporal of the field* was an officer in some degree resembling our *aid-de-camp*, according to a passage in ‘Lord Strafford’s Letters.’ But according to Styward’s ‘Pathway of Martial Discipline,’ 1581, of four corporals of the field two had charge of the shot, and two of the pikes and bills.

<sup>b</sup> We give this line as in the original copies. The modern reading is—

“What? *I!* I love! I sue! I seek a wife!”

Another modern emendation is “What? *What?*” These correctors cannot conceive of a pause in dramatic metre—the retardation of a verse.

<sup>c</sup> *And groan* is the reading of the second folio: *and* is only wanting to satisfy an ear that considers syllabic regularity the sole principle of metre.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Concolinel.*”

THIS was doubtless the burthen of some tender air, that would “make passionate the sense of hearing.” Steevens has shown that, when songs were introduced in the old comedies, the author was, in many cases, content to leave the selection of the song to the player or to the musicians, indicating the place of its introduction by a stage direction.

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*A French brawl.*”

The Elizabethan gallants must have required very serious exercises in the academy of dancing to win their loves. The very names of the dances are enough to astound those for whom the mysteries of the quadrille are sufficiently difficult: “Coratitoes, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, canaries.” (Brome’s ‘City Wit.’) The name of the brawl is derived from the French *branle*, a shaking or swinging motion; and with this dance, which was performed by persons uniting hands in a circle, balls were usually opened. The opening was calculated to put the parties considerably at their ease, if the *branle* be correctly described in a little book of dialogues printed at Antwerp, 1579:—“Un des gentilhommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danse), et se mettans dedans la dicte compagnie, vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont: à sçavoir le gentilhomme les dames, et la dame les gentils-hommes. Puis, ayant achevé leurs baisemens, au lieu qu’ils estoient les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentilhomme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu’on vienne aux derniers.” We are obliged to Douce for this information; but we have often looked upon the remains of the fine old seat of the Hatton family at Stoke, the scene of Gray’s “long story,” and longed for the restoration of its

“Rich windows that exclude the light,  
And passages that lead to nothing,”

without being aware that the “grave Lord Keeper” had such arduous duties to perform:—

“Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o’er him,  
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;  
The seal and maces danc’d before him.  
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown’d hat, and satin doublet,  
Mov’d the stout heart of England’s queen,  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

With regard to the musical character of the *brawl* or *branle* (anciently *bransle*), it is described by De Castilhon as a gay, round dance, the air short, and *en rondeau*, i. e. ending at each repetition with the first part. Mersenne (‘*Harmonie Universelle*,’ 1636) enumerates and describes several kinds of *branle*, and gives examples, in notes, of each. In the ‘*Orchesographie*’ of Thoinot Arbeau (1588) is the annexed specimen of this dance:—



<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Canary to it.*”

*Canary*, or *canaries*, an old lively dance. Sir John Hawkins is quite mistaken in supposing this to be of English invention; it most probably originated in Spain, though, from the name, many have attributed its origin to the Canary Islands, instead of concluding, what is most likely, that it was there imported from the civilized mother-country. Thoinot Arbeau and Mersenne both give the tune, but in different forms. That of the latter is thus noted :—



Purcell, in his opera ‘*Dioclesian*’ (1691), introduces a *canaries*, which, as well as the above from Mersenne, seems modelled after that published by Arbeau. Purcell’s is set for four bowed instruments, accompanied, most probably, by hautboys; and as the work in which it appears is very rare, and the tune but little if at all known, we here insert an adaptation of it, which retains all the notes in the original :



<sup>4</sup> SCENE I.—“*With your hat, penthouse-like.*”

In the extremely clever engraved title-page to Burton's ‘Anatomy of Melancholy,’ the innamorato, who wears “his hat penthouse-like o’er the shop of his eyes,” is represented as an example of love melancholy. The figure may be taken as an impersonation of Moth's description.

<sup>5</sup> SCENE I.—“*The hobby-horse is forgot.*”

The hobby-horses which people ride in the present day are generally very quiet animals, which give little offence to public opinion. But the hobby-horse to which Shakspeare here alludes, and to which he has alluded also in ‘Hamlet,’ was an animal considered by the Puritans so dangerous that they exerted all their power to banish him from the May-games. The people, however, clung to him with wonderful pertinacity; and it is most probably for this reason that, when an individual cherishes a small piece of folly which he is unwilling to give up, it is called his hobby-horse. The hobby-horse was turned out of the May-games with Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, as savouring something of popery; and some wag wrote his epitaph as described by Hamlet,—

“For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.”

The hobby-horse of the May-games required a person of considerable skill to manage him, although his body was only of wicker work, and his head and neck of paste-board. Sogliardo, in Ben Jonson's ‘Every Man out of his Humour,’ describes how he danced in him:—

“*Sogliardo.* Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman in the country has the like humours for the hobby-horse as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the—

*Carlo.* How, the method?

*Sog.* Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.”

Strutt, in his antiquarian romance of ‘Queen-hoo Hall,’ has given at length the gambols of the hobby-horse and the dragon and Friar Tuck.

<sup>6</sup> SCENE I.—“*The boy hath sold him a bargain.*”

This comedy is running over with allusions to country sports—one of the many proofs that in its original shape it may be assigned to the author's greenest years. The sport which so delights Costard about the fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, has been explained by Capell, whose lumbering and obscure comments upon Shakspeare have been pillaged and sneered at by the other commentators. In this instance they take no notice of him. It seems, according to Capell, that “selling a bargain” consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself fool by his own lips; and thus, when Moth makes his master repeat the *l'envoy* ending in the goose, he proclaims himself a goose, according to the rustic wit, which Costard calls “selling a bargain well.” “Fast and loose,” to which he alludes, was another holiday sport; and the goose that ended the market alludes to the proverb “three women and a goose make a market.”

<sup>7</sup> SCENE I.—“*And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*”

The tumbler was a great itinerant performer in the days of Shakspeare, as he is still. His hoop, which was a necessary accompaniment of his feats, was adorned with ribands. Strutt, in his ‘Sports,’ has given us some representations of the antics which these ancient promoters of mirth exhibited; and they differ very slightly from those which still delight the multitude at country fairs.

<sup>8</sup> SCENE I.—“*Like a German clock.*”

The Germans were the great clock-makers of the sixteenth century. The clock at Hampton Court, which, according to the inscription, was set up in 1540, is said to be the first ever made in England. Sir Samuel Meyrick possesses a table-clock of German manufacture, the representations of costume on which show it to be of the time of Elizabeth. It is most probable that the German clock,

“Still a repairing; ever out of frame;  
And never going aright,”

was of the common kind which we now call Dutch clocks.

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard  
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

*Boyet.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.  
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;  
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?<sup>1</sup>

*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;  
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,  
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what! first praise me, and then<sup>a</sup> again say no?  
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;  
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here, good my glass,<sup>b</sup> take this for telling true;

[*Giving him money.*

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.  
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!  
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—  
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

<sup>a</sup> *Then*, which is in the folio, is usually omitted.

<sup>b</sup> *Good my glass*. The Forester is the metaphorical glass of the Princess.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :  
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;  
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
 That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.  
 And, out of question, so it is sometimes ;  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;  
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart :  
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst<sup>a</sup> wives hold that self-sovereignty<sup>b</sup>  
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
 Lords o'er their lords ?

*Prin.* Only for praise : and praise we may afford  
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

*Enter COSTARD.*

*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den<sup>c</sup> all ! Pray you, which is the head lady ?

*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest ?

*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.

*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest ! it is so ; truth is truth.  
 An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,  
 One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.  
 Are not you the chief woman ? you are the thickest here.

*Prin.* What 's your will, sir ? what 's your will ?

*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady  
 Rosaline.

*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter ; he 's a good friend of mine :  
 Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve ;  
 Break up this capon.

*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—

<sup>a</sup> *Curst*—shrewish.

<sup>b</sup> *Self-sovereignty*—used in the same way as self-sufficiency ;—not a sovereignty over themselves, but in themselves.

<sup>c</sup> *Dig-you-den.* The popular corruption of *give you good e'en*.

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here ;  
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I swear :  
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [*Reads.*]

"By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible ; true, that thou art beauteous ; truth itself, that thou art lovely : More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous and most illustrious king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon* ; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici* ; which to annotanize <sup>a</sup> in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar ! ) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame : he came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ? the king ; Why did he come ? to see ; Why did he see ? to overcome : To whom came he ? to the beggar ; What saw he ? the beggar ; Who overcame he ? the beggar : The conclusion is victory ; On whose side ? the king's : the captive is enrich'd ; On whose side ? the beggar's : The catastrophe is a nuptial ; On whose side ? The king's ?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king ; for so stands the comparison : thou the beggar ; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I may : Shall I enforce thy love ? I could : Shall I entreat thy love ? I will : What shalt thou exchange for rags ? robes ; For tittles, titles : For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey ;  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play :  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then ?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indicted this letter ?  
What vane ? what weather-cock ? did you ever hear better ?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court ;  
A phantasm, a Monarcho,<sup>a</sup> and one that makes sport  
To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word :  
Who gave thee this letter ?

*Cost.* I told you ; my lord.

<sup>a</sup> *Annotanize*. So the quarto and folio. The modern reading is *anatomize*. The original, *annothanize*, is evidently a pedantic form of *annotate* ; and we willingly restore the coined word.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,  
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.  
Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and train.*]

*Boyet.* Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?<sup>a</sup>

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,  
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well, then, I am the shooter.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?

*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.  
Finely put on, indeed!—

*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at  
the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was  
a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching  
the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a  
woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench,  
as touching the hit it.

*Ros.* [*Singing.*] Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

<sup>a</sup> *Suitor.* The old copies read "who is the shooter." But the commentators say that Boyet asks, "who is the suitor,"—and Rosaline gives him a quibbling answer—"she that bears the bow." No doubt *suitor* and *shooter* were pronounced alike in Shakspeare's day; and thus the Scotch and Irish pronunciation of this word, which we laugh at now, is nearer the old English than our own pronunciation. But we cannot understand what the question of Boyet has to do with a "suitor." He wants to know which of the ladies is going to shoot; and instead of a plain answer has an evasive one. He has heard that the letter is from Biron; and needs no information on that point. We restore the old spelling.

*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
 An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.<sup>a</sup>

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.  
 [*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes soo smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [*Shouting within. Exit COSTARD, running.*]

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES,<sup>b</sup> Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Nath.* Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood;<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *The pin.* So the second folio. The quarto and the first folio, by mistake, repeat the *is in* of the preceding line.

<sup>b</sup> In the old editions Holofernes is distinguished as "The Pedant."

<sup>c</sup> All the old copies have this reading. Steevens would read "in *sanguis*—blood."



ripe as a pomewater,<sup>a</sup> who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cælo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

*Dull.* 'T was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.<sup>b</sup>

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of<sup>c</sup> taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school: But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

*Dull.* You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

<sup>a</sup> *Pomewater*—a species of apple.

<sup>b</sup> *Pricket*. Dull contradicts Sir Nathaniel as to the age of the buck. The parson asserts that it was "a buck of the first head"—the constable says it was "a pricket." The buck acquires a new name every year as he approaches to maturity. The first year he is a fawn; the second, a pricket; the third, a sorrell; the fourth, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth, a complete buck.

<sup>c</sup> *Of* is wanting in the originals.

*Hol.* Dictynna, good man Dull ; Dictynna, good man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna ?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more ;

And raught<sup>a</sup> not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'T is true indeed ; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say the pollution holds in the exchange ; for the moon is never but a month old : and I say, beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I have<sup>b</sup> called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter ;<sup>c</sup> for it argues facility.

The praiseful<sup>d</sup> princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;

Or pricket, sore, or else sorel ; the people fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores ;<sup>e</sup> O sore L !

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

*Nath.* A rare talent !

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw,<sup>f</sup> look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*,<sup>g</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Raught*—reached.

<sup>b</sup> *I have* is wanting in the early copies. The correction was made by Rowe.

<sup>c</sup> *Affect the letter*—affect alliteration.

<sup>d</sup> *Praiseful* is the reading of the second folio. The earlier copies have *prayful*.

<sup>e</sup> The pedant brings in the Roman numeral, L, as the sign of fifty.

<sup>f</sup> Talon was formerly written *talent*.

<sup>g</sup> *Pia mater*. The quarto and folio have *prima mater*. The words are correctly given in the original folio edition of 'Twelfth Night,' Act I., Scene 5 :—"One of thy kin has a most weak *pia-mater*."

and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion : But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you ; and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol. Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction : if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.<sup>a</sup>

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one ?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 't is pretty ; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter ; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho ; I beseech you, read it.

*Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat*,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan !<sup>b</sup> I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice :

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Master person.* The derivation of *parson* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakspeare's time, and *parson* and *person* were used indifferently. Blackstone has explained the word : " A parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because, by his *person*, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Commentaries*, b. i.

<sup>b</sup> The good old Mantuan was Joh. Baptist. Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by George Turberville, in 1567. His first Eclogue commences with *Fauste, precor gelidâ* ; and Farnaby, in his preface to Martial, says that *pedants* thought more highly of the *Fauste, precor gelidâ* than of the *Arma virumque cano*. Here, again, the unlearned Shakspeare hits the mark when he meddles with learned matters.

<sup>c</sup> A proverbial expression applied to Venice, which we find thus in Howell's letters :—

" Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,  
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto le dispregia."

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.<sup>a</sup>—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*<sup>b</sup>—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; *Lege, domine.*

*Nath.*

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?  
 Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd !  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;  
 Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
 Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend :  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend :  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;  
 (Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire ;)  
 Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.  
 Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,  
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue !

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent : let me supervise the canzonet.<sup>c</sup> Here are only numbers ratified ; but, for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man : and why, indeed, Naso ; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention ? *Imitari* is nothing : so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired<sup>d</sup> horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you ?

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will

<sup>a</sup> *Loves thee not* is wanting in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> The pedant is in his altitudes. He has quoted Latin and Italian ; and in his self-satisfaction he *sol-fus*, to recreate himself, and to show his musical skill.

<sup>c</sup> In the early editions *Sir Nathaniel* continues the speech. It clearly belongs to *Holofernes*.

<sup>d</sup> *Tired*—caparisoned ; adorned with trappings.



look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing<sup>a</sup> to the person written unto :

“ Your ladyship's in all desired employment, *BIRON*.”

*Sir Nathaniel*, this *Biron* is one of the votaries with the king ; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet ; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king ; it may concern much : Stay not thy compliment ; I forgive thy duty ; adieu !

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—*Sir*, God save your life !

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt COST. and JAQ.*]

*Nath.* *Sir*, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously ; and, as a certain father saith——

*Hol.* *Sir*, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses : Did they please you, *Sir Nathaniel* ?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine ; where if, before<sup>b</sup> repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *benvenuto* ; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention : I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too : for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. *Sir*, I do invite you too ; you shall not say me nay : *pauca verba*. Away ; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.<sup>c</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Writing*. The original copies have *written*—an obvious error.

<sup>b</sup> *Before* is the reading of the quarto ; the folio has *being*.

<sup>c</sup> We print these lines, which *Holofernes* addresses to *Dull*, as they stand in the original. They are undoubtedly meant for verses ; and yet they do not rhyme. What form of pedantry is this ? If we open *Sydney's 'Arcadia,'* and other books of that age, we shall know what *Shakspeare* was laughing at. The lines are *hexameters*, and all the better for being very bad. They are as good as those of *Sydney*, we think :—

“ Fair rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace ? Peace.  
Peace ? what bars me my tongue ? who is that comes so nigh ? I.”



SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.**Enter BIRON with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [*Gets up into a tree.*<sup>a</sup>

*Enter the KING, with a paper.**King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—In faith, secrets.—

*King.* [*Reads.*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not  
 To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,  
 As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot<sup>b</sup>  
 The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:  
 Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright  
 Through the transparent bosom of the deep,  
 As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:  
 Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;  
 No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,  
 So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:  
 Do but behold the tears that swell in me,  
 And they thy glory through my grief will show:

<sup>a</sup> This is a modern direction. The original has, "*He stands aside.*"<sup>b</sup> *Smot*—the old preterite of *smote*.

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep  
 My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.  
 O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!  
 No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;  
 Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*Steps aside.*]

*Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [*Aside.*]

*Long.* Ah me! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.<sup>a</sup>  
 [*Aside.*]

*King.* In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*]

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*]

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two,  
 that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,  
 The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards<sup>b</sup> on wanton Cupid's  
 hose:

Disfigure not his slop.<sup>c</sup>

*Long.* This same shall go.—[*He reads the sonnet.*]

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye  
 ('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

<sup>a</sup> The *perjure*—the perjurer—when exposed on the pillory wore “papers of perjury.” We have the phrase in ‘Leicester's Commonwealth.’

<sup>b</sup> *Guards*—the hems or boundaries of a garment—generally ornamented.

<sup>c</sup> *Slop.* The original, *shop*. Tieck prefers *shop*; but slop was something akin to *hose*. A clothesman is still a *slop*-seller. Theobald made the change.

Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :  
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine,  
 If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,  
 To lose an oath to win a paradise ?

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh  
 a deity ;

A green goose, a goddess : pure, pure idolatry.  
 God amend us, God amend ! we are much out o' the way.

*Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.*

*Long.* By whom shall I send this ?—Company ! stay.  
[*Stepping aside.*]

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play :  
 Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,  
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.  
 More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish ;  
 Dumain transform'd : four woodcocks in a dish !

*Dum.* O most divine Kate !

*Biron.* O most profane coxcomb ! [*Aside.*

*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye !

*Biron.* By earth, she is not, corporal :<sup>a</sup> there you lie.  
[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.<sup>b</sup>

*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*]

*Dum.* As fair as day.

*Biron.* Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.  
[*Aside.*]

*Dum.* O that I had my wish !

*Long.* And I had mine ! [*Aside.*]

*King.* And I mine too, good lord ! [*Aside.*]

*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine : Is not that a good word ?  
[*Aside.*]

<sup>a</sup> *She is not, corporal.* The received reading is "She is but corporal." Ours is the ancient reading ; and Douce repudiates the modern change. Biron calls Dumain, corporal, as he had formerly named himself (Act III.) "corporal of his field,"—of Cupid's field.

<sup>b</sup> *Coted*—quoted.

*Dum.* I would forget her ; but a fever she  
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

*Biron.* A fever in your blood ! why, then incision  
Would let her out in saucers : Sweet misprision ! [*Aside.*

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

*Dum.* On a day, (alack the day !)  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom, passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air :  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
Air, would I might triumph so !  
But alack, my hand is sworn,  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee :  
Thou for whom <sup>a</sup> Jove would swear,  
Juno but an Ethiope were ;  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.<sup>b</sup>

This will I send ; and something else more plain,  
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,  
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;  
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* Dumain, [*advancing*] thy love is far from charity,  
That in love's grief desir'st society :  
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,  
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush ; as his your case  
is such ;  
You chide at him, offending twice as much :  
You do not love Maria ; Longaville  
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;

<sup>a</sup> Pope introduced *ev'n*—other editors *even*—neither of which is the reading of the originals, or required by the rhythm. Malone, in a note on the same line in 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' says, "*swear* is here used as a dissyllable!"

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart  
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.  
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,  
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.  
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion ;  
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :  
Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;  
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :  
You would for paradise break faith and troth ; [ *To LONG.*  
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[ *To DUMAIN.*

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear  
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear ?  
How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !  
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !  
For all the wealth that ever I did see,  
I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—  
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

[ *Descends from the tree.*

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove  
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?  
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears  
There is no certain princess that appears :  
You 'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing ;  
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.  
But are you not asham'd ? nay, are you not,  
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?  
You found his mote ; the king your mote<sup>a</sup> did see ;  
But I a beam do find in each of three.  
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat !  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !

<sup>a</sup> *Mote.* The quarto and folio have each the synonymous word *moth*.



Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?  
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?  
 And where my liege's? all about the breast:—  
 A caudle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.  
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:  
 I, that am honest; I that hold it sin  
 To break the vow I am engaged in;  
 I am betray'd, by keeping company  
 With men like men,<sup>a</sup> of strange inconstancy.  
 When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?  
 Or groan for Joan?<sup>b</sup> or spend a minute's time  
 In pruning<sup>c</sup> me? When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?—

*King.* Soft; Whither away so fast?  
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.*

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,  
 The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;  
 Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

<sup>a</sup> *Men like men.* So the old copies. The modern reading is *moon-like men*;—Warburton would read *vane-like men*. Biron appears to us to say—I keep company with men alike in inconstancy—men like men—men having the general inconstancy of humanity. The epithet *strange* was added in the second folio. The first folio has—

“With men, like men of inconstancy.”

Tieck suggests *such* instead of *strange*.

<sup>b</sup> As if to prevent any doubt of this being the correct word, the folio has

“Or grone for *Ioane*.”

Not *Ione*, as in other passages. Biron has made the rhyme before—(end of Act III.).

<sup>c</sup> *Pruning*—preening;—trimming himself up as a bird trims his feathers.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter.*]  
Where hadst thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Costard.

*King.* Where hadst thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*]

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*to COSTARD*] you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;

He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,<sup>a</sup>

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away.

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COST. and JAQUENET.*]

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven<sup>b</sup> show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we are born;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

<sup>a</sup> The quarto reads,

“He, he, and you, my liege, and I.”

The folio has the line as we print it. The modern editors follow the quarto, not seeing the adroitness of the change in the folio. Biron, by this reading, couples two delinquents with the king; and again couples the king with himself.

<sup>b</sup> The folio has “heaven will.”

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,<sup>a</sup>

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?  
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!  
Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.  
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.  
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
O, 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine!

*King.* By heaven thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood<sup>a</sup> divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.  
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,  
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl<sup>b</sup> of night;  
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies, *word*.

<sup>b</sup> The original copies have *school of night*. This reading is supported by Tieck,

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.  
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,  
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.  
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now;  
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

*Long.* And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you  
plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

[*Showing his shoe.*]

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*Dum.* O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?

*Biron.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.

upon the construction that "black" is "the hue of dungeons and of the school of night"—*school* giving the notion of something dark, wearisome, and comfortless. *Scowl*—which is Theobald's correction—is not happy; but we have little doubt that the original reading is corrupt; and we do not approve of Tieck's construction. We have "the badge of hell,"—"the hue of dungeons,"—and we want some corresponding association with "night." Theobald guessed *stole* (robe)—which we believe is the right word.

*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed ;  
Some tricks, some quilllets,<sup>a</sup> how to cheat the devil.

*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, 't is more than need !—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms :  
Consider, what you first did swear unto ;—  
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman ;—  
Flat treason against the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young ;  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn his book :  
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look ?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
Without the beauty of a woman's face ?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They are the ground, the books, the academes,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodding prisons<sup>b</sup> up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes ;  
And study too, the causer of your vow :  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
With ourselves,—  
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?  
O, we have made a vow to study, lords ;

<sup>a</sup> *Quillet* and *quodlibet* each signify a fallacious subtilty—what you please—an argument without foundation. Milton says “let not human *quilllets* keep back divine authority.”

<sup>b</sup> *Prisons.* The original copies have *poisons*.



And in that vow we have forsworn our books ;  
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,<sup>5</sup>  
In leaden contemplation, have found out  
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
And therefore finding barren practisers,  
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :  
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails :  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste :  
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?  
Subtle as sphynx ; as sweet, and musical,  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.<sup>a</sup>  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;

<sup>a</sup> This fine passage has been mightily obscured by the commentators. The meaning appears to us so clear amidst the blaze of poetical beauty, that an explanation is scarcely wanted :—When love speaks, the responsive harmony of the voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy.

Else, none at all in aught proves excellent :  
Then fools you were these women to forswear ;  
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools  
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love ;  
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men ;  
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women ;  
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men ;  
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,  
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths :  
It is religion to be thus forsworn :  
For charity itself fulfils the law ;  
And who can sever love from charity ?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords ;  
Pell-mell, down with them ! but be first advis'd,  
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing ; lay these glozes by ;  
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France ?

*King.* And win them too : therefore let us devise  
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither ;  
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand  
Of his fair mistress : in the afternoon  
We will with some strange pastime solace them,  
Such as the shortness of the time can shape ;  
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away ! no time shall be omitted,  
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;

And justice always whirls in equal measure :

Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn ;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exit.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.— “ *Where is the bush  
That we must stand and play the murderer in ?* ”

ROYAL and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unre-fined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow. In the “alleys green” of Windsor or of Greenwich Parks, the queen would take her stand on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amidst the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury, “Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady’s hand.” The practice was as old as the romances of the middle ages : but in those days the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury ; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims.

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“ *A Monarcho.* ”

This allusion is to a mad Italian, commonly called the *monarch*, whose epitaph, or description, was written by Churchyard, in 1580. His notion was, that he was sovereign of the world ; and one of his conceits, recorded by Scot in his ‘Discovery of Witchcraft,’ 1584, was that all the ships that came into the port of London belonged to him.

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—“ *On a day,* ” &c.

This exquisite canzonet was published in the miscellany called ‘The Passionate Pilgrim,’ and it also appears in ‘England’s Helicon,’ 1614. The line,

“Thou for whom Jove would swear,”

reads thus in all the old copies ; but the modern editors have tampered with the rhythm, by giving us,

“Thou for whom even Jove would swear.”

This ode, as Shakspeare terms it, was set to music upwards of seventy years ago, by Jackson, of Exeter, for three men’s voices ; and a more beautiful, finished, and masterly composition, of the kind, the English school of music cannot produce :—for that we have a school, and one of which we need not be ashamed, will soon cease to be denied.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE III.—“ *That, like a rude and savage man of Inde.* ”

Shakspeare might have found an account of the Ghebers, or fire-worshippers of the East, in some of the travellers whose works had preceded Hakluyt’s collection. Nothing can be finer or more accurate than this description. The Ghebers, as the elegant poet of ‘Lalla Rookh’ tells us, were not blind Idolaters ; they worshipped the Creator in the most splendid of his works :—

“Yes,—I am of that impious race,  
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,  
Hail their Creator’s dwelling-place  
Among the living lights of heaven !”

<sup>5</sup> SCENE III.—“*For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.*”

It will be observed that this line is almost a repetition of a previous one—

“*For when would you, my lord, or you, or you;*”

and in the same manner throughout this speech the most emphatic parts of the reasoning are repeated with variations. Upon this, conjecture goes to work ; and it is pronounced that the lines are unnecessarily repeated. Some of the commentators understood little of rhythm, and they were not very accurate judges of rhetoric. One of the greatest evidences of skill in an orator is the enforcement of an idea by repetition, without repeating the precise form of its original announcement. The speech of Ulysses, in the third act of ‘*Troilus and Cressida*,’

“*Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,*”

is a wonderful example of this art.

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.*

*Hol. Satis quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir : your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,<sup>a</sup> audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

*Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te :* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,<sup>b</sup> his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.<sup>c</sup> He is too picked,<sup>d</sup> too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

*[Takes out his table-book.]*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise<sup>e</sup> companions ; such rackers

<sup>a</sup> *Affection*—affectation.

<sup>b</sup> *Filed*—polished. Old Skelton gives us the word in the precise meaning in which Shakspeare here uses it :—

“ But they their tongues *file*,  
And make a pleasaunte style.”

<sup>c</sup> *Thrasonical*—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence. Fuller, in his ‘Worthies,’ speaks of one as “a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour.” Farmer asserts that the word was introduced in our language before Shakspeare's time, but he furnishes no proof of this.

<sup>d</sup> *Picked*—trimmed. Falconbridge describes “My *picked* man of countries.” See note on ‘King John,’ Act I.

<sup>e</sup> *Point-devise*—nice to excess, and sometimes, adverbially, for exactly, with the utmost nicety. Gifford thinks this must have been a mathematical phrase. Other examples of its use are found in Shakspeare—and in Holinshed, Drayton, and Ben Jonson. The phrase, Douce says, “has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Point* in the French language denotes a stitch ; *devisé*, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devisé* was therefore a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle ; and the term *point-lace* is still familiar to every female.” It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.



of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vo-catur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie;<sup>a</sup> *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

*Nath. Laus Deo bone intelligo.*

*Hol. Bone?*—bone, for *benè*: Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

*Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.*

*Nath. Videsne quis venit?*

*Hol. Video et gaudeo.*

*Arm. Chirra!*

[*To* MOTH.]

*Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

*Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.*

*Hol. Most military sir, salutation.*

*Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.* [*To* COSTARD *aside*.]

*Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*:<sup>1</sup> thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.*

*Moth. Peace! the peal begins.*

*Arm. Monsieur [*to* HOL.], are you not letter'd?*

*Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book;—What is a, b, spelt backward, with a horn on his head?*

*Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.*

*Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.*

*Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?*

*Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.<sup>2</sup>*

*Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—*

*Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.*

*Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit:<sup>3</sup> snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.*

<sup>a</sup> The early copies have *infamie*; for which Theobald gave us *insanie*.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man ; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure ? what is the figure ?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant : go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa* : A gig of a cuckold's horn !

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread : hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard ! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me ! Go to ; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin ; dunghill for *unquem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula* ; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain ?

*Hol.* Or, *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day ; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon : the word is well cull'd, chose ; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman ; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend :—For what is inward between us, let it pass :—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy :<sup>a</sup>—I beseech thee, apparel thy head :—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import

<sup>a</sup> *Remember thy courtesy.* Theobald is of opinion that the passage should read—remember *not* thy courtesy,—that is, do not take thy hat off. Jackson thinks it should be, remember *my* courtesy. It appears to us that the text is right ; and that its construction is—for what is confidential between us, let it pass—notice it not—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy—remember thy obligation to silence as a gentleman. Holofernes then bows : upon which Armado says, I beseech thee, apparel thy head ; and then goes on with his confidential communications, which he finishes by saying—Sweet heart, I do implore secrecy.

indeed, too ;—but let that pass :—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder ; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio : but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable ; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world : but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess ; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them ?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself ; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus ; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great ; the page, Hercules.

*Arm.* Pardon, sir, error : he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb : he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience ? he shall present Hercules in minority : his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake ; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device ! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done, Hercules ! now thou crushest the snake ! that is the way to make an offence gracious ; though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the worthies ?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman !

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing ?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge<sup>a</sup> not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

*Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.*

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,  
If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,  
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,  
Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all;  
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax;<sup>b</sup>  
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he<sup>c</sup> kill'd your  
sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like you,

<sup>a</sup> *Fadge.* This word is from the Anglo Saxon *feg-an*—to join together, and thence to fit, to agree. Somner gives this derivation, and explains that things will not *fadge* when they cannot be brought together, so as to serve to that end whereto they are designed. In Warner's 'Albion's England' we have this passage, which is quoted in Mr. Richardson's valuable Dictionary:—

“It hath been when as hearty love  
Did treat and tie the knot,  
Though now, if gold but lack in grains,  
The wedding fadgeth not.”

<sup>b</sup> *To wax*—to grow; as we say, the moon waxeth.

<sup>c</sup> *He.* The folio has the more comic *a*.

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
 She might have been a grandam ere she died :  
 And so may you ; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word ?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You 'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff ;  
 Therefore, I 'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do ; you do it still i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you ; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you ; and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that 's you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason ; for, Past care is still past cure.

*Prin.* Well bandied both ; a set of wit<sup>a</sup> well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :

Who sent it ? and what is it ?

*Ros.* I would, you knew :

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great ; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron :

The numbers true ; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground :

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter !

*Prin.* Anything like ?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters ; nothing in the praise.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink ; a good conclusion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils ! How ? let me not die your debtor,  
 My red dominical, my golden letter :<sup>b</sup>

O that your face were not so full of O's !<sup>c</sup>

*Kath.* A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew all shrows !

<sup>a</sup> *Set of wit.* Set is a term used at tennis.

<sup>b</sup> Rosaline, it appears, was a brunette ; Katharine fair, perhaps red-haired, marked with small-pox. Tieck says that, in the early alphabets for children, A was printed in red, B, as well as the remainder of the alphabet, in black ; and thus the ladies jest upon their complexions.

<sup>c</sup> Rosaline twits Katharine that her face is marked with the small-pox : *not so* is omitted in the folio. The answer, which we now give to Katharine, is spoken by the Princess, in the original.



*Prin.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover,  
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;  
A huge translation of hypocrisy,  
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;  
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less: Dost thou not<sup>a</sup> wish in heart,  
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.  
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!  
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;  
And wait the season, and observe the times,  
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;  
And shape his service wholly to my behests;<sup>b</sup>  
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!  
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.<sup>c</sup>

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

<sup>a</sup> *Not*, which is wanting in the first folio, is inserted in the second.

<sup>b</sup> *Behests*. The quarto and first folio read *devise*. The correction, which is necessary for the rhyme, was made in the second folio.

<sup>c</sup> This was a similar correction by the editor of the second folio, instead of *wanton's be*.

*Enter* BOYET.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where 's her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are  
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,  
Armed in arguments; you 'll be surpris'd:  
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;  
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,  
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,  
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;  
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,  
Toward that shade I might behold address'd  
The king and his companions: warily  
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,  
And overheard what you shall overhear;  
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.  
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,  
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy:  
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;  
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"  
And ever and anon they made a doubt,  
Presence majestical would put him out;  
"For," quoth the king, "An angel shalt thou see;  
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."  
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;  
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."  
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,  
A better speech was never spoke before:  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cried, "Via! we will do 't, come what will come:"  
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"  
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians,<sup>4</sup> as I guess.  
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :  
And every one his love-feat will advance  
Unto his several mistress ; which they 'll know  
By favours several, which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd :—  
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;  
And not a man of them shall have the grace,  
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.  
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,  
And then the king will court thee for his dear ;  
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine ;  
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—  
And change your favours too ; so shall your loves  
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on then ; wear the favours most in sight.

*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :  
They do it but in mocking merriment ;  
And mock for mock is only my intent.  
Their several counsels they unbosom shall  
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,  
Upon the next occasion that we meet,  
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't ?

*Prin.* No ; to the death we will not move a foot :  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace :  
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart.<sup>a</sup>  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has "*keeper's heart*"—a typographical error, produced probably by an accidental transposition of the letters. The expression "*kill the speaker's heart*" reminds us of the homely pathos of Dame Quickly, with reference to Falstaff, "*The king has killed his heart.*" (Henry V., Act II., Scene 1.)

*Prin.* Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,  
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.  
There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown ;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds ; be mask'd, the maskers come.

[*The ladies mask.*

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits and masked ; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.*

*Moth.* " All hail the richest beauties on the earth !"

*Biron.*<sup>a</sup> Beauties no richer than rich taffata. [*Aside.*

*Moth.* " A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*

That ever turn'd their "—backs—" to mortal views !"

*Biron.* " Their eyes," villain, " their eyes !"

*Moth.* " That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !

Out"—

*Boyet.* True ; out, indeed.

*Moth.* " Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe  
Not to behold"—

*Biron.* " Once to behold," rogue.

*Moth.* " Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"—  
" With your sun-beamed eyes"—

*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet,  
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness ? begone, you rogue !

*Ros.* What would these strangers ? know their minds,

*Boyet :*

If they do speak our language, 't is our will  
That some plain man recount their purposes :  
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess ?

<sup>a</sup> This line belongs to *Biron* in the originals, but is usually given to *Boyet*. We agree with Tieck that it ought to be restored to *Biron*. He is vexed at finding the ladies masked, and sees nothing "richer than rich taffata."

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,  
To tread a measure<sup>a</sup> with her<sup>b</sup> on the grass.

*Boyet.* They say that they have measur'd many a  
mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so: ask them how many inches  
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,  
The measure then of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,  
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,  
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,  
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,  
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you;  
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,  
That we may do it still without accompt.  
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,  
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!  
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine  
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;  
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:  
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

<sup>a</sup> *Tread a measure.* The measure was a grave courtly dance, of which the steps were slow and measured, like those of a modern minuet. (See Illustrations to 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act I.)

<sup>b</sup> *Her*, in the quarto; the folio, *you*.



*Ros.* Play, music, then : nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance ? How come you thus estranged ?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full ; but now she 's changed.

*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.

*King.* But your legs should do it.

*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,  
We 'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we<sup>a</sup> hands then ?

*Ros.* Only to part friends :—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

*King.* More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.

*King.* Prize you yourselves : What buys your company ?

*Ros.* Your absence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought : and so adieu ;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

*King.* If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys (an if you grow so nice),  
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice !  
There 's half a dozen sweets.

*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog,<sup>b</sup> I 'll play no more with you.

*Biron.* One word in secret.

*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.

<sup>a</sup> *We* is the more correct reading, but the folio has *you* ; the ladies *give* their hands.

<sup>b</sup> *Biron* says " Well run, dice." The Princess says he can *cog*.—To cog the dice is to load them,—and thence, generally, to defraud.

*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take you that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*]

*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

*Kath.* O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—Is not veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp  
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—  
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits<sup>a</sup> they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !  
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?  
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O!<sup>b</sup> they were all in lamentable cases !  
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword :  
No *point*,<sup>c</sup> quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;  
And trow you what he call'd me ?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art !

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.<sup>5</sup>  
But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :  
Immediately they will again be here  
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,  
They will digest this harsh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return ?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,  
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :  
Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,  
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

*Prin.* How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud :

<sup>a</sup> *Well-liking* is used in the same sense in which the young of the wild goats in Job are said to be in *good-liking*.

<sup>b</sup> *O!* was added in the second folio.

<sup>c</sup> See note on Act II., Scene 1.

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,  
Are angels vailing clouds,<sup>a</sup> or roses blown.

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,  
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,  
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:  
Let us complain to them what fools were here,  
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;  
And wonder what they were; and to what end  
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,  
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,  
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., and MARIA.]

*Enter the* KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,  
Command me any service to her thither?<sup>b</sup>

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Biron.* This fellow pecks<sup>c</sup> up wit, as pigeons peas,  
And utters it again when Jove doth please:  
He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares  
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:  
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,  
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

<sup>a</sup> To vail—to avale—to cause to fall down; the clouds open as the angels descend.

<sup>b</sup> *Thither*, which is the reading of the quarto, is omitted in the folio.

<sup>c</sup> *Pecks*. So the quarto; the folio, *picks*. We adopt the reading which more distinctly expresses the action of a bird with its *beak*.

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
 That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
 In honourable terms; nay, he can sing  
 A mean<sup>a</sup> most meanly; and, in ushering,  
 Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;  
 The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:  
 This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
 To show his teeth as white as whales'<sup>b</sup> bone:  
 And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
 Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,  
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA,  
 KATHARINE, and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,  
 Till this<sup>c</sup> man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

<sup>a</sup> *A mean most meanly.* The mean, in vocal music, is an intermediate part; a part—whether tenor, or second soprano, or contra-tenor—between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

<sup>b</sup> *Whales' bone.* The tooth of the walrus.

<sup>c</sup> The early copies read "*mad* man." We agree with the removal of the epithet in the modern copies. It probably arose in a printer's error, *man* being repeated, and then corrected by the printer's reader to *mad*.



So much I hate a breaking-cause to be  
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear ;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game ;  
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam ? Russians ?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord ;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true :—It is not so, my lord ;

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit ; here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace ; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools ; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light : Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

*Ros.* All the fool mine ?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the visors was it that you wore ?

*Biron.* Where ? when ? what visor ? why demand you  
this ?

*Ros.* There, then, that visor ; that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried : they'll mock us now down-  
right.

*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,<sup>a</sup>

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

*Ros.* *Sans sans*, I pray you.

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—

Write “Lord have mercy on us,”<sup>b</sup> on those three;

<sup>a</sup> *Affection* is the old reading; modern editors read *affectation*; but *affection* is used in the same sense in the beginning of this act. On the other hand, we have *affectation* in ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor.’—Malone, who prefers *affection*, has not stated the necessity of anglicising *hyperboles*, reading it *hy-per-boles*, if we retain *affection*. Without *affectation* the line has imperfect rhythm, and there is no rhyme to ostentation.

<sup>b</sup> *Lord have mercy on us*—the fearful inscription on houses visited with the plague.

They are infected, in their hearts it lies ;  
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :  
These lords are visited ; you are not free,  
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not so. For how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue ?

*Biron.* Peace ; for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression  
Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd ?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd ?

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear ?

*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.

*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject  
her.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear ;  
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will : and therefore keep it :—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear ?

*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight : and did value me  
Above this world : adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him ! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam ? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven you did ; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this : but take it, sir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give ;  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear ;  
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear :—  
What ; will you have me, or your pearl again ?

*Biron.* Neither of either ; I remit both twain.  
I see the trick on 't :—Here was a consent,  
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy :  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—  
That smiles his cheek in years ;<sup>a</sup> and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when she 's dispos'd,—  
Told our intents before : which once disclos'd,  
The ladies did change favours ; and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn : in will, and error.  
Much upon this it is :—And might not you, [To Boyet.  
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue ?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,<sup>b</sup>  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye ?  
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily ?  
You put our page out : Go, you are allow'd ;<sup>c</sup>  
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.  
You leer upon me, do you ? there 's an eye,  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*Boyet.* Full merrily  
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight ! Peace ; I have done.

<sup>a</sup> *In years.* Malone reads *in jeers*. We have, in 'Twelfth Night,' "He doth smile his cheek into more lines than are in the new map." The character which Biron gives of Boyet is not that of a jeerer ; he is a carry-tale—a please-man. The *in years* is supposed by Warburton to mean into wrinkles. Tieck ingeniously gives an explanation to the supposed wrinkles : Boyet is neither young nor old ; but he has smiled so continually that his cheek, which, in respect of his years, would have been smooth, has become wrinkled through too much smiling.

<sup>b</sup> *The squire—esquierre*, a rule, or square.

<sup>c</sup> *Allow'd*—you are an allowed fool. As in 'Twelfth Night'—  
"There is no slander in an allow'd fool."

*Enter COSTARD.*

Welcome, pure wit ! thou partest a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three ?

*Cost.* No, sir ; but it is vara fine,

For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope, it is not so :  
You cannot beg us,<sup>6</sup> sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know what  
we know ;

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth  
amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living  
by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it ?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir,  
will show whereuntil it doth amount : for mine own part, I  
am, as they say, but to perfect one man, in one poor man ;  
Pompion the great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies ?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the  
great : for mine own part, I know not the degree of the  
worthy ; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take some care.

[*Exit COSTARD.*

*King.* Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord : and 't is some policy  
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now :  
That sport best pleases that doth least know how :  
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents  
Die in the zeal, of that which it presents



The form confounded makes most form in mirth ;<sup>a</sup>  
 When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers him a paper.*

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God ?

*Biron.* Why ask you ?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch : for, I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical ; too, too vain ; too, too vain ; But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement !

[*Exit ARMADO.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of worthies : He presents Hector of Troy ; the swain, Pompey the great ; the parish curate, Alexander ; Armado's page, Hercules ; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,  
 These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy :—

Abate a throw at novum ;<sup>b</sup> and the whole world again  
 Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, &c.*

<sup>a</sup> With a slight alteration of punctuation we print two of these lines as in the original ; altering *their* of the third line to *the*. In the ordinary reading of the second line *that* is altered to *them* ; and this altered form of the modern editions is less intelligible than the original. We understand the reading thus :—Where zeal strives to give content, and the contents (things contained) die in the zeal, the form of that which zeal presents, being confounded, makes most form in mirth.

<sup>b</sup> *Abate a throw.* *Novum*, or *quinquenove*, was a game at dice, of which nine and five were the principal throws. Biron therefore says, Abate a throw—that is, leave out the nine—and the world cannot prick out *five* such.

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.<sup>1</sup>*

*Enter COSTARD, armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,"—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,"—

*Boyet.* With libbard's<sup>a</sup> head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker ; I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—

*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, sir ;—"Pompey surnam'd the great ; That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance ; And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'T is not so much worth ; but, I hope, I was perfect : I made a little fault in "great."

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

*Enter NATHANIEL, armed, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might :

My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd : Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander ;"—

*Boyet.* Most true, 't is right ; you were so, Alisander.

<sup>a</sup> Libbard—leopard.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* O, sir, [to NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. retires.] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:<sup>a</sup>—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter HOLOFERNES for Judas, and MOTH for Hercules.*

*Hol.* "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus*;  
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*:

*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority;

*Ergo*, I come with this apology."—

Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

[*Exit* MOTH.]

*Hol.* "Judas, I am,"—

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not, Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas, I am, ycleped Machabæus."

*Dum.* Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

*Hol.* "Judas, I am,"—

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, sir; you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *O'erparted*—overparted, not quite equal to his part.

<sup>b</sup> The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. Thus, in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' "He shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on."

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A cittern-head.<sup>a</sup>

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's falchion.

*Dum.* The carv'd-bone face on a flask.<sup>b</sup>

*Biron.* St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False: we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as,  
away!

*Hol.* This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may  
stumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter ARMADO, armed, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in  
arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now  
be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*Dum.* I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

<sup>a</sup> *A cittern-head.* It appears, from several passages in the old dramas, that the head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, was terminated with a face.

<sup>b</sup> *Flask.* A soldier's powder-horn, which was often elaborately carved.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No ; he is best indued in the small.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

*Dum.* He 's a god or a painter ; for he makes faces.

*Arm.* " The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift,"—

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace !<sup>a</sup>

" The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,  
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion :  
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,  
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.  
I am that flower,"—

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against  
Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet  
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he breath'd,  
he was a man<sup>b</sup>—But I will forward with my device : Sweet  
royalty, [*to the PRINCESS*] bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*BIRON whispers* COSTARD.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector : we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* " This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she  
is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou ?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor

<sup>a</sup> *Peace!* This interjection, which is found in the quarto, is omitted in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> *When he breath'd, he was a man,* is not found in the first or second folios. It is the reading of the quarto.



wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for 't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Woolward*, wanting the shirt, so as to leave the woollen cloth of the outer coat next the skin. In an old collection of satires we have—

“And when his shirt's a washing, then he must  
Go woolward for the time.”

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen : since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's ; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

*Enter MERCADE.*

*Mer.* God save you, madam !

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade ;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam ; for the news I bring  
Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life.

*Mer.* Even so ; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away ; the scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath : I have  
seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,  
and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*]

*King.* How fares your majesty ?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare ; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so ; I do beseech you stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,  
For all your fair endeavours ; and entreat,  
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe  
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,  
The liberal opposition of our spirits :  
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves  
In the converse of breath, your gentleness  
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord !  
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue :  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely form  
All causes to the purpose of his speed ;  
And often, at his very loose, decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate :  
And though the mourning brow of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,  
The holy suit which fain it would convince ;  
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,  
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd ; since, to wail friends lost,  
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,  
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not ; my griefs are double.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ears of grief ;—  
And by these badges understand the king.  
For your fair sakes have we neglected time ;  
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposed end of our intents :  
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
As love is full of unbefitting strains ;  
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain ;  
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,  
Full of stray <sup>a</sup> shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance :  
Which party-coated presence of loose love  
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,  
Suggested us to make : Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours : we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you :  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love ;  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love ;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,  
As bombast,<sup>b</sup> and as lining to the time :  
But more devout than this, in our respects,<sup>c</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Full of stray shapes.* The old copies read *straying* ; the modern *strange*. Coleridge suggested *stray*.

<sup>b</sup> *Bombast*, from *bombagia*, cotton wool used as stuffing.

<sup>c</sup> The folio reads “than *these* are our respects ;”—the quarto, “than *this* our respects.” Hanmer suggested that *in* was omitted.

Have we not been ; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them so.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in :  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,  
Full of dear guiltiness ; and, therefore this,—  
If for my love (as there is no such cause)  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me :  
Your oath I will not trust ; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world ;  
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning :  
If this austere insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood ;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love ;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
I will be thine ; and, till that instant, shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house ;  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part ;  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,  
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye !

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love ? and what to me ?<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> The following lines here occur in all the old editions, and are repeated by the modern editors :—

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;  
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day  
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:  
Come when the king doth to my lady come,  
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* . . . . . At the twelvemonth's end,  
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,  
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,  
What humble suit attends thy answer there;  
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,  
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit:  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,

*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;  
You are attaint with faults and perjury;  
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,  
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,  
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

There can be no doubt, we think, that Rosaline's speech should be omitted, and Biron left without an answer to his question. This is Coleridge's suggestion. Rosaline's answer is so beautifully expanded in her subsequent speech, that these five lines seem a bald and unpoetical announcement of what is to follow. We have little doubt that these five lines did occur in the original play; and, by mistake, were not struck out of the copy when it was "augmented and amended." The theory stands upon a different ground from Biron's oratorical repetitions in the fourth act. Coleridge differs from Warburton as to the propriety of omitting Biron's question. He says, "It is quite in Biron's character; and, Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question."



And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,  
(Without the which I am not to be won,)  
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?  
It cannot be; it is impossible:  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal;  
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

*Prin.* Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[To the KING.]

*King.* No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;  
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy  
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,  
And then 't will end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter ARMADO.*

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a

votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter: This Ver, the spring: the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.<sup>a</sup>

I.

SPRING. When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer-smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

WINTER. When icicles hang by the wall,  
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,  
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who;  
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy *Joan* doth keel<sup>a</sup> the pot.

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<sup>a</sup> *Keel*—skim.

## IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And *Marian's* nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
     *To-who*;  
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.<sup>a</sup>

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> This song having been "married" to music, it would not be well to disturb the received reading. Yet the deviations in all the original copies must be noted. There is a transposition in the four first lines, to meet the alternate rhymes in the subsequent verses. In the originals we find,

" When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight."

In the third and fourth verses,

" *To-who* "

is a modern introduction, to correspond with "Cuckoo." But "*To-who*" alone is not the song of the owl—it is "*Tu-whit, to-who.*" The original lines stand thus:—

" Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
     Tu-whit, to-who,  
     A merry note."

Did not the original music vary with the varying form of the metre?

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*”

TAYLOR, the water-poet, has given us a syllable more of this delight of schoolboys—*honorificabilitudinitatibus*. But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the title of a book that might puzzle Paternoster Row :—*Antipericatameta-parhangedamphicribationes*.

<sup>2</sup> SCENE I.—“*The fifth, if I.*”

The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—quis, quis? “The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them,” says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—a, e, I; the other two clinches it, says Moth, o, u (O you). This may appear a poor conundrum, and a low conceit, as Theobald has it; but the satire is in opposing the pedantry of the boy to the pedantry of the man, and making the pedant have the worst of it in what he calls “a quick venew of wit.”

<sup>3</sup> SCENE I.—“*Venew of wit.*”

Steevens and Malone fiercely contradict each other as to the meaning of the word *venew*. “The cut-and-thrust notes on this occasion exhibit a complete match between the two great Shaksperian maisters of defence,” says Douce. This industrious commentator gives us five pages to determine the controversy; the argument of which amounts to this, that *venew* and *bout* equally denote a *hit* in fencing.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE II.— “*And are apparel'd thus,—  
Like Muscovites, or Russians.*”



For the Russian or Muscovite habits assumed by the King and nobles of Navarre, we are indebted to Vecellio. At page 303 of the edition of 1598 we find a

noble Muscovite, whose attire sufficiently corresponds with that described by Hall in his account of a Russian masque at Westminster, in the reign of Henry VIII.

"In the first year of King Henry VIII.," says the chronicler, "at a banquet made for foreign ambassadors in the Parliament-chamber at Westminster, came the Lord Henry Earl of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwalter, in two long gowns of yellow satin, traversed with white satin, and in every bend\* of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Russland, with furred hats of grey on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up." The boots in Vecellio's print have no "pikes turned up," but we perceive the "long gown" of figured satin or damask, and the "furred hat." At page 283 of the same work we are presented also with the habit of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, a rich and imposing costume which might be worn by his majesty of Navarre himself.

<sup>5</sup> SCENE II.—"*Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*"

By an act of parliament of 1571 it was provided, that all above the age of six years, except the nobility and other persons of degree, should, on sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of wool, manufactured in England. This was one of the laws for the encouragement of trade which so occupied the legislative wisdom of our ancestors, and which the people, as constantly as they were enacted, evaded, or openly violated. This very law was repealed in 1597. Those to whom the law applied, and who wore the statute-caps, were citizens, and artificers, and labourers; and thus, as the nobility continued to wear their bonnets and feathers, Rosaline says, "*better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*"



<sup>6</sup> SCENE II.—"*You cannot beg us.*"

Costard means to say we are not idiots. One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite, granting with the idiot the right of using his property. Ritson, and Douce more correctly, give a curious anecdote illustrative of this custom, and of its abuse:—

"The Lord North begged old Bladwell for a fool (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custody as a lunatic, he carried him to a gentleman's house, one day, that was his neighbour. The Lord North and the gentleman retired awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-room, which was hung with a fair hanging; Bladwell walking up and down, and viewing

\* By *bend* is meant a broad diagonal stripe. It is an heraldic term, and constantly used in the description of dresses by writers of the middle ages.



the imagery, spied a fool at last in the hanging, and without delay draws his knife, flies at the fool, cuts him clean out, and lays him on the floor; my Lord and the gentleman coming in again, and finding the tapestry thus defaced, he asked Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivil act; he answered, Sir, be content, I have rather done you a courtesy than a wrong, for if ever my Lord North had seen the fool there, he would have begged him, and so you might have lost your whole suit." (Harl. MS. 6395.)

<sup>7</sup> SCENE II.—“*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*”

The genuine worthies of the old pageant were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne. Sometimes Guy of Warwick was substituted for Godfrey of Bulloigne. These redoubted personages, according to a manuscript in the British Museum, (Harl. 2057,) were clad in complete armour, with crowns of gold on their heads, every one having his esquire to bear before him his shield and pennon at arms. According to this manuscript these “Lords” were dressed as three Hebrews, three Infidels, and three Christians. Shakspeare overthrew the just proportion of age and country, for he gives us four infidels, Hector, Pompey, Alexander, and Hercules, out of the five of the schoolmaster’s pageant. In this manuscript of the Harleian Collection, which is a Chester pageant, with illuminations, the *Four Seasons* conclude the representation of the Nine Worthies. Shakspeare must have seen such an exhibition, and have thence derived the songs of *Ver* and *Hiems*.

<sup>8</sup> SCENE II.—“*When daisies pied.*”

The two first stanzas of this song are set to music by Dr. Arne, with all that justness of conception and simple elegance of which he was so great a master, and which are conspicuous in nearly all of his compositions that are in union with Shakspeare’s words.

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[Chimney Corner in Shakspeare's House at Stratford.]

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

CHARLES LAMB was wont to call ' Love's Labour's Lost ' the Comedy of Leisure. 'T is certain that in the commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre, we have—

" All men idle, all ;  
And women too."

The courtiers, in their pursuit of " that angel knowledge," waste their time in subtle contentions how that angel is to be won ;—the ladies from France spread their pavilions in the sunny park, and there keep up their round of jokes with their " wit's peddler," Boyet, " the nice ;"—Armado listens to his page while he warbles " Conco-linel ;"—Jaquenetta, though she is " allowed for the dey," seems to have no dairy to look after ;—Costard acts as if he were neither ploughman nor swineherd, and born for no other work than to laugh for ever at Moth, and, in the excess of his love for that " pathetic nit," to exclaim, " An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread ;"—the schoolmaster appears to be without

scholars, the curate without a cure, the constable without watch and ward. There is, indeed, one parenthesis of real business connected with the progress of the action—the difference between France and Navarre, in the matter of Aquitain. But the settlement of this business is deferred till “to-morrow”—the “packet of specialties” is not come; and whether Aquitain goes back to France, or the hundred thousand crowns return to Navarre, we never learn. This matter, then, being postponed till a more fitting season, the whole set abandon themselves to what Dr. Johnson calls “strenuous idleness.” The King and his courtiers forswear their studies, and every man becomes a lover and a sonneteer; the refined traveller of Spain resigns himself to his passion for the dairy-maid; the schoolmaster and the curate talk learnedly after dinner; and, at last, the King, the nobles, the priest, the pedant, the braggart, the page, and the clown, join in one dance of mummery, in which they all laugh, and are laughed at. But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations?

Molière, in his ‘*Précieuses Ridicules*,’ has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. The ladies aspired to be wooed after the fashion of the Grand Cyrus. Madelon will be called Polixène, and Cathos Aminte. They dismiss their plain honest lovers, because marriage ought to be at the end of the romance, and not at the beginning. They dote upon Mascarille (the disguised lacquey) when he assures them “*Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris.*” They are in ecstasies at everything. Madelon is “*furieusement pour les portraits;*”—Cathos loves “*terriblement les énigmes.*” Even Mascarille’s ribbon is “*furieusement bien choisi;*”—his gloves “*sentent terriblement bons;*”—and his feathers are “*effroyablement belles.*” But in the ‘*Précieuses Ridicules*,’ Molière, as we have said, dealt with one affectation;—in ‘*Love’s Labour’s Lost*’ Shakspeare presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery;—every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at

last join in the laugh with the most natural; and the whole comes down to "plain kersey yea and nay,"—from the syntax of Holofernes, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan" and "roasted crabs."—Let us hastily review the comedy under this aspect.

The affectation of the King and his courtiers begins at the very beginning of the play. The mistake upon which they set out, in their desire to make their court "a little academe," is not an uncommon one. It is the attempt to separate the contemplative from the active life; to forego duties for abstractions; to sacrifice innocent pleasures for plans of mortification, difficult to be executed, and useless if carried through. Many a young student has been haunted by the same dream; and he only required to be living in an age when vows bound mankind to objects of pursuit that now present but the ludicrous side, to have had his dreams converted into very silly realities. The resistance of Biron to the vow of his fellows is singularly able,—his reasoning is deep and true, and ought to have turned them aside from their folly:—

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books."

But the vow is ratified, and its abjuration will only be the result of its practical inconvenience. The "French king's daughter," the "admired princess," is coming to confer with the King and his court, who have resolved to talk with no woman for three years:—

"So study evermore is overshot."

But the "child of fancy" appears—the "fantastic"—the "magnificent"—the "man of great spirit who grows melancholy"—he who is "ill at a reckoning, because it fitteth the spirit of a tapster"—he who confesses to be a "gentleman and a gamester," because "both are the varnish of a complete man." How capitally does Moth, his page, hit him off, when he intimates that only "the base vulgar" call deuce-ace three! And yet this indolent piece of refinement is

"A man in all the world's new fashions planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;"

and he himself has no mean idea of his abilities—he is "for whole volumes in folio." Moth, who continually draws him out to laugh at him, is an embryo wag, whose common sense is constantly opposed to his master's affectations; and Costard is another cunning bit of nature, though cast in a coarser mould, whose heart runs over with joy at the tricks of his little friend, this "nit of mischief."

The Princess and her train arrive at Navarre. We have already learnt to like the King and his lords, and have seen their fine natures shining through the affectations by which they are clouded. We scarcely require, therefore, to hear their eulogies delivered from the mouths of the Princess's ladies, who have appreciated their real worth. Biron, however, has all along been our favourite; and we feel that, in some degree, he deserves the character which Rosaline gives him:—

“ A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished;  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.”

But, with all this disposition to think highly of the nobles of the self-denying court, the “ mad wenches ” of France are determined to use their “ civil war of wits ” on “ Navarre and his bookmen,” for their absurd vows; and well do they keep their determination. Boyet is a capital courtier, always ready for a gibe at the ladies, and always ready to bear their gibes. Costard thinks he is “ a most simple clown; ” but Biron more accurately describes him at length:—

“ Why, this is he  
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy:  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing  
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,  
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.”

We are very much tempted to think that, in his character of Boyet, Shakspeare had in view that most amusing coxcomb Master Robert Laneham, whose letter from Kenilworth, in which he gives the following account of himself, was printed in 1575:—“ Always among the gentlewomen with my good will, and when I see company according, then I can be as lively too. Sometimes I foot it with dancing; now with my gittern and else with my cittern; then at the virginals; ye know nothing comes amiss to me; then carol I up a song withal, that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey, and ever they cry, ‘ Another, good Laneham, another.’ ”



Before the end of Navarre's first interview with the Princess, Boyet has discovered that he is "infected." At the end of the next act, we learn from Biron himself that he is in the same condition. Away then goes the vow with the King and Biron. In the fourth act we find that the infection has spread to all the lords; but the love of the King and his courtiers is thoroughly characteristic. It may be sincere enough, but it is still love fantastical.—It hath taught Biron "to rhyme and to be melancholy." The King drops his paper of poesy; Longaville reads his sonnet, which makes "flesh a deity;" and Dumain, in his most beautiful anacreontic,—as sweet a piece of music as Shakspeare ever penned,—shows "how love can vary wit." The scene in which each lover is detected by the other, and all laughed at by Biron, till he is detected himself, is thoroughly dramatic; and there is perhaps nothing finer in the whole range of the Shaksperian comedy than the passage where Biron casts aside his disguises, and rises to the height of poetry and eloquence. The burst when the "rent lines" discover "some love" of Biron is incomparably fine:—

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?"

The famous speech of Biron, which follows, is perhaps unmatched as a display of poetical rhetoric, except by the speeches of Ulysses to Achilles in the third act of 'Troilus and Cressida.' Coleridge has admirably described this speech of Biron. "It is logic clothed in rhetoric;—but observe how Shakspeare, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character."\* The rhetoric of Biron produces its effect. "Now to plain dealing," says Longaville; but Biron, the merry man whose love is still half fun, is for more circuitous modes than laying their hearts at the feet of their mistresses. He is of opinion that

"Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,  
Forerun fair Love;"

and he therefore recommends "some strange pastime" to solace the dames. But "the gallants will be task'd."

\* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 105.

King and Princess, lords and ladies, must make way for the great pedants. The *form* of affectation is now entirely changed. It is not the cleverness of rising superior to all other men by despising the "affects" to which every man is born—it is not the cleverness of labouring at the most magnificent phrases to express the most common ideas; but it is the cleverness of two persons using conventional terms, which they have picked up from a common source, and which they believe sealed to the mass of mankind, instead of employing the ordinary colloquial phrases by which ideas are rendered intelligible. This is pedantry—and Shakspeare shows his excellent judgment in bringing a brace of pedants upon the scene. In O'Keefe's 'Agreeable Surprise,' and in Colman's 'Heir at Law,' we have a single pedant,—the one talking Latin to a milk-maid, and the other to a tallow-chandler. This is farce. But the pedantry of Holofernes and the curate is comedy. They each address the other in their freemasonry of learning. They each flatter the other. But for the rest of the world, they look down upon them. "Sir," saith the curate, excusing the "twice-sod simplicity" of Goodman Dull, "he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished." But Goodman Dull has his intellect stimulated by this abuse. He has heard the riddles of the "ink-horn" men, and he sports a riddle of his own:—

"You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?"

The answer of Holofernes is the very quintessence of pedantry. He gives Goodman Dull the hardest name for the moon in the mythology. Goodman Dull is with difficulty quieted. Holofernes then exhibits his poetry; and he "will something affect the letter, for it argues facility." He produces, as all pedants attempt to produce, not what is good when executed, but what is difficult of execution. Satisfied with his own performances—"the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it"—he is profuse in his contempt for other men's productions. He undertakes to prove Biron's canzonet "to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention." The portrait is two hundred years old, and yet how many of the present day might sit for it! Holofernes, however, is not meant by Shakspeare for a blockhead. He is made of better stuff than the ordinary run of those who "educate youth at the charge-house." Shakspeare has taken care that we should see flashes of good sense amidst his folly. To say nothing of the curate's commendations of his "reasons at dinner," we have his own description of Armado,

to show how clearly he could discover the ludicrous side of others. The pedant can see the ridiculous in pedantry of another stamp. But the poet also takes care that the ridiculous side of "the two learned men" shall still be prominent. Moth and Costard are again brought upon the scene to laugh at those who "have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps." Costard himself is growing affected. He has picked up the fashion of being clever, and he has himself stolen *honorificabilitudinitatibus* out of "the alms-basket of words." But business proceeds:—Holofernes will present before the Princess the nine worthies, and he will play three himself. The soul of the schoolmaster is in this magnificent device; and he looks down with most self-satisfied pity on honest Dull, who has spoken no word, and understood none.

The ladies have received verses and jewels from their lovers; but they trust not to the verses—they think them "bootless rhymes,"—the effusions of "prodigal wits:"—

"Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,  
As foolery in the wise."

When Boyet discloses to the Princess the scheme of the mask of Muscovites, she is more confirmed in her determination to laugh at the laughers:—

"They do it but in mocking merriment;  
And mock for mock is only my intent."

The affectation of "speeches penn'd" is overthrown in a moment by the shrewdness of the women, who encounter the fustian harangue with prosaic action. Moth comes in crammed with others' affectations:—

"All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!  
A holy parcel of the fairest dames"—

The ladies turn their backs on him—

"That ever turn'd their—*backs*—to mortal views!"

Biron in vain gives him the cue—"their *eyes*, villain, their *eyes*:"— "the pigeon-egg of discretion" has ceased to be discreet—he is out, and the speech is ended. The maskers will try for themselves. They each take a masked lady apart, and each finds a wrong mistress, who has no sympathy with him. The keen breath of "mocking wenches" has puffed out all their fine conceits:—

"Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps."

The sharp medicine has had its effect. The King and his lords return without their disguises; and, being doomed to hear the echo of

the laugh at their folly, they come down from their stilts to the level ground of common sense:—from “taffata phrases” and “figures pedantical” to

“Russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.”

But the Worthies are coming; we have not yet done with the affectations and the mocking merriment. Biron maliciously desires “to have one show worse than the King’s and his company.” Those who have been laughed at now take to laughing at others. Costard, who is the most natural of the worthies, comes off with the fewest hurts. He has performed Pompey marvellously well, and he is not a little vain of his performance—“I hope I was perfect.” When the learned curate breaks down as Alexander, the apology of Costard for his overthrow is inimitable: “There, an’t shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see how ’t is; a little o’erparted.” Holofernes comes off worse than the curate—“Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!” We feel, in spite of our inclination to laugh at the pedant, that his remonstrance is just—“This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.” We know that to be generous, to be gentle, to be humble, are the especial virtues of the great; and Shakspeare makes us see that the schoolmaster is right. Lastly, comes Armado. His discomfiture is still more signal. The malicious trick that Biron suggests to Costard shows that Rosaline’s original praise of him was not altogether deserved—that his merriment was not always

“Within the limit of becoming mirth.”

The affectations of Biron are cast aside, but he has a natural fault to correct, worse than any affectation; and beautifully does Rosaline hold up to him the glass which shows him how

“To choke a gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.”

The affectations are blown into thin air. The King and his courtiers have to turn from speculation to action—from fruitless vows to deeds of charity and piety. Armado is about to apply to what is useful: “I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years.” The voices of the pedants are heard no more in scraps of Latin.—They are no longer “singled from the

barbarous.”—But, on the contrary, “the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo,” is full of the most familiar images, expressed in the most homely language. Shakspeare, unquestionably, to our minds, brought in this most characteristic song—(a song that he might have written and sung in the chimney-corner of his father’s own kitchen, long before he dreamt of having a play acted before Queen Elizabeth)—to mark, by an emphatic close, the triumph of simplicity over false refinement.

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

*Several young French Lords that serve with Bertram in the  
Florentine war.*

*Steward, Clown, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*

*A Gentle Astringer.*

*A Page.*

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.*

*An old Widow of Florence.*

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA, }  
MARIANA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*

*Lords attending on the King ; Officers, Soldiers, &c.,  
French and Florentine.*

SCENE,—*Partly in FRANCE, and partly in TUSCANY.*



[Boccaccio.]

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THIS comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623; and it was entered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th of November, 1623, as being one of those "not formerly entered to other men." In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

In an early number of the 'Pictorial Edition' of Shakspeare, we expressed an opinion as to the date of this comedy:—"Meres has also mentioned, amongst the instances of Shakspeare's excellence for comedy, 'Love's Labour Won.' This is generally believed to be 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and probably, in some form or other, this was an early play."\* After this opinion was expressed by us, Mr. Hunter's 'Disquisition on the Tempest' appeared, in which he repudiates the notion that 'Love's Labour Won' and 'All's Well that Ends Well' are identical. Mr. Hunter states that a passing remark of Dr. Farmer, in the 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' first pointed out this supposed identity; and he adds, "the remark has since been caught up and repeated by a thousand voices. Yet it was made in the most casual, random, and hasty manner imaginable.

\* Merchant of Venice. Introductory Notice, p. 388.

It was supported by no kind of argument or evidence ; and I cannot find that any persons who have repeated it after him have shown any probable grounds for the opinion." It is not in the spirit of controversy that we are about to show " some probable grounds for the opinion." In supporting our view of this question we must necessarily dissent from Mr. Hunter's theory ; but we shall endeavour to enforce our own " argument " without being betrayed into the spirit which too often has degraded Shaksperian criticism, and which we described in our original Prospectus as " doubly disagreeable in connexion with the works of the most tolerant and expansive mind that ever lifted us out of the region of petty hostilities and prejudices."

The remark in Farmer's ' Essay ' to which Mr. Hunter alludes was certainly made in a " casual " manner ; because Farmer's object was not to establish the identity of ' Love's Labour Won ' and ' All 's Well that Ends Well,' but to show that Shakspeare did not go to the Italian source for the plot of the comedy, whatever title it bore. The passage is as follows :—" The story of ' All 's Well that Ends Well,' or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, ' Love's Labour Wonne,' " (and here Farmer inserts a reference to Meres' ' Wits' Treasury,' 1598,) " is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's ' Giletta of Narbon.' " Now this remark, although passing and casual, is not of necessity " random and hasty." Farmer might have well considered this question of identity without entering upon it in his ' Essay.' Malone, in the *first* edition of his ' Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays,' assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He says, " No other of our author's plays could have borne that title (' Love's Labour Won ') with so much propriety as that before us ; yet it must be acknowledged that the present title is inserted in the body of the play :—

' All 's well that ends well : still the fine 's the crown.'

This line, however, might certainly have suggested the alteration of what has been thought the first title, and affords no decisive proof that this piece was originally called ' All 's Well that Ends Well.' " We shall presently recur to Malone's different opinion in the posthumous edition of his ' Chronological Order.' He certainly, in the first edition, adopted the title of ' Love's Labour Won ' as identical with this comedy, and not without showing " probable grounds for the opinion." " *No other of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety.*" This is, in truth, the real argument in the matter ; and when Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as

“originally intended as the *counterpart* of ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’”—when Mrs. Jameson, with reference to the nature of the plot and the suitableness of the title found in Meres, states, complainingly, “Why the title was altered, or by whom, I cannot discover,”—and when Tieck says, “The *poet* probably first called this play ‘Love’s Labour Won,’”—we may add the opinions of these eminent writers on Shakspeare to the original opinion of Malone, in opposition to the assertion of Mr. Hunter, (which is also unsupported by “argument,”) that “the leading features of the story in ‘All’s Well’ cannot be said to be aptly represented by the title in Meres’ list.”

When Coleridge described this play as the *counterpart* of ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost,’ we do not think he spoke in a “casual, random, and hasty manner.” Shakspeare’s titles, in the judgment of our philosophical critic, always exhibit “great significancy.” The Labour of Love which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The King and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by “bootless rhymes” and “speeches penn’d,” and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as “mocking merri-ment.” The concluding speeches of the ladies to their lovers show clearly that Shakspeare meant to mark the cause why their labour was lost—it was labour hastily taken up, pursued in a light temper, assuming the character of “pleasant jest and courtesy.” The Princess and her ladies would not accept it as “labour” without a year’s probation. It was offered, they thought, “in heat of blood;”—theirs was a love which only bore “gaudy blossoms.” What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love,—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances, to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is Won. Is not this the story of ‘All’s Well that Ends Well’?

When Helena, in the first scene, so beautifully describes the hopelessness of her love—

“It were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me”—

could she propose to come within “his sphere” without some extraordinary effort? “Hic labor, hoc opus est.” She does resolve to make the effort; it is within the bounds of possibility that her labour may be successful, and therefore her “intents are fix’d:”—

“The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.



Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be."

Inferior natures, that estimate their labours by a common standard—"that weigh their pains in sense"—that are not supported in their labours by a spirit which rejects all fear and embraces all hope,—confound the difficult with the impossible; they know that courage has triumphed over difficulty, but they still think "what hath been cannot be" again. Helena is not of their mind:—

"My project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me."

This is the purpose avowed from the commencement of the dramatic action; which marks every stage of its progress; which is essentially "Love's Labour," whether it be won or be lost. How beautifully does Shakspeare relieve us from the feeling that it is unsexual for the labour to be undertaken by Helena, through the compassion which she inspires in the good old Countess:—

"It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

How delicately, too, does he make Helena hold to her determination, even whilst she confesses to the Countess the secret of her ambitious love:—

"My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him  
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him."

Again:—

"There 's something hints,  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall, *for my legacy*, be sanctified  
*By the luckiest stars in heaven*,"—

not for the cure of the King only, but for the winning of her labour. To obtain the full advantage of her legacy no common qualities were required in Helena. "Wisdom and constancy" are her characteristics, as Lafeu truly describes. The "constancy" with which she enforces her power upon the mind of the incredulous King is prominently exhibited by the poet. Her modesty never overcomes the ruling purpose of her soul. She indeed says,

"I will no more enforce mine office on you;"

but she immediately after presses her "fix'd intents:—"

"What I can do can do no hurt to try."

She succeeds:—

"Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak."

The reward, however, which she seeks is avowed without hesitation. Her will was too strong to admit of that timidity which might have clung to a feebler mind :—

“ Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
What husband in thy power I will command.”

Up to this point all has been “ labour ”—the conception of a high and dangerous purpose—the carrying it through without shrinking. When the cure is effected, and she has to avow her choice, comes a still greater labour. The struggle within herself is most intense :—

“ Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;”

and—

“ The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—  
‘ We blush, that *thou* shouldst choose,’ ”—

these expressions sufficiently give the key to what passes within her. Her feelings amount almost to agony when Bertram refuses her, and for a moment she abandons her fix'd intent :—

“ That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad ;  
*Let the rest go.*”

“ But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, ‘ to blush out the remainder of her life,’ and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed.”\* Helena suffers Bertram to be forced upon her—and this is the greatest “ labour ” of all.

After the marriage and the desertion “ Love's labour ” is still most untiringly tasked. Love next assumes the sweet and smiling aspect of duty. “ What's his will else ? ”—“ what more commands he ? ”—

“ In everything I wait upon his will ”—

are all the replies she makes to the harsh commands of her lord, conveyed by a frivolous messenger. In her parting interview with Bertram, in which his coldness and dislike are scarcely attempted to be concealed, the same spirit alone exists. She has still a harder trial. Her lord avows his final abandonment of her, except upon apparently impossible conditions. She has only one complaint,—

“ This is a dreadful sentence ;”

\* Mrs. Jameson's ‘ Characteristics,’ vol. i. p. 212.

but her intense love has destroyed in her all the feeling of self through which she was enabled to accomplish the triumph of her own will :—

“ Poor lord ! is ’t I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war ?”

When she says “ I will be gone,” she probably had no purpose of seeking Bertram, and of endeavouring to reverse his “ dreadful sentence” by her own management. But “ love’s labours” were not yet ended. Her mind was not framed to shrink from difficulty ; and we soon meet her at Florence. The plot after this is such a one as Shakspeare could only have found in the legendary history of an unrefined age, preserved from oblivion by one who was imbued with the kindred genius of unveiling the brightness of the poetical, even when it was concealed from ordinary vision by the clouds of a prosaic atmosphere. Mrs. Jameson has truly observed, “ All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings, and wounding to our delicacy ; and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all.” The beauty of the character is in its intensity. By that is Helena enabled to pass through all the slough of her last “ labours” without contamination ; her purpose sanctifies her acts. From the first scene to the last her life is one continued struggle. But the hopeful quality of her soul never forsakes her :—

“ The time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp.”

She repines at no exertion—she shrinks from no fatigue :—

“ But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear *your* spirits low,”

has no reference to herself. When she finds the King has left Mar-seilles she has no regrets :—

“ All ’s well that ends well, yet ;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.”

Her final triumph at last arrives ; but it is a happiness that cannot be spoken of. Her feelings find vent in—

“ O, my dear *mother*, do I see you living ?”

She can now, indeed, call the Countess mother. In the early scenes she dared only to name her as “ mine honourable mistress.” By her energy and perseverance she has conquered. Is this, or is it not, Love’s Labour Won ?

Malone, as we have already expressed our belief, has applied the

true test to the application of Meres' title of 'Love's Labour Won :'  
 "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety as that before us." The application, be it understood, is limited to the comedies. The title cannot be applied to 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'The Comedy of Errors,' 'Love's Labour's Lost,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' for those are also mentioned in Meres' list as existing in 1598. Can it have reference to 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' than which no title can be more definite ;—to 'The Taming of the Shrew,' equally defined ; to 'Twelfth Night,' or 'Measure for Measure,' or 'Much Ado about Nothing,' or 'As You Like It,' or 'The Winter's Tale?'—We think not ;—we are sure that none of our readers who are familiar with the plots of these plays can believe that either of them was so named. We, of course, here put the question of chronology out of view. Mr. Hunter, to support his opinion that 'The Tempest' was written in 1596, boldly maintains the following opinion :—"But if not to the 'All's Well,' to what play of Shakspeare was this title once attached? I answer, that of the existing plays there is only 'The Tempest' to which it can be supposed to belong : and so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost." The "main incident" relied upon by Mr. Hunter for the support of this theory is the following speech of Ferdinand, in the third act of 'The Tempest :'  
 —

"There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
 Delight in them sets off ; some kinds of baseness  
 Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
 Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
 The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,  
 And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is  
 Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;  
 And he 's compos'd of harshness. I must remove  
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
 Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress  
 Weeps when she sees me work ; and says, such baseness  
 Had never like executor. I forget :  
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours."

"Here then," says Mr. Hunter, "are the *Love Labours*. In the end they *won* the lady." We venture to say that our belief in the significancy of Shakspeare's titles would be at an end if even a "main incident" was to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no *Love Labours* at



all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh "labours." In the first act, when Ferdinand and Miranda are thrown together, Prospero says,—

"It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee  
Within two days for this."

Again :—

"At the first sight  
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this."

Yet he adds,—

"They are both in either's powers: *But this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.*"

Would Shakspeare have chosen this incident—not a "main incident," for we all along know Prospero's real intentions—as that which would furnish a title to his play? The pain which Ferdinand endures is very transient; and Prospero, when he removes the infliction, says,—

"All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test."

We know that the *Love Labours* of Ferdinand are not severe trials, and that at their worst they were refreshed with "sweet thoughts." Can they be compared with the Love's Labour of Helena?

Mr. Hunter rejects the claim of 'All's Well that Ends Well' to be named Love's Labour Won, most decisively, but upon one ground only: "If ever there was a play," he says, "which itself bespoke its own title from the beginning, it is this:—

"We must away;  
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:  
*All's Well that Ends Well*: still the fine's the crown;  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

"Again :—

"All's Well that Ends Well,' yet;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit."

"And, as if this were not sufficient, in the epilogue:—

"The king's a beggar, now the play is done:  
*All is well ended, if this suit is won.*"

We venture to think that the use of the word *won* in the last line might have suggested to Mr. Hunter the possibility of the play having a double title—the one derived from the one great incident



of the piece,—the other from the application of its dramatic action. Mr. Hunter, however, rejects the claim of 'All's Well that Ends Well' to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it could only have had a single title; whilst he seeks to establish the claim of 'The Tempest' to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it had a double title: "I suspect that the play originally had a double title, 'The Tempest, or Love's Labour Won;' just as another of the plays had a double title, 'Twelfth Night, or What You Will.'" This reasoning is, to say the least of it, illogical. If the argument is good for 'The Tempest,' it is good for 'All's Well that Ends Well.'

Whether or no 'The Tempest,' looking at the internal evidence of its date, could have been included in Meres' list, there can be no doubt that 'All's Well that Ends Well' has many evidences of having been an early composition—unquestionably so in parts. When Malone changed his theory with regard to the date, and assigned it to 1606, in the posthumous edition of his 'Chronological Order,' he relied principally upon the tone of a particular passage: "The beautiful speech of the sick King in this play has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life, and bears no resemblance to Shakspeare's manner in his earlier plays." The mind of Shakspeare was so essentially dramatic, that when he puts serious and moral words into the mouth of a sick King, who is growing old, we should be no more disposed to believe that the sentiment has reference to the individual feelings of the poet than we should believe that all the exuberant gaiety of some of his comic characters could only have been produced by the reflection of his own spirit of youth. "Shakspeare's manner in his earlier plays" has, however, much more to assist us in approximating to a date. The manner—by which we mean the metrical arrangement and the peculiarities of construction—in 'All's Well that Ends Well' certainly places it, for the most part, in the class of his earlier plays. Where, except in the class of the earlier plays, shall we find one in which the rhyming couplet so constantly occurs? But then, again, we occasionally encounter all the music and force of thought of his most perfect blank-verse. Tieck is of opinion that the play, as we have it, contains an engrafting of the poet's later style upon his earlier labours. He says, "Rich subject-matter, variety of situation, marvellous development, and striking catastrophe allured the young poet, who, probably, later in life would not have chosen a subject so unsuited to dramatic treatment. Some passages, not merely difficult, but almost impossible to be understood, remain out of the first attempt; and here the

poet combats with language and thought—the verse is artificial, the expressions forced. Much of what I consider later alterations reminds us of the Sonnets, and of ‘Venus and Adonis.’ The prose, particularly in the last acts, is so pure and clear,—the scenes with Parolles are so excellently written,—that in all that concerns the language we must reckon them amongst Shakspeare’s best efforts. The first act is the most obscure; and here are probably the most extensive remains of the older work. The last half of the delineation of Parolles must belong to Shakspeare’s later period.”

Malone assigns his second conjectural date of this play to 1606 upon other ground than that of Shakspeare’s manner: “Another circumstance which induces me to believe that this is a later play than I had formerly supposed is the satirical mention made of the puritans, who were the objects of King James’s aversion.” Surely the poet might allude to the famous contention about wearing the surplice, without being led to it by the aversions of King James. A friend has given us a valuable note (see Illustrations of Act I.) showing that the contest had been going on for many years, and that Hooker, in his fifth book of ‘Ecclesiastical Polity,’ published in 1597, refutes the puritanical opinions upon this matter at great length. Upon the subject of the surplice he distinctly says that the hostility of the puritans was much modified when he wrote. The controversy had raged with the greatest violence at the period when Shakspeare, according to our belief, was most likely to have produced ‘All’s Well that Ends Well,’—perhaps not as it has been handed down to us, but in an imperfect form. That period was probably not very widely separated from the period when ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ was produced; to which, as we do not hesitate to think with Coleridge, this play was the counterpart. We place it, therefore, the next in order to that charming comedy: it belongs, we doubt not, to the same cycle, in its original construction; whatever traces it may bear of later improvement.

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#### SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

FARMER, as we have seen, says that the story of this play “came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter’s ‘Giletta of Narbon.’” ‘The Palace of Pleasure’ was printed in 1575; and no doubt Shakspeare was familiar with the book. But we yet have to learn that Shakspeare was not familiar with the Italian writers, who were as commonly read by the educated classes in England at the end of the 16th century as the French writers are read now. Whether received

by him directly or indirectly, the story came from Boccaccio. Shakspeare has made the character of Helena more interesting, in some respects, by representing her solely dependent on the bounty of the good Countess, whose character is a creation of his own; in the novel she is rich, and is surrounded with suitors. After her marriage and desertion by her husband, Giletta returns to the country of her lord, and governs it in his absence with all wisdom and goodness; Helena is still a dependant upon her kind friend and mother. The main incidents of the story are the same; the management, by the intervention of the comic characters, belongs to Shakspeare.

Instead of wearying our readers by tracing the minute differences between the great Italian novelist and the greater English dramatist, we subjoin Hazlitt's spirited character of Boccaccio as a writer:—

“ The story of ‘ All’s Well that Ends Well,’ and of several others of Shakspeare’s plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The poet has dramatised the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment without *improving upon* it, which was impossible. There is, indeed, in Boccaccio’s serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is hardly to be met with in any other prose-writer whatever. Justice has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances. In the way, nothing ever came up to the story of ‘ Frederigo Alberigi and his Falcon.’ The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of gallantry and generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroical sacrifices. The feeling is so unconscious, too, and involuntary, is brought out in such small, unlooked-for, and unostentatious circumstances, as to show it to have been woven into the very nature and soul of the author. The story of ‘ Isabella ’ is scarcely less fine, and is more affecting in the circumstances and in the catastrophe. Dryden has done justice to the impassioned eloquence of the ‘ Tancred and Sigismunda; ’ but has not given an adequate idea of the wild preternatural interest of the story of ‘ Honoria.’ ‘ Cimon and

Iphigene' is by no means one of the best, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject. The proof of unalterable affection given in the story of 'Jeronymo,' and the simple touches of nature and picturesque beauty in the story of the two holiday lovers who were poisoned by tasting of a leaf in the garden at Florence, are perfect masterpieces. The epithet of divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is immense: but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther. Boccaccio has furnished subjects to numberless writers since his time, both dramatic and narrative. The story of 'Griselda' is borrowed from his 'Decameron' by Chaucer; as is the 'Knight's Tale' ('Palamon and Arcite') from his poem of 'The Theseid.' "



[French Nobleman.]

## COSTUME.

THE costume of this play, for anything that appears to the contrary, might be either of the age of Boccaccio or of Shakspeare. The Florentines and the Siennois were continually at strife during the middle ages, and the mention of a "Duke of Austria" would, strictly, place its date anterior to 1457, Ladislaus, the last Duke of Austria, having died King of Hungary and Bohemia in that year;



whilst the allusion to Austria as a power *per se* would drive the period of action still farther back amongst the dukes and margraves of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is our opinion, however, that in all cases where there is no positive violence committed against history—where the foundation of the plot is either fanciful or legendary—the nearest possible period to that of the writing of the play should be fixed upon as that of its action, as by so doing the best illustration is obtained of the author's ideas and the manners of the age which he depicted. With this view we should place the date of 'All's Well that Ends Well' just previous to 1557, in which year, on the 3rd of July, Sienna was given to Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by Philip of Spain, who had been invested with its sovereignty by his father Charles V. The last war between the Florentines and the Siennois, and in which the former were supported by the troops of the emperor, and the latter by those of France, broke out in 1552 and ended in 1555, the King of France at that period being Henry II., and the Duke of Florence Cosmo de Medicis aforesaid. Our illustrations are taken from Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française.'

The hair was worn very short by gentlemen in France at this time, a fashion which arose from an accident that happened to Henry's father, Francis I., who, in a twelfth-night frolic, was hurt by the fall of a lighted firebrand on his head, and was compelled in consequence to have his hair shaved off.



[French Noble Lady.]





[Gate of Perpignan.]

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and*  
LAFEU, *in mourning.*

*Count.* In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

*Ber.* And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,<sup>1</sup> evermore in subjection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir

it up where it wanted, rather than lack it<sup>a</sup> where there is such abundance.

*Count.* What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage<sup>b</sup> 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would<sup>c</sup> have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*Laf.* How called you the man you speak of, madam?

*Count.* He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

*Laf.* He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

*Ber.* What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

*Laf.* A fistula, my lord.

*Ber.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

*Count.* His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicity; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Lack it.* This is the reading of the old copies; but Theobald, Hanmer, and others, have *slack it.* What *lack* applies to is the kindness of the king.

<sup>b</sup> *Passage.* This use of the word is now little known; but it is highly expressive. Modern writers have substituted *event* and *circumstance*—words that do not convey the meaning of *passage*—what passes. The *passage* of an author is a familiar phrase to us; but the *passage* of a life would now sound quaint and affected.

<sup>c</sup> *Would*—it would.

<sup>d</sup> To understand this passage we must define the meaning of "virtuous qualities."

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

*Count.* 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.<sup>a</sup> The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.<sup>b</sup>

The Countess has distinguished between “dispositions” and “fair gifts.” By the one is meant the natural temper and affections—by the other the results of education. In like manner “virtuous qualities” mean the same as “fair gifts”—they are the acquirements which might find a place in “an unclean mind,” as well as in one of honest “dispositions.” Then “they are virtues and traitors too”—they are good in themselves, but they betray to evil, by giving the “unclean mind” the power to deceive. The “virtuous qualities” in Helena are unmixed with any natural defect—“they are the better for their simpleness.” The concluding expression, “she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness,” is one of the many examples of Shakspeare’s beautiful discrimination as a moralist. How many that are honest by nature can scarcely be called good! “Goodness,” in the high sense in which our poet uses it, can only be “achieved.”

<sup>a</sup> “To season,” says Malone, “has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting.” Upon this, Pye, in his ‘Comments upon the Commentators,’ says, “Surely, this coarse and vulgar metaphor neither wanted nor merited a note.” But why “coarse and vulgar?” The “culinary sense” of Malone may raise up associations of the kitchen, which are not perfectly genteel; but suppose he had said “chemical sense”—would the metaphor have been itself different? We would rather make our estimate of what is “coarse and vulgar” upon the authority of Shakspeare himself than upon that of Mr. Pye. With our poet this was a favourite metaphor, repeated almost as often as “the canker” of the rose. In ‘The Rape of Lucrece’ we have,

“But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine.”

In ‘Romeo and Juliet,’

“Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine  
Hath wash’d thy fallow cheek for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!”

In ‘Twelfth Night,’

“And water once a-day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brother’s dead love, which she would keep fresh  
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.”

The metaphor which these critics call “coarse and vulgar” and “culinary” has the sanction of the very highest authority, in whose mouth the most familiar allusions are employed in connexion with the most sacred things: “Ye are the salt of the earth.”

<sup>b</sup> Malone here points out an inaccuracy of construction, and says the meaning is—lest you be rather thought to affect a sorrow than to have. This construction can scarcely be called inaccurate. It belongs not only to Shakspeare’s phraseology, but to the freer system upon which the English language was written by the most correct writers in his time. We have lost something in the attainment of our present precision.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

*Hel.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.<sup>a</sup>

*Ber.* Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

*Laf.* How understand we that?

*Count.* Be thou bless'd, Bertram! and succeed thy father  
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,  
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,  
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,  
Advise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love.

*Count.* Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

*Ber.* The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts  
[to HELENA] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my  
mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of  
your father. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*

*Hel.* O, were that all!—I think not on my father;  
And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him.<sup>b</sup> What was he like?

<sup>a</sup> Tieck assigns this speech, and we think correctly, to Helena, in the belief that she means it as a half-obscure expression, which has reference to her love for Bertram. Such are her first words—"I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too." In the original copies, and in all the modern editions, the passage before us is given to the Countess. In her mouth it is not very intelligible; in Helena's, though purposely obscure, it is easily comprehensible. The living enemy to grief for the dead is Bertram; and the grief of her unrequited love for him destroys the other grief—makes it mortal. To this mysterious expression of Helena, Lafeu addresses himself when he says, "How understand we that?"

<sup>b</sup> The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being



I have forgot him : my imagination  
 Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.  
 I am undone ; there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. It were all one  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
 Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him every hour ; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table ;<sup>a</sup> heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick<sup>b</sup> of his sweet favour :<sup>c</sup>  
 But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

*Enter PAROLLES.*

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ;  
 And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
 Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;  
 Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
 That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
 Look bleak i' the cold wind : withal, full oft we see  
 Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Par.* Save you, fair queen.

*Hel.* And you, monarch.<sup>d</sup>

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

<sup>a</sup> *Table*—the tabular surface, tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

<sup>b</sup> *Trick*—peculiarity. See Note on 'King John,' Act I., Scene 1.

<sup>c</sup> *Favour*—countenance.

<sup>d</sup> *Monarch.* When Parolles calls Helena "queen," she answers by a sarcastic allusion to the *Monarcho*—an Italian who figured in London about 1580, possessed with the notion that he was sovereign of the world. (See *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV., Scene 1.)



*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain<sup>a</sup> of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

*Par.* Keep him out.

*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

*Par.* Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't.

*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

*Par.* There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: Out with 't: within ten year it will make itself two,<sup>b</sup> which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

<sup>a</sup> *Stain*—tincture;—you have some slight mark of the soldier about you.

<sup>b</sup> We print the text as in the folio. It is not worth discussing whether the word *two* of the original should not be *ten*, as it is commonly read.

*Hel.* How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

*Par.* Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you anything with it?<sup>a</sup>

*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—  
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—  
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

*Par.* What one, i' faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well.—'T is pity—

*Par.* What's pity?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in 't,

<sup>a</sup> There is evidently something wanting here—and it is possible that “will you anything with it?” is a misprint for “will you anything wi' the court?” or “to the court.” Hanmer makes Helena say, “You're for the court,” before she goes on, “There, shall your master,” &c. Her meaning, however obscure the connexion with the speech of Parolles, is, that Bertram will find at the court (which she afterwards describes as “the court's a learning-place”) some love, which will have all the opposite qualities united which belong to “a thousand loves.” The

“Pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips,”

of which we have here an example, are taken from the fashionable love-phrases of the day, which were adopted from the Italian poets, so familiarly known to the court of Elizabeth.

Which might be felt : that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think ; which never  
Returns us thanks.

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

*Par.* Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember thee, I will  
think of thee at court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable  
star.

*Par.* Under Mars, I.

*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

*Par.* Why under Mars ?

*Hel.* The wars have so kept you under, that you must  
needs be born under Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

*Par.* Why think you so ?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for advantage.

*Hel.* So is running away, when fear proposes the safety :  
But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you  
is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

*Par.* I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee  
acutely : I will return perfect courtier ; in the which, my in-  
struction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable  
of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall  
thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness,  
and thine ignorance makes thee away : farewell. When thou  
hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember  
thy friends : get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses  
thee : so farewell. [*Exit.*

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to Heaven : the fated sky  
Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

What power is it which mounts my love so high;  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove  
To show her merit that did miss her love?  
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,  
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters;  
Lords and others attending.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue  
A braving war.

*1 Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

*King.* Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it  
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business, and would seem  
To have us make denial.

*1 Lord.* His love and wisdom,  
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is denied before he comes;  
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave  
To stand on either part.

*2 Lord.* It well may serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick  
For breathing and exploit.

*King.* What 's he comes here?

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLIES.

1 *Lord*. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,  
Young Bertram.

*King*. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;  
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts  
Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

*Ber*. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

*King*. I would I had that corporal soundness now,  
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,  
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father : In his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them ; and his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,  
His tongue obey'd his hand : <sup>a</sup> who were below him  
He us'd as creatures of another place ;  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled : <sup>b</sup> Such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times ;  
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goers backward.

*Ber*. His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb ;

<sup>a</sup> The metaphor of a "clock" is continued ; his tongue, in speaking what "exception" bade him, obeyed the hand of honour's clock—*his* hand being put for *its* hand.

<sup>b</sup> Malone deems the construction to be, "in their poor praise he *being* humbled."



So in a proof lives not his epitaph,  
As in your royal speech.

*King.* 'Would I were with him! He would always say,  
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear,\*)—"Let me not live,"—  
This<sup>a</sup> his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,  
When it was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth he,  
“After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions:”—This he wish'd:  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

*2 Lord.* You are lov'd, sir:  
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

*King.* I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,  
Since the physician at your father's died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six months since, my lord.

*King.* If he were living I would try him yet;—  
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out  
With several applications:—nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;  
My son 's no dearer.

*Ber.* Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

*Count.* I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I  
wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours:

<sup>a</sup> This, in the original. The modern reading is *thus*.

for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.<sup>3</sup>

*Clo.* 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

*Count.* Well, sir.

*Clo.* No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,<sup>a</sup> Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo.* I do beg your good-will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clo.* In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue o' my body; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

*Count.* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo.* Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

*Clo.* I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

<sup>a</sup> In 'Much Ado about Nothing' (Act II., Scene 1), Beatrice says, "Thus goes every one to the world but I." The commentators explain the phrase of Beatrice by the Clown's speech in the text, and say that "to go to the world" is *to be married*. It appears to us that the Clown asks his freedom when he begs her ladyship's "good-will to go to the world." The domestic fool was ordinarily in the condition of a slave, and was sold or given away. The Clown here adds, "Service is no heritage." And yet, "to go to the world" may also mean to marry—as we still say, to settle in the world. A son or daughter, having the paternal leave to marry, goes to the world, in the sense of encountering its responsibilities.

*Clo.* You 're shallow, madam, in great friends;<sup>a</sup> for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: If I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

*Clo.* A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:<sup>b</sup>

For I the ballad will repeat,  
Which men full true shall find;  
Your marriage comes by destiny,  
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

*Count.* Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

*Count.* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

<i>Clo.</i>	<p>Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians sacked Troy?<sup>c</sup> Fond done, done fond, Was this king Priam's joy? With that she sighed as she stood, With that she sighed as she stood, And gave this sentence then; Among nine bad if one be good, Among nine bad if one be good, There's yet one good in ten.</p>	[Singing.]
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*Count.* What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying

<sup>a</sup> *In great friends.* So the original. The modern reading is *e'en* great friends. Surely no alteration is necessary; the meaning clearly being—You are shallow in the matter of great friends.

<sup>b</sup> *The next way*—the nearest way.

<sup>c</sup> The mention of Helen is associated in the mind of the Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

o' the song : 'Would God would serve the world so all the year ! we 'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson : One in ten, quoth a' ! an<sup>a</sup> we might have a good woman born but for<sup>b</sup> every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well ; a man may draw his heart out, ere a pluck one.

*Count.* You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you !

*Clo.* That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done !—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.<sup>4</sup>—I am going, forsooth ; the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

*Count.* Well, now.

*Stew.* I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

*Count.* Faith, I do : her father bequeathed her to me ; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid ; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son : Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward :<sup>c</sup> This she delivered in the most bitter

<sup>a</sup> *And*, of the original, we think should be *an* ; and have altered it accordingly.

<sup>b</sup> *For*. The original reads *ore*. Steevens omits the word altogether. The slight correction of *for* appears to us to give a sense. Malone reads *or*, in the sense of before.

<sup>c</sup> The passage in the original stands thus :—" Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level ; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue," &c. The introduction of "*Diana no*," and "*to be*," was made by Theobald. We adopt such changes with great reluctance ; but, as the text in the original is certainly corrupt, we prefer a reading that has been generally received to any new conjecture. It would certainly be a less violent alteration to let the description of Fortune and Love terminate without the introduction of Diana ; and to suppose the Steward to be translating into narrative an apostrophe of Helena to the Queen of Virgins.



touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in : which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal ; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

*Count.* You have discharged this honestly ; keep it to yourself : many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt : Pray you, leave me : stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care : I will speak with you further anon. [*Exit* Steward.]

*Enter* HELENA.

*Count.* Even so it was with me when I was young :

If ever<sup>a</sup> we are nature's, these are ours : this thorn  
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong :

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born ;  
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth :  
By our remembrances of days foregone,  
Such were our faults ;—or then we thought them none.  
Her eye is sick on 't ; I observe her now.

*Hel.* What is your pleasure, madam ?

*Count.* You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

*Hel.* Mine honourable mistress.

*Count.* Nay, a mother ;

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,  
Methought you saw a serpent : What 's in mother  
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;  
And put you in the catalogue of those  
That were enwombed mine : 'T is often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :  
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,  
Yet I express to you a mother's care :—  
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood  
To say, I am thy mother ? What 's the matter,  
That this distempered messenger of wet,

<sup>a</sup> *Ever.* This word was omitted by Pope, and has been constantly omitted in modern editions.



The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why?—that you are my daughter?

*Hel.*

That I am not.

*Count.* I say, I am your mother.

*Hel.*

Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honoured name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble:

My master, my dear lord he is: and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die:

He must not be my brother.

*Count.*

Nor I your mother?

*Hel.* You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were  
So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)

Indeed, my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,

So I were not his sister.<sup>a</sup>) Can't be other

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

*Count.* Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,

So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness,<sup>b</sup> and find

Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross.

You love my son; invention is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion,

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,

That in their kind they speak it: only sin

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;

<sup>a</sup> We venture to point this very difficult passage differently from the received mode. It appears to us that the passages which we give between parentheses are spoken half aside. Farmer explains that "I care no more for" means "I care as much for."

<sup>b</sup> *Loneliness*. In the original, *loveliness*. There can be no doubt that *loneliness*, and not *loveliness*, is intended.

If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,  
As Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,  
To tell me truly.

*Hel.* Good madam, pardon me.

*Count.* Do you love my son?

*Hel.* Your pardon, noble mistress!

*Count.* Love you my son?

*Hel.* Do not you love him, madam?

*Count.* Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose  
The state of your affection; for your passions  
Have to the full appeach'd.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,  
I love your son:—  
My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:  
Be not offended; for it hurts not him  
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious and intenable<sup>a</sup> sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,  
Let not your hate encounter with my love,  
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,  
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,  
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,  
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian  
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity  
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose  
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;

<sup>a</sup> *Captious and intenable*—capable of receiving (taking), but not of retaining.

That seeks not to find that her search implies,  
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

*Count.* Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to Paris?

*Hel.* Madam, I had.

*Count.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hel.* I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.  
You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,  
And manifest experience, had collected  
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me  
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,  
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,  
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,  
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,  
To cure the desperate languishings whereof  
The king is render'd lost.

*Count.* This was your motive for Paris, was it? speak.

*Hel.* My lord your son made me to think of this;  
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,  
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,  
Haply, been absent then.

*Count.* But think you, Helen,  
If you should tender your supposed aid,  
He would receive it? He and his physicians  
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,  
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit  
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,  
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off  
The danger to itself?

*Hel.* There 's something hints,<sup>a</sup>  
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest  
Of his profession, that his good receipt  
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified  
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour  
But give me leave to try success, I 'd venture

<sup>a</sup> *Hints.* The original has *in't*.

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,  
By such a day and hour.

*Count.* Dost thou believ 't?

*Hel.* Ay, madam, knowingly.

*Count.* Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,  
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings  
To those of mine in court; I 'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:  
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,  
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

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[Henry II. of France.]

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

1 SCENE I.—“*To whom I am now in ward.*”

“It is now almost forgotten in England,” says Johnson, “that the heirs of great fortunes were the king’s *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England.” The particular expression here used by Shakspeare does not necessarily imply that the feudal rights of the sovereign over tenants in chief, during their minority, were assumed to be exercised in the case of Bertram. Those rights, certainly, did not extend to all France, but were confined to Normandy. Our poet seems to have followed, without much regard to the general question of wards, the story of Boccaccio, in which the Bertram of the novel is represented as being left by his father under the guardianship of the king. But in Shakspeare’s day the rights of wardship were exercised by the crown very oppressively, and an English audience would quite understand how a sovereign could claim the privilege of disposing of his tenant in marriage. There is a very curious state paper addressed by Lord Cecil to Sir John Savile and others, in 1603, upon the accession of James, in which the king announces his desire to compromise his right of wardship for a pecuniary compensation. The Court of Wards was not abolished till 1656; but James, half a century before the nation got rid of this badge of feudality, thought that the existence of this species of tyranny afforded him a capital opportunity of making a merit of being gracious to his subjects, and of putting a round sum into his pocket at the same time. The scheme, however, failed, although very cleverly set forth. The letter of Cecil is long; but a sentence will show its objects and tone:—“His Majesty observing, among other things, what power he hath by the ancient laws of the realm to dispose of the marriages of all such subjects as hold their lands of him by tenures in capite, or knight’s service, and shall be under ages at the time of their ancestors’ death from whom their estates are derived; and conceiving well in his own great judgment what a comfort it would be to give them assurance that those might now be compounded for in the life of such ancestors, upon reasonable conditions, I thought it my duty, being privy to his Majesty’s gracious purpose of



affording his subjects at this time some such condition of favour, to consider of and propound some convenient courses to his Majesty," &c. (Lodge's 'Illustrations,' vol. iii., 4to., page 189.)

<sup>2</sup> SCENE II.— "*His plausible words*

*He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear."*

Of course from the collect in the Liturgy :—

"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit of good living,*" &c.

But it is noticeable that Shakspeare's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspeare's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it.—(s.)

<sup>3</sup> SCENE III.—"*What does this knave here?*" &c.

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species :—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his 'Art of English Poesie,' has defined the characteristics :—"A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural." Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions :—"Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the cholerick fool." (Pierce's 'Supererogation,' book ii.) Shakspeare's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise "lie too deep" for words.

<sup>4</sup> SCENE III.—"*Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.*"

This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Genevan gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which, in the 29th chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort; and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominence in the controversial writings of Shakspeare's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere.—(s.)

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING, with young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine war ; BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

*King.* Farewell, young lord,<sup>a</sup> these warlike principles  
Do not throw from you :—and you, my lord, farewell :—  
Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,  
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,  
And is enough for both.

*1 Lord.* It is our hope, sir,  
After well enter'd soldiers, to return  
And find your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart  
Will not confess he owes the malady  
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords ;  
Whether I live or die, be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy  
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall  
Of the last monarchy<sup>b</sup>) see, that you come

<sup>a</sup> *Young lord.* Here, and in the passage of the following line which we print "my lord," the original reads *lords*. The subsequent passage,—

"Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,"—

shows that the correction of the plural to the singular, made by Tyrwhitt, was called for.

<sup>b</sup> Johnson explains the epithet *higher* to have reference to geographical situation—upper Italy, where the French lords were about to carry their service. *Those 'bated*, &c., he interprets as, those abated or depressed by the wars, who have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. The construction of the whole sentence in the original (in which the parenthetical punctuation is found) inclines us to think that the King applies the epithet *higher* to the general dignity of Italy, as the nation descended from ancient Rome—the last monarchy. Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen ; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour ; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall.

Not to woo honour, but to wed it ; when  
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 *Lord*. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty !

*King*. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them ;  
They say our French lack language to deny,  
If they demand ; beware of being captives,  
Before you serve.

*Both*. Our hearts receive your warnings.

*King*. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The KING retires to a couch.*]

1 *Lord*. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind  
us !

*Par*. 'T is not his fault ; the spark—

2 *Lord*. O, 't is brave wars !

*Par*. Most admirable ; I have seen those wars.

*Ber*. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,  
“ Too young,” and “ the next year,” and “ 't is too early.”

*Par*. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.

*Ber*. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,  
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn  
But one to dance with !<sup>a</sup> By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord*. There's honour in the theft.

*Par*. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord*. I am your accessory ; and so farewell.

*Ber*. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord*. Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord*. Sweet monsieur Parolles !

*Par*. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good  
sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals :—You shall find in  
the regiment of the Špinii one captain Spurio, with his cic-  
atrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek ; it was  
this very sword entrenched it : say to him, I live ; and ob-  
serve his reports for me.

2 *Lord*. We shall, noble captain.

<sup>a</sup> The sword of fashion—the *dress-sword* as we still call it. The rapier was worn in halls of peace as well as in fields of war ; in the inaction of which Bertram complains his sword was only “ one to dance with.”

*Par.* Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt Lords.*]  
What will you do?

*Ber.* Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*]

*Par.* Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber.* And I will do so.

*Par.* Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen. [*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*]

*Enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for my tidings.

*King.* I'll see<sup>a</sup> thee to stand up.

*Laf.* Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon. I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *See.* So the original. In modern editions, *fee.* "I'll see thee to stand up" is, I'll notice you when you stand up.

<sup>b</sup> Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the preface to his very beautiful drama of 'The Legend of Florence,' has the following observation on the rhythm of Shakspeare:—"That dramatist, high above all dramatists, has almost sanctified a ten-syllable regularity of structure, scarcely ever varied by a syllable, though rich with every other diversity of modulation. But, noble as the music is which he has accordingly left us, massy, yet easy, and never failing him, any more than his superhuman abundance of thought and imagery—I dare venture to think, that, had he lived farther off from the times of the princely monotony of 'Marlowe's mighty line,' he would have carried still farther that rhythmical freedom, of which he was the first to set his own fashion, and have anticipated, and far surpassed, the sprightly licence of Beaumont and Fletcher."

Without entering into the general theory here involved, we may express an opinion that, in many instances, the freedom of Shakspeare's lighter dialogue has been impaired by his editors. We have an instance before us. The three lines spoken by Lafeu are printed by us as in the original copy. Nothing can be more buoyant than their metrical flow, and nothing, therefore, more characteristic of the speaker. To get rid of the short line spoken by the King, some of the "regulators" have transposed the lines after this fashion, and so they are always printed:—

"*Laf.* Then here's a man  
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you  
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and  
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up."



*King.* I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across : But, my good lord, 't is thus ;  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity ?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?  
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if  
My royal fox could reach them : I have seen a medicine,  
That 's able to breathe life into a stone ;  
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,  
With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple touch  
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,  
To give Great Charlemain a pen in 's hand  
And write to her a love-line.

*King.* What her is this ?

*Laf.* Why, doctor she ; My lord, there 's one arriv'd,  
If you will see her :—Now, by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may convey my thoughts  
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke  
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,<sup>a</sup>  
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more  
Than I dare blame my weakness : Will you see her  
(For that is her demand) and know her business ?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now, good Lafeu,  
Bring in the admiration ; that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,  
By wondering how thou took'st it.

In the same way the succeeding lines, which we also print as in the original, are changed by the syllable-counting process into the following :—

“ *King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,  
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

*Laf.* Good faith, across :  
But, my good lord, 't is thus ; will you be cur'd  
Of your infirmity ?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O, will you eat  
No grapes, my royal fox ? Yes, but you will  
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox  
Could reach them : I have seen a medicine,” &c.

<sup>a</sup> *Profession*—declaration of purpose.



*Laf.* Nay, I'll fit you,  
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

*King.* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.*

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways.

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your ways ;  
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :  
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,  
That dare leave two together : fare you well. [Exit.

*King.* Now, fair one, does your business follow us ?

*Hel.* Ay, my good lord.  
Gerard de Narbon was my father,  
In what he did profess well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;  
Knowing him is enough. On his<sup>a</sup> bed of death  
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,  
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,  
And of his old experience the only darling,  
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,  
Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so :  
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd  
With that malignant cause wherein the honour  
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thank you, maiden ;  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and  
The congregated college have concluded

<sup>a</sup> *On his.* The original has *on 's*. Such elisions are not systematically made in the folio edition ; and therefore we do not follow them when they occasionally occur. Shakspeare himself has laughed at the practice of eliding verse, which he would imply is scarcely necessary, except for very unrhymical ears : " You find not the *apostrophes*, and so miss the accent," says Holofernes, after Sir Nathaniel has read Biron's canzonet.

That labouring art can never ransom nature  
 From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not  
 So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,  
 To prostitute our past-cure malady  
 To empirics ; or to dissever so  
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem  
 A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

*Hel.* My duty then shall pay me for my pains :  
 I will no more enforce mine office on you ;  
 Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts  
 A modest one, to bear me back again.

*King.* I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful :  
 Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give,  
 As one near death to those that wish him live :  
 But, what at full I know thou know'st no part ;  
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

*Hel.* What I can do can do no hurt to try,  
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :  
 He that of greatest works is finisher  
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
 When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown  
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,  
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.  
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
 Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,  
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Shifts.* We print these three lines as in the original copy, and the subsequent ancient copies. Pope changed *shifts* to *sits* ; and, as a rhyme *seemed* wanting, the correction has always been acquiesced in. Before we change a word we should ask if there is any necessity for change. Should we change *shifts* to *sits*, if the surrounding passages were in blank verse ? We think not. The apparent necessity for rhyme has alone demanded the change. Expectation, says Helena, oft hits—is rewarded,—where hope is coldest, and where despair most *shifts*—resorts to expedients, depends upon chances, catches at straws. When Falstaff is “almost out at heels,” he says, “I must *shift*.” The *shifts* of despair often realize the promises of expectation. Why, then, should not the word stand ? A rhyme, it is said, is required to *hits*. Is it so ? Have we a rhyme to this line ?—

“Oft expectation fails, and most oft *there*.”

The couplets are dropped ; and we have three lines of blank verse. As well that as one line without a corresponding line.

*King.* I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind maid ;  
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :  
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :  
It is not so with Him that all things knows,  
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows :  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.  
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent :  
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an impostor, that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim ;  
But know I think, and think I know most sure,  
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident ? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;  
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass<sup>a</sup>  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

*King.* Upon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venture ?

*Hel.* Tax of impudence,—  
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—  
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name  
Sear'd otherwise ; no<sup>b</sup> worse of worst extended,  
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak ;  
His powerful sound within an organ weak :  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate

<sup>a</sup> The pilot's glass must be a two-hour glass.

<sup>b</sup> *No.* In the original *ne*, the old word for *nor*.

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate ;  
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all <sup>a</sup>  
 That happiness and prime can happy call :  
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.  
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

*Hel.* If I break time, or flinch in property  
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;  
 And well deserv'd : Not helping, death 's my fee ;  
 But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it even ?

*King.* Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.<sup>b</sup>

*Hel.* Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,  
 What husband in thy power I will command :  
 Exempted be from me the arrogance  
 To choose from forth the royal blood of France ;  
 My low and humble name to propagate  
 With any branch or image of thy state :  
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

*King.* Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,  
 Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd ;  
 So make the choice of thy own time, for I,  
 Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
 More should I question thee, and more I must,  
 Though more to know could not be more to trust ;  
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest  
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—  
 Give me some help here, *ho!*—If thou proceed  
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> The line is usually printed—

“ Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, *virtue*, all.”

*Virtue* was added by Warburton, “to supply a defect in the measure.” This mode of emendation is most unsatisfactory. The King enumerates all the qualities which are apparent in Helena—which she has displayed in her interview with him.

<sup>b</sup> *Heaven.* In the original, *help*. The rhyme requires the correction.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter COUNTESS and Clown.*

*Count.* Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

*Clo.* I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.

*Count.* To the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?

*Clo.* Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair,<sup>1</sup> that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

*Count.* Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

*Clo.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day,<sup>2</sup> as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

*Count.* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

*Clo.* From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

*Count.* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

*Clo.* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

*Count.* To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?



*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

*Count.* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

*Count.* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

*Count.* You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

*Count.* Do you cry, “O Lord, sir,” at your whipping, and “spare not me?” Indeed, your “O Lord, sir,” is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.<sup>a</sup>

*Clo.* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—“O Lord, sir:” I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

*Count.* I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain it so merrily with a fool.<sup>a</sup>

*Clo.* O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

*Count.* An end, sir: To your business:<sup>b</sup> Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*Count.* Not much employment for you: You understand me?

*Clo.* Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

*Count.* Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]

### SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

*Enter* BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

*Laf.* They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.<sup>c</sup> Hence is it that we make trifles

<sup>a</sup> These lines are ordinarily printed as prose, as they stand in the original. But we have no doubt that they were written as verse, to mark the change in the tone of the Countess.

<sup>b</sup> This is generally printed, “An end, sir, to your business.” The Countess means,—an end to this trifling; now to your business.

<sup>c</sup> Coleridge has the following note on this passage (‘Literary Remains,’ vol. ii. p. 121): “Shakspeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the

of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

*Par.* Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ber.* And so 't is.

*Laf.* To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

*Par.* So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

*Laf.* Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

*Par.* Right, so I say.

*Laf.* That gave him out incurable,—

*Par.* Why, there 't is; so say I too.

*Laf.* Not to be helped,—

*Par.* Right: as 'twere a man assured of a—

*Laf.* Uncertain life, and sure death.

*Par.* Just, you say well; so would I have said.

*Laf.* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

*Par.* It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?<sup>a</sup>

*Laf.* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

*Par.* That's it: I would have said the very same.

*Laf.* Why, your dolphin is not lustier:<sup>b</sup> 'fore me I speak in respect—

*Par.* Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf.* Very hand of Heaven.

*Par.* Ay, so I say.

*Laf.* In a most weak—

*Par.* And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

*Laf.* Generally thankful.

word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense; cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."

<sup>a</sup> *What do you call there?*—equivalent to "What d' ye call it?"

<sup>b</sup> Steevens and Malone have a controversy on this passage. Steevens maintains that *your dolphin* means the dauphin—the heir-apparent of France. Malone, more rationally, contends that the allusion is to the gambols of the dolphin, and quotes the well-known passage from 'Antony and Cleopatra'—"His delights were *dolphin-like*."

*Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.*

*Par.* I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

*Laf.* Lustick, as the Dutchman says :<sup>a</sup> I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head : Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

*Par.* *Mort du Vinaigre !* Is not this Helen ?

*Laf.* 'Fore God, I think so.

*King.* Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter several Lords.*

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use : thy frank election make ;  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.<sup>b</sup>

*Laf.* I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',  
And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well :  
Not one of those but had a noble father.

<sup>a</sup> *Lustick.* Capell has a valuable note on this passage, which is not found in any of the variorum editions : "An old play that has a great deal of merit, called 'The Weakest Goeth to the Wall' (printed in 1600, but how much earlier written, or by whom written, we are nowhere informed), has in it a Dutchman, called Jacob van Smelt, who speaks a jargon of Dutch and our language, and upon several occasions uses this very word, which in English is—lusty." *Lustick* is, more properly, gamesome. Lafeu uses it to express the King's renewed vigour.

<sup>b</sup> *But one*—except one. She wishes each of the lords one fair and virtuous mistress, except one lord. She excepts Bertram, "whose mistress" (says M. Mason) "she hoped she herself should be ; and she makes the exception out of modesty, for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself."

*Hel.* Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—  
Please it your majesty, I have done already :  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—  
“ We blush, that thou shouldst choose ; but, be refused,  
Let the white death<sup>a</sup> sit on thy cheek for ever ;  
We'll ne'er come there again.”

*King.* Make choice ; and, see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

*Hel.* Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute.

*Laf.* I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace  
for my life.

*Hel.* The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies :  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

*Laf.* Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of mine,  
I'd have them whipped ; or I would send them to the Turk,  
to make eunuchs of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid [*to a Lord*] that I your hand should take ;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :  
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

*Laf.* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her :  
sure they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er got  
them.

*Hel.* You are too young, too happy, and too good,  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

<sup>a</sup> *The white death*—the paleness of death.

4 *Lord*. Fair one, I think not so.

*Laf*. There 's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known thee already.

*Hel*. I dare not say I take you ; [to BERTRAM] but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

*King*. Why, then, young Bertram, take her, she 's thy wife.

*Ber*. My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your highness, In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

*King*. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me ?

*Ber*. Yes, my good lord ; but never hope to know why I should marry her.

*King*. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber*. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ; She had her breeding at my father's charge : A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever !

*King*. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty : If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st Of virtue for the name : but do not so : From lowest place when<sup>a</sup> virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the doer's deed : Where great additions swell, and virtue none, It is a dropsied honour : good alone Is good without a name ; vileness is so : The property by what it is should go, Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ; In these to nature she's immediate heir, And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn Which challenges itself as honour's born,

<sup>a</sup> *When*. The original has *whence*.



And is not like the sire : Honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our fore-goers : the mere word 's a slave,  
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave  
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,  
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest : virtue, and she,  
Is her own dower ; honour, and wealth, from me.

*Ber.* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to  
choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad ;  
Let the rest go.

*King.* My honour 's at the stake ; which to defeat,  
I must produce my power : Here, take her hand,  
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,  
That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,  
We, poizing us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know  
It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
We please to have it grow : Check thy contempt :  
Obey our will, which travails in thy good :  
Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right  
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims ;  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,  
Into the staggers,<sup>a</sup> and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate  
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,  
Without all terms of pity : Speak ! thine answer !

*Ber.* Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
My fancy to your eyes : When I consider

<sup>a</sup> *The staggers.* Johnson supposes the allusion is to the disease so called in horses. Surely it is a metaphorical expression for uncertainty, insecurity. In 'Cymbeline,' Posthumus says,

“ Whence come these staggers on me ? ”

What great creation, and what dole of honour,  
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,  
Is, as 't were, born so.

*King.* Take her by the hand,  
And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise  
A counterpoise ; if not to thy estate,  
A balance more replete.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the favour of the king,  
Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love 's to me religious ; else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, Lords, and Attendants.*<sup>a</sup>

*Laf.* Do you hear, monsieur ? a word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Laf.* Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation ?—My lord ? my master ?

*Laf.* Ay : Is it not a language I speak ?

*Par.* A most harsh one ; and not to be understood without  
bloody succeeding. My master ?

*Laf.* Are you companion to the count Rousillon ?

*Par.* To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is count's man ; count's master is of another  
style.

*Par.* You are too old, sir : let it satisfy you, you are too  
old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man ; to which title  
age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do I dare not do. -

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries,<sup>b</sup> to be a pretty  
wise fellow ; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel ; it

<sup>a</sup> In the original, the following curious stage direction here occurs :—"Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

<sup>b</sup> For two ordinaries—during two ordinaries at the same table.

might pass : yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen.<sup>a</sup> I have now found thee ; when I lose thee again I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking up ; and that thou art scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

*Laf.* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial ;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen ! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well ; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

*Par.* My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.* Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it.

*Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it : and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me ; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord !—Well, I must be patient ; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I

<sup>a</sup> Parolles, from this, and several passages of a similar nature, appears to have been intended for a great coxcomb in dress ; and Lafeu here compares his trappings to the gaudy decorations of a pleasure-vessel, not “ of too great a burthen.” Hall, in his ‘Satires’ (b. iv. s. 6), has described a soldier so scarfed :—

“ The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see  
All scarfed with pied colours to the knee,  
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate ;  
And now he 'gins to loath his former state.”

would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

*Re-enter LAFEU.*

*Laf.* Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

*Par.* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God?

*Par.* Ay, sir.

*Laf.* The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.<sup>a</sup> You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. *[Exit.*

*Enter BERTRAM.*

*Par.* Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

*Ber.* Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

*Par.* What's the matter, sweet heart?

*Ber.* Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what, sweet heart?

*Ber.* O my Parolles, they have married me:—  
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

<sup>a</sup> So the original. The passage is ordinarily printed thus: "than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission."

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot : to the wars !

*Ber.* There's letters from my mother ; what the import is,  
I know not yet.

*Par.* Ay, that would be known : To the wars, my boy, to  
the wars !

He wears his honour in a box unseen  
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home ;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed : To other regions !  
France is a stable ; we, that dwell in 't, jades ;  
Therefore, to the war !

*Ber.* It shall be so ; I 'll send her to my house ;  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king  
That which I durst not speak : His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,  
Where noble fellows strike : War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.<sup>a</sup>

*Par.* Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure ?

*Ber.* Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I 'll send her straight away : To-morrow  
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why, these balls bound ; there 's noise in it. 'T is  
hard :

A young man married is a man that 's marr'd :  
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :  
The king has done you wrong : but, hush ! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter HELENA and Clown.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly : Is she well ?

*Clo.* She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she 's  
very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given,

<sup>a</sup> Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, compared to that of the dark house, &c. By the “dark house” we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.



she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be very well, what does she ail that she 's not very well ?

*Clo.* Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two things.

*Hel.* What two things ?

*Clo.* One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Bless you, my fortunate lady !

*Hel.* I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.<sup>a</sup>

*Par.* You had my prayers to lead them on : and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

*Clo.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why, I say nothing.

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, thou 'rt a knave.

*Clo.* You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave ; that 's before me thou 'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir.

*Par.* Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

*Clo.* Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

*Par.* A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night :

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;

<sup>a</sup> *Fortunes.* The original, *fortune.* The use of *them* afterwards, by Parolles, renders the change necessary.

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,  
Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,  
And pleasure drown the brim.

*Hel.* What 's his will else ?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leave o' the king,  
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,  
Strengthen'd with what apology you think  
May make it probable need.

*Hel.* What more commands he ?

*Par.* That, having this obtain'd, you presently  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In everything I wait upon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Hel.* I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

*Laf.* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

*Ber.* Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

*Laf.* You have it from his own deliverance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimony.

*Laf.* Then my dial goes not true : I took this lark for a bunting.<sup>a</sup>

*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

*Laf.* I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes ; I pray you, make us friends ; I will pursue the amity.

<sup>a</sup> Lafeu says that he has done injustice to Parolles if Bertram's commendation be right. By "warranted testimony" he must acknowledge him to be "a lark," but he took him "for a bunting." The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

*Enter* PAROLLES.

*Par.* These things shall be done, sir. [To BERTRAM.]

*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O, I know him well : Ay, sir ; he, sir, is a good work-man, a very good tailor.

*Ber.* Is she gone to the king? [*Aside to* PAROLLES.]

*Par.* She is.

*Ber.* Will she away to-night?

*Par.* As you 'll have her.

*Ber.* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,  
Given order for our horses ; and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End, ere I do begin.<sup>a</sup>

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner ; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

*Ber.* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

*Laf.* You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard ;<sup>4</sup> and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

*Ber.* It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes : trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur : I

<sup>a</sup> The reading of the original is,

“ And, ere I do begin.”

This valuable correction is derived from a manuscript alteration of a copy of the first folio ; and is given in Mr. Collier's ‘ Reasons for a new Edition of Shakespeare's Works.’

have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; <sup>a</sup> but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

*Par.* An idle lord, I swear.

*Ber.* I think so.

*Par.* Why, do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well; and common speech Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

*Enter HELENA.*

*Hel.* I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave For present parting; only, he desires Some private speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration and required office  
On my particular: prepar'd I was not  
For such a business; therefore am I found  
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,  
That presently you take your way for home;  
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:  
For my respects are better than they seem;  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother:  
[Giving a letter.

'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so  
I leave you to your wisdom.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient servant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And ever shall  
With true observance seek to eke out that,  
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd  
To equal my great fortune.

<sup>a</sup> There is a considerable latitude of construction here. The meaning must be—  
than you have deserved, or are willing to deserve.

*Ber.* Let that go :  
My haste is very great : Farewell ; hie home.

*Hel.* Pray, sir, your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say ?

*Hel.* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;  
Nor dare I say 't is mine ; and yet it is ;  
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal  
What law does vouch mine own.

*Ber.* What would you have ?

*Hel.* Something ; and scarce so much :—nothing, indeed.—  
I would not tell you what I would : my lord—'faith, yes ;—  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

*Ber.* I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.  
Where are my other men ? Monsieur, farewell.<sup>a</sup>

[*Exit* HELENA.]

*Ber.* Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum :—  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Bravely, coragio ! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> This line has been always given to Bertram, contrary to the original. Theobald, who made the change, says, "What other men is Helen here inquiring after?" The men who are to accompany her "in haste to horse." The punctuation has been altered to meet this change ; the line reading thus :—

"*Ber.* Where are my other men, monsieur ? Farewell."

The civility of "Farewell" to Helena is scarcely compatible with Bertram's cold rudeness. It is Helena who bids "farewell" to her old acquaintance Parolles ; and in so doing shows her self-command.



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.



[Barber's Chair.]

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“ *It is like a barber's chair.*”

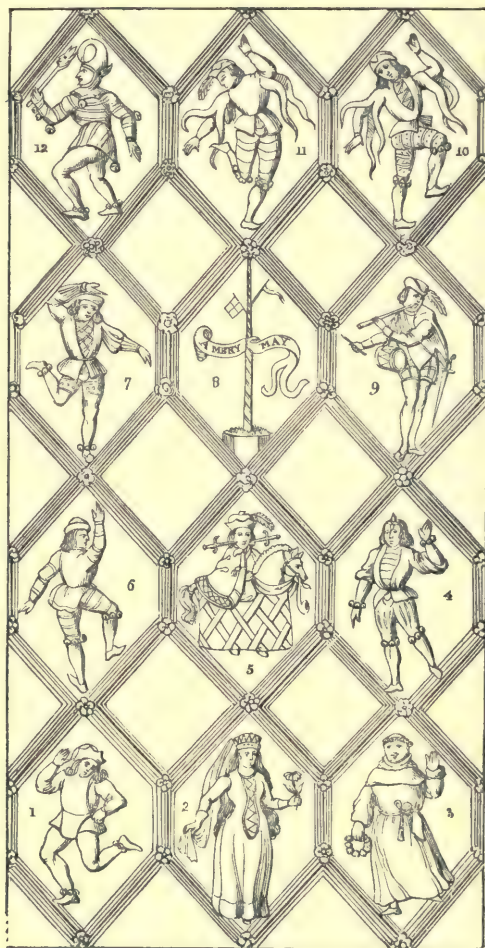
“As common as a barber's chair” was a proverbial expression, which we find used by Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1652, p. 665). In a collection of epigrams, entitled *‘More Fooles yet,’* 1610, we have these lines :—

“Moreover, satin suits he doth compare  
Unto the service of a barber's chair;  
As fit for every Jack and journeyman,  
As for a knight or worthy gentleman.”

The barber's shop, in Shakspeare's time, was “a place where news of every kind circled and centered.” So Scott has described it in *‘The Fortunes of Nigel.’* The “knight or worthy gentleman” was nothing loth to exchange gossip with the artist who presided over the chair; and while “the Jack or journeyman” took his turn, many a gay gallant has filled up the minutes by touching the glittern to some favourite roundelay. Jost Amman, one of the most spirited of designers, has given us a representation of a German barber's shop, which may well enough pass for such an English “emporium of intelligence.”

2 SCENE II.—“*A morris for May-day.*”

In ‘*A Midsummer Night’s Dream*’ (Illustrations of Act I.) will be found a general notice of the May-games. We take the opportunity of here introducing a copy of an ancient painted window at Betley, in Staffordshire, an engraving and description of which are generally given in the variorum editions of Shakspeare, appended to ‘*Henry IV., Part I.*’ Douce believes that this window “exhibits, in



[Morris for May-day—Tollet's Window.]

all probability, the most curious as well as the oldest representation of an English May-game and morris-dance that is anywhere to be found.” Mr. Tollet, the possessor of this window, supposed it to have been painted in the youthful days

of Henry VIII.; but Douce is of opinion "that the dresses and costume of some of the figures are certainly of an older period, and may, without much hazard, be pronounced to belong to the reign of Edward IV."

Robin Hood and Little John were prominent characters in the May-games. We do not find them in the painted window, unless some of the undistinguished dancers may be taken to personate them. The lady with a crown on her head and a flower in her hand (2) is taken to be Maid Marian, the Queen of the May; and the friar (3) to be the no less famous Friar Tuck. (See 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Illustrations of Act IV.) The rider of the hobby-horse (5) is deemed by Mr. Tollet to be the King of the May: at any rate, the hobby-horse was one of the greatest personages of the May-games. (See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Illustrations of Act III.) The Fool of the Morris (12) is plainly indicated by his cap and bauble; and the Piper, or Taborer (9), in the painted window, is pursuing his avocation with his wonted energy. Drayton has described this personage as Tom Piper,

"Who so bestirs him in the morris-dance  
For penny wage."

Mr. Tollet thinks that the dancers in his window were representatives of the various ranks of life, and that the peasant, the franklin, and the nobleman are each to be found here. All the dancers, it will be observed, have bells attached to their ankles or knees; and Douce says "there is good reason for believing that the morris-bells were borrowed from the genuine *Moorish dance*." At any rate, the bells were indispensable even in Shakspere's time. Will Kemp, the celebrated comic actor, was a great morris-dancer, and in 1599 he undertook the extraordinary feat of dancing the morris from London to Norwich. This singular performance is recorded by himself in a rare tract, republished by the Camden Society, entitled 'Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder; performed in a Dance from London to Norwich.' The following extract is amusing in itself, and illustrates some of the peculiarities of the morris:—

"In this town of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a morrice keep me company to Bury. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set; but, ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting that, if he might get a 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

"As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, 'If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him myself.' I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat; I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs, and with a smooth brow bade the tabrer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian, who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skin full of drink) an English crown to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat: my kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, and bidding God bless the dancer. I bade her adieu; and, to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly."

<sup>3</sup> SCENE II.—"Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping?" &c.

The now vulgar expression "O Lord, sir," was for a long time the fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool

was not an uncommon occurrence. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Mr. Winwood, in 1604,—“There was great execution done lately upon Stone, the fool, who was well whipped in Bridewell for a blasphemous speech, that there went sixty fools into Spain besides my lord admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and for that unexpected release gives his lordship the praise of a very pitiful lord.”—(‘Memoirs of the Peers,’ by Sir E. Brydges.)

‘SCENE V.—“*Like him that leaped into the custard.*”

Ben Jonson has a passage which well illustrates this:—

“He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff’s dinner,  
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,  
And take his Almain-leap into a custard,  
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters  
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.”—*Devil is an Ass*, Act I., Scene 1.

The leaper into the custard was the city fool. Gifford has a note on the above passage of Jonson, which we copy:—“Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of their ‘quaking custards,’ which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glassthorpe:—

‘I’ll write the city annals  
In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy  
Of Warwick’s history, or John Stow’s, upon  
The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks  
At my lord mayor’s feast.’—*Wit in a Constable*.

Indeed, no common supply was required; for, besides what the corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice:—

‘Nor shall you, sir, as ’t is a frequent custom,  
’Cause you ’re a worthy alderman of a ward,  
Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,  
Sent from the lord mayor’s feast, and kept ten days,  
Till a new dinner from the common-hall  
Supply the large defect.’”

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended; two French Lords, and others.*

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard  
The fundamental reasons of this war;  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,  
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel  
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France  
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom  
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yield  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a council frames  
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not  
Say what I think of it; since I have found  
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail  
As often as I guess'd.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,  
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,  
Come here for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;  
And all the honours that can fly from us  
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
When better fall, for your avails they fell:  
To-morrow to the field.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS and Clown.

*Count.* It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Clo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,<sup>a</sup> and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.<sup>b</sup>

*Count.* Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

*Clo.* I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*Count.* What have we here?

*Clo.* E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

*Count.* [*Reads.*]

"I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,  
To fly the favours of so good a king;

<sup>a</sup> The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called the *ruff*, or *ruffle*. Ben Jonson has the latter word: "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." ('Every Man out of his Humour,' Act IV., Scene 6.)

<sup>b</sup> The reading of the original, and of the second folio, is "*hold* a goodly manor," &c. In the third folio it was changed to *sold*, which has been the received reading in all modern editions. That a melancholy man should *sell* a manor for a song is no illustration of the Clown's argument that singing is a symptom of melancholy; but, as manors were *held* under every sort of service, it is not improbable (though we find no example in 'Blount's Tenures') that one originally granted to a minstrel for his song may have been held by a melancholy successor, and that he, by the musical effects of his melancholy, may have been as competent to discharge the service to the letter as his ancestor of the gay science.

To pluck his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

*Count.* What is the matter?

*Clo.* Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

*Count.* Why should he be killed?

*Clo.* So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*]

*Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Save you, good madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

*2 Gent.* Do not say so.

*Count.* Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,  
That the first face of neither, on the start,  
Can woman me unto 't,—Where is my son, I pray you?

*2 Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:  
We met him thitherward; for,<sup>a</sup> thence we came,  
And, after some despatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again.

*Hel.* Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport.

[*Reads.*]

"When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.

*Count.* Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

*1 Gent.*

Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

<sup>a</sup> *For.* So the original. It has been corrupted into *from thence*.

*Count.* I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

*2 Gent.* Ay, madam.

*Count.* And to be a soldier ?

*2 Gent.* Such is his noble purpose : and, believe 't,  
The duke will lay upon him all the honour  
That good convenience claims.

*Count.* Return you thither ?

*1 Gent.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*Hel.* "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."  
'T is bitter.

*Count.* Find you that there ?

*Hel.* Ay, madam.

*1 Gent.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply, which  
his heart was not consenting to.

*Count.* Nothing in France, until he have no wife !  
There 's nothing here, that is too good for him,  
But only she : and she deserves a lord  
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,  
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

*1 Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman  
Which I have some time known.

*Count.* Parolles, was 't not ?

*1 Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.  
My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

*1 Gent.* Indeed, good lady,  
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,  
Which holds him much to have.

*Count.* You are welcome, gentlemen.  
I will entreat you, when you see my son,  
To tell him that his sword can never win  
The honour that he loses : more I 'll entreat you,  
Written, to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,  
In that and all your worthiest affairs.<sup>a</sup>

*Count.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies.  
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt* COUNTESS and Gentlemen.]

*Hel.* "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."  
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!  
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,  
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets?<sup>1</sup> O, you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering<sup>b</sup> air,  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!  
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected: better 't were,  
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd  
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were,  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,  
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:  
My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

<sup>a</sup> The preceding ten lines are printed as prose in the original—erroneously, no doubt.

<sup>b</sup> *Still-peering*. This is the reading of the original. It is usually printed *still-piercing*, which has no meaning. Malone adopts *still-piecing*—the air that closes immediately. The sense of the original reading—*still-peering*—appearing still—seems quite as good.

To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !  
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the Duke's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords,  
Officers, Soldiers, and others.

*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art ; and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength : but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then, go thou forth ;  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress !

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :  
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS and Steward.

*Count.* Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?  
Might you not know she would do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

*Stew.* I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone :  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie ;  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify :  
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;  
I, his spiteful Juno, sent him forth  
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,  
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :  
He is too good and fair for death and me ;  
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.



*Count.* Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—  
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much  
As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,  
I could have well diverted her intents,  
Which thus she hath prevented.

*Stew.* Pardon me, madam :  
If I had given you this at over-night,  
She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,  
Pursuit would be but vain.

*Count.* What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,  
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,  
To this unworthy husband of his wife :  
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,  
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,  
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.  
Despatch the most convenient messenger :—  
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,  
He will return ; and hope I may that she,  
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,  
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both  
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense  
To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—  
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;  
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA,  
VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

*Wid.* Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we  
shall lose all the sight.

*Dia.* They say the French count has done most honourable  
service.

*Wid.* It is reported that he has taken their greatest com-  
mander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's

brother. We have lost our labour: they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

*Mar.* Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*Wid.* I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

*Mar.* I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions<sup>a</sup> for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but, I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not need to fear me.

*Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry is't.—Hark you, they come this way:—

[*A march afar off.*]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

<sup>a</sup> *Suggestions*—temptations.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

*Wid.* You came, I think, from France?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Here you shall see a countryman of yours,  
That has done worthy service.

*Hel.* His name, I pray you.

*Dia.* The count Rousillon : Know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the ear that hears most nobly of him :  
His face I know not.

*Dia.* Whatsoe'er he is,  
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,  
As 't is reported, for<sup>a</sup> the king had married him  
Against his liking : Think you it is so?

*Hel.* Ay, surely, mere the truth ; I know his lady.

*Dia.* There is a gentleman that serves the count  
Reports but coarsely of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur Parolles.

*Hel.* O, I believe with him,  
In argument of praise, or to the worth  
Of the great count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas, poor lady !  
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord.

*Wid.* Ay, right ;<sup>b</sup> good creature, wheresoe'er she is,  
Her heart weighs sadly : this young maid might do her  
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you mean ?  
May be, the amorous count solicits her  
In the unlawful purpose.

*Wid.* He does, indeed ;  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit

<sup>a</sup> For—because.

<sup>b</sup> *Ay, right.* The original reads, *I write* ; which Malone adopts. But *ay* is so invariably printed *I*, that we doubt the propriety of retaining this forced expression, when the simple assent of the Widow to Diana's reflection is so obvious.

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :  
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard  
In honestest defence.

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army,  
BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

*Mar.* The gods forbid else !

*Wid.* So, now they come :—  
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;  
That, Escalus.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman ?

*Dia.* He ;  
That with the plume : 't is a most gallant fellow ;  
I would he lov'd his wife : if he were honest  
He were much goodlier :—Is 't not a handsome gentleman ?

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Dia.* 'T is pity he is not honest : Yond 's that same knave,  
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,  
I would poison that vile rascal.

*Hel.* Which is he ?

*Dia.* That jack-an-apes with scarfs : Why is he melancholy ?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

*Par.* Lose our drum ! well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vexed at something : Look, he has  
spied us.

*Wid.* Marry, hang you !

*Mar.* And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

*[Exeunt BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, and Soldiers.]*

*Wid.* The troop is pass'd : Come, pilgrim, I will bring you  
Where you shall host : of enjoind penitents  
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,  
Already at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thank you :  
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,  
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking  
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,  
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,  
Worthy the note.

*Both.* We 'll take your offer kindly. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

*Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeited lump of ore<sup>a</sup> will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,<sup>a</sup> your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

<sup>a</sup> *Ore.* The original has *ours*. The emendation is by Theobald.



*Enter PAROLLES.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour<sup>a</sup> of his design : let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

*Ber.* How now, monsieur ? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go ; 't is but a drum.

*Par.* But a drum ! Is 't but a drum ? A drum so lost !— There was excellent command ! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers !

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service ; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

*Ber.* Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

*Par.* It might have been recovered.

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recovered : but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

*Ber.* Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

*Par.* By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* I 'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

*Ber.* May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it ?

*Par.* I know not what the success will be, my lord ; but the attempt I vow.

<sup>a</sup> *Humour.* In the original, *honour*.

*Ber.* I know thou 'rt valiant ;  
And to the possibility of thy soldiership  
Will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

*Par.* I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done ; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't ?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do : certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

*Ber.* Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto ?

1 *Lord.* None in the world ; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies : but we have almost embossed<sup>a</sup> him ; you shall see his fall to-night : for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs ; he shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship : I 'll leave you. [Exit.

*Ber.* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you  
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say she 's honest.

*Ber.* That 's all the fault : I spoke with her but once,  
And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,  
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,  
Tokens and letters which she did re-send ;  
And this is all I have done : She 's a fair creature ;  
Will you go see her ?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> *Embossed.* The word is probably here used in the sense of *exhausted*. In the Induction to 'The Taming of the Shrew,' "the poor cur is *emboss'd*"—swollen with hard running. In the old field language, the *weary* stag was *embossed*.

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not she,  
I know not how I shall assure you further,  
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,  
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;  
And would not put my reputation now  
In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.  
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;  
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken  
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,  
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,  
Err in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should believe you;  
For you have show'd me that which well approves  
You are great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of gold,  
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,  
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,  
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,  
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,  
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,  
As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it,  
Now his important blood will nought deny  
That she 'll demand: A ring the county wears,  
That downward hath succeeded in his house,  
From son to son, some four or five descents  
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds  
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,  
How'er repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawful then: It is no more,  
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,  
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the time,  
Herself most chastely absent ; after this,<sup>a</sup>  
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I have yielded :  
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,  
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,  
May prove coherent. Every night he comes  
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her unworthiness : It nothing steads us  
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,  
As if his life lay on 't.

*Hel.* Why then, to-night  
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,  
And lawful meaning in a lawful act ;  
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :  
But let 's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> *This*, which is wanting in the first folio, was added in the second.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE II.—“*Smoky muskets.*”

PORTABLE fire-arms, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were first used by the Lucquese in 1430. The *hand-cannon*, and the *hand-gun*, were little more than tubes of brass fitted on a piece of wood, and fired with a match held in the hand. In a French translation of Quintus Curtius, written in 1468, and preserved amongst the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, we find the earliest representations of hand fire-arms which are known. The following is a copy of part of an illumination in this volume:—



The *arquebus* conveyed the match to the pan by a trigger. This was the first great improvement in portable fire-arms. The following description of the *musquet* is extracted from the ‘Penny Cyclopædia’ (Art. *Arms*):—

“The *musquet* was a Spanish invention. It is said to have first made its appearance at the battle of Pavia, and to have contributed in an especial manner to decide the fortune of the day. Its use, however, seems for a while to have been confined. It appears not to have been generally adopted till the Duke of Alba took upon himself the government of the Netherlands in 1567. M. de Strozzi, colonel-general of the French infantry under Charles IX., introduced it into France. The first Spanish musquets had straight stocks; the French, curved ones. Their form was that of the *haquebut*, but so long and heavy, that something of support was required; and hence originated the *rest*, a staff the height of a man’s shoulder, with



a kind of fork of iron at the top to receive the musquet, and a ferule at bottom to steady it in the ground. On a march, when the piece was shouldered, the rest was at first carried in the right hand, and subsequently hung upon the wrist by means of a loop tied under its head. A similar rest had been first used by the mounted arquebusiers. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most encumbered soldier. He had, besides the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get at them; while in his hand was his burning match and his musquet-rest; and, when he had discharged his piece, he had to draw his sword in order to defend himself. Hence it became a question for a long time, even among military men, whether the bow did not deserve a preference over the musquet."



<sup>2</sup> SCENE VI.—“*John Drum's entertainment.*”

There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called ‘*Jack Drum's Entertainment* ;’ and it appears that this species of hospitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum (for he is called by each name), was subjected, consisted in abuse and beating. Holinshed, speaking of the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551, says, “No guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family; so that his jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders.”

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

*Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner : When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will ; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for we must not seem to understand him ; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows he not thy voice ?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again ?

1 *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another ; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose : chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Ten o'clock : within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it : They begin to smoke me : and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord*. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside*.

*Par*. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,<sup>a</sup> if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord*. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside*.

*Par*. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord*. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside*.

*Par*. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord*. 'T would not do. [*Aside*.

*Par*. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord*. Hardly serve. [*Aside*.

*Par*. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord*. How deep? [*Aside*.

*Par*. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord*. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside*.

*Par*. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord*. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside*.

*Par*. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within*.

1 *Lord*. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All*. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par*. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him*.

1 *Sold*. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

<sup>a</sup> *Mule*. So the original. It was proposed by Warburton, with great plausibility, to read "Bajazet's mute."

*Par.* I know you are the Muskos' regiment,  
And I shall lose my life for want of language :  
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,  
I will discover that which shall undo  
The Florentine.

*1 Sold.* *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—

*Kerelybonto :—Sir,*

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards  
Are at thy bosom.

*Par.* Oh !

*1 Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—

*Manka revania dulce.*

*1 Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

*1 Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet ;  
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee : haply thou mayst inform  
Something to save thy life.

*Par.* O, let me live,  
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,  
Their force, their purposes : nay, I'll speak that  
Which you will wonder at.

*1 Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

*Par.* If I do not, damn me.

*1 Sold.* *Acordo linta.—*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*]

*1 Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,  
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled  
Till we do hear from them.

*2 Sold.* Captain, I will.

*1 Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves ;—  
Inform on that.<sup>a</sup>

*2 Sold.* So I will, sir.

*1 Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *On.* So the original. The common reading is "*inform 'em that.*" But the change is scarcely wanted. "*Inform on that*" is, give information on that point.

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was Fontibell.

*Dia.* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber.* Titled goddess;  
And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument :  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;  
And now you should be as your mother was,  
When your sweet self was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more of that !

I prithee do not strive against my vows :  
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,  
Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

*Ber.* How have I sworn !

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth ;  
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the Highest to witness : Then, pray you, tell me,  
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,  
When I did love you ill ? this has no holding,  
To swear by him whom I protest to love,  
That I will work against him : Therefore, your oaths



Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;  
At least, in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it;  
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desirés,  
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever  
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

*Dia.* I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,  
That we 'll forsake, ourselves.<sup>a</sup> Give me that ring.

*Ber.* I 'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not, my lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom

<sup>a</sup> The reading which we here give, that of the original, is startling and difficult. The common reading, that of Rowe, is,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such *affairs*."

Malone reads,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such a *scene*."

Tieck justly observes that to "make hopes" is a very weak expression, and, "in such affairs," equally trivial. "In such a scene" is little better. Looking at the tendency of Shakspeare to the use of strong metaphorical expressions, the original reading, however obscure, ought not to be lightly rejected; for unquestionably such a word as *scurre* was not likely to be substituted by the printer for a more common word, such as *scene* or *affairs*. A *scarre* is a rock—a precipitous cliff—and thus, figuratively, a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, says Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle. Such terms as "love is holy"—"my love shall persever"—are the ropes by the aid of which the steep rock is to be climbed. The ropes "that we 'll forsake, ourselves," are the supports of which we ourselves lose our hold, after we have unwisely trusted to them. If *hopes* is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope, in such a position of difficulty, that we 'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves.

Brings in the champion honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*Ber.* Here, take my ring :  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I 'll be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber  
window ;

I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :  
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know them,  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd :  
And on your finger, in the night, I 'll put  
Another ring ; that, what in time proceeds  
May token to the future our past deeds.  
Adieu, till then ; then, fail not : You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.

[*Exit.*

*Dia.* For which live long to thank both Heaven and me !  
You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,  
As if she sat in his heart ; she says, all men  
Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me,  
When his wife 's dead ; therefore I 'll lie with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,<sup>a</sup>  
Marry that will, I live and die a maid :<sup>b</sup>  
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win.

[*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter ?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since : there is some-

<sup>a</sup> *Braid*—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a curious notion that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is said to be in a mortar. Mr. Richardson, in his Dictionary, considers that in this passage it bears the sense of *violent*.

<sup>b</sup> *I live.* So the first and second folios. *I 'll live* is the modern reading.

thing in't that stings his nature ; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord*. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord*. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord*. When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord*. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown ; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion ; as we are ourselves what things are we !

2 *Lord*. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends ; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord*. Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

2 *Lord*. Not till after midnight ; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord*. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company<sup>a</sup> anatomized ; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him till he come ; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord*. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars ?

2 *Lord*. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord*. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord*. What will count Rousillon do then ? will he travel higher, or return again into France ?

<sup>a</sup> *Company*—companion.

1 *Lord*. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord*. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord*. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord*. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a Servant.*

How now? where's your master?

*Serv.* He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.



*Enter* BERTRAM.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

*Ber*. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs;<sup>a</sup> the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber*. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

*Ber*. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

*Ber*. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Re-enter Soldiers, with* PAROLLES.

*Ber*. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

<sup>a</sup> *Needs*. So the original. The common reading is *deeds*, which change is certainly not an improvement.



1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes !<sup>a</sup> *Porto tartarossa*.

1 *Sold*. He calls for the tortures : What will you say without 'em ?

*Par*. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 *Sold*. *Bosko chimurcho*.

2 *Lord*. *Boblibindo chicurmurco*.

1 *Sold*. You are a merciful general :—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par*. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. “First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.” What say you to that ?

*Par*. Five or six thousand ; but very weak and unserviceable : the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold*. Shall I set down your answer so ?

*Par*. Do ; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber*. All 's one to him.<sup>b</sup> What a past-saving slave is this !

1 *Lord*. You are deceived, my lord ; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord*. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean ; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold*. Well, that 's set down.

*Par*. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true, —or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord*. He 's very near the truth in this.

*Ber*. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

*Par*. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold*. Well, that 's set down.

*Par*. I humbly thank you, sir ; a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

<sup>a</sup> An allusion to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called *hoodman blind*.

<sup>b</sup> These words are given to Parolles in the original.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

*Par.* I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*The First Lord—DUMAIN—lifts up his hand in anger.*]

*Ber.* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

*Par.* Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

*Par.* The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we 'll search.

*Par.* In good sadness, I do not know ; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 't is ; here 's a paper. Shall I read it to you ?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it, or no.

*Ber.* Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.*

“ Dian. The count 's a fool, and full of gold,”—

*Par.* That is not the duke's letter, sir ; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish : I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

*Par.* My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy ; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable, both sides rogue !

1 *Sold.*

“ When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;

After he scores, he never pays the score :

Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it ;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before ;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss :

For count of this the count 's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

“ PAROLLES.”

*Ber.* He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

*Ber.* I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

*Par.* My life, sir, in any case : not that I am afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the

remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

*Par.* He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

*Par.* Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldier-ship I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end,<sup>a</sup> to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

*Ber.* A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*<sup>b</sup> he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

<sup>a</sup> See 'Henry IV., Part II.' Illustrations of Act III.

<sup>b</sup> *Quart d'ecu*—sometimes written *cardecue*—a French piece of money, being the fourth part of the gold crown.

1 *Sold.* What's he?

*Par.* E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

*Par.* Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

*Par.* I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you: Know you any here?

*Ber.* Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt BERTRAM, Lords, &c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an



impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France, too ; we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

*Par.* Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great  
'T would burst at this : Captain I'll be no more ;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall ; simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart  
Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame ! being fool'd by foolery thrive !  
There's place and means for every man alive.  
I'll after them. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A room in the Widow's House.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,  
One of the greatest in the Christian world  
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,  
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :  
Time was, I did him a desired office,  
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude  
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,  
And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd  
His grace is at Marseilles ;<sup>a</sup> to which place  
We have convenient convoy. You must know  
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,  
My husband hies him home ; where, Heaven aiding,  
And by the leave of my good lord the king,  
We'll be before our welcome.

<sup>a</sup> *Marseilles* is here pronounced as a trisyllable, as in 'The Taming of the Shrew :'

"That now is lying in *Marseilles'* road."

Mr. Hunter says that this line, as we print it, is inharmonious ; but that Shakspeare wrote, as it is printed in 'The Taming of the Shrew,'

"That now is lying in *Marsellis* road,"

which he adds was, no doubt, the approved pronunciation of the time. But we must venture to observe that orthography is a very fallacious guide in such matters. In the passage in the text of 'All's Well that Ends Well' the original has *Marcellæ* ; and in the last act we find *Marcellus*.

*Wid.* Gentle madam,  
You never had a servant to whose trust  
Your business was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor you, mistress,  
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour  
To recompense your love; doubt not, but Heaven  
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,  
As it hath fated her to be my motive  
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play  
With what it loaths, for that which is away:  
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,  
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer  
Something in my behalf.

*Dia.* Let death and honesty  
Go with your impositions, I am yours  
Upon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet, I pray you,—  
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,  
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,  
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;  
Our waggon is prepar'd,<sup>1</sup> and time revives us:  
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;<sup>a</sup>  
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter* COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

*Laf.* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

*Count.* I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for

<sup>a</sup> From the Latin, *finis coronat opus*.

creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

*Laf.* 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady : we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

*Laf.* They are not sallet-herbs,<sup>a</sup> you knave, they are nose-herbs.

*Clo.* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir ; I have not much skill in grass.<sup>b</sup>

*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool ?

*Clo.* A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

*Laf.* Your distinction ?

*Clo.* I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

*Laf.* So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

*Clo.* And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave and fool.

*Clo.* At your service.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clo.* Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

*Clo.* Faith, sir, a has an English name ;<sup>c</sup> but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

*Laf.* What prince is that ?

*Clo.* The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

*Laf.* Hold thee, there's my purse : I give thee not this to

<sup>a</sup> *Sallet-herbs.* The original, *herbs*.

<sup>b</sup> *Grass.* In the original, *grace*—an evident misprint.

<sup>c</sup> *Name.* The original has *maine*, which one of the commentators proposes to retain—*mane*, or head of hair—as agreeing better with the context. Rowe's alteration to *name* scarcely needs explanation. It is clear that "the black prince" is the "English name."

suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

*Clo.* If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

*Laf.* A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.<sup>a</sup>

*Count.* So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

*Count.* With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

*Count.* It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall

<sup>a</sup> *Unhappy*—unlucky—mischievous.

beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Count.* You need but plead your honourable privilege.

*Laf.* Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

*Re-enter Clown.*

*Clo.* O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbonadoed face.

*Laf.* Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

*Clo.* 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

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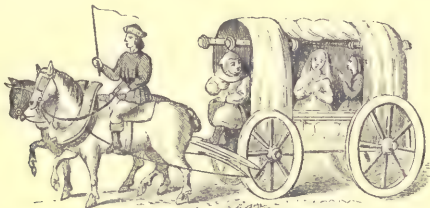
## ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE IV.—“ *Our waggon is prepar'd.*”

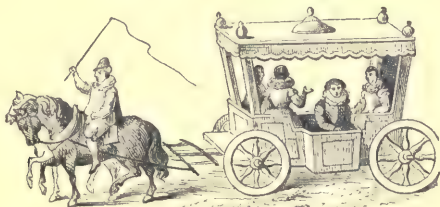
IN ‘*Love’s Labour’s Lost*,’ unquestionably an early play, Shakspeare has used the term *coach* :—

“ No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.”

In ‘*The Merry Wives of Windsor*,’ Mrs. Quickly tells us that “there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches—coach after coach, I warrant you.” The probability therefore is, that, in using the term *waggon* in the text, our poet meant a public vehicle. Certainly the early coaches were not much unlike waggons. Mr. Markland, in his interesting paper in the ‘*Archæologia*,’ ‘*On the early Use of Carriages in England*’ (vol. xx.), has given us a representation from an ancient Flemish Chronicle of the fifteenth century, in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 16 F. III.), representing Emergard, the wife of Salvard, Lord of Roussillon, driven in a covered cart or waggon. She is attended by a female, and



in the front of the cart is placed her fool. The carriages in which Queen Elizabeth and her suite travelled are exhibited in Hoefnagel’s print of *Nonsuch House* (1582), from which we give the representation of the carriage of Elizabeth’s attendants, the form of which is certainly more commodious than that of the Countess of Roussillon.



Stow, in his ‘*Annals*,’ speaks of *long waggons* for passengers and commodities in 1564; and these, he says, were similar to those which travelled in the beginning of the next century to London from Canterbury and other large towns. These, it seems then, in Shakspeare’s time were called *waggons*, though they afterwards were occasionally named *caravans*. As late, however, as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale’s ‘*Diary*’ that his daughter “went towards London in *Coventre waggon*.”

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

*Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting, day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;  
But since you have made the days and nights as one,  
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,  
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

*Enter a gentle Astringer.<sup>1</sup>*

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,  
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

*Ast.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

*Ast.* I have been sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen  
From the report that goes upon your goodness;  
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The use of your own virtues, for the which  
I shall continue thankful.

*Ast.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To give this poor petition to the king;  
And aid me with that store of power you have,  
To come into his presence.

*Ast.* The king's not here.

*Hel.* Not here, sir?

*Ast.* Not, indeed:  
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste  
Than is his use.

*Wid.* Lord, how we lose our pains!

*Hel.* All 's well that ends well, yet ;  
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

*Ast.* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech you, sir,  
Since you are like to see the king before me,  
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;  
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,  
But rather make you thank your pains for it :  
I will come after you, with what good speed  
Our means will make us means.

*Ast.* This I 'll do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,  
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again ;—  
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.*

*Enter Clown and PAROLLES.*

*Par.* Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter : I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,<sup>a</sup> and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the wind.

*Par.* Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

*Par.* Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh, prithee stand away : A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

<sup>a</sup> *Mood*—caprice. Warburton changed the word to *moat*, which is the common reading.

*Enter LAFEU.*

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?<sup>a</sup> There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

*Par.* My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

*Laf.* You beg more than word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

*Par.* O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

*Laf.* Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

*King.* We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem

<sup>a</sup> *Her*, in the second folio, is wanting in the first.

Was made much poorer by it : but your son,  
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know  
Her estimation home.

*Count.* 'T is past, my liege :  
And I beseech your majesty to make it  
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze<sup>a</sup> of youth ;  
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,  
O'erbears it, and burns on.

*King.* My honour'd lady,  
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;  
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shoot.

*Laf.* This I must say,—  
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord  
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,  
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself  
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife  
Whose beauty did astonish the survey  
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;  
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve  
Humbly call'd mistress.

*King.* Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither ;—  
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill  
All repetition :—Let him not ask our pardon ;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relics of it ; let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him  
So 't is our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall, my liege. [Exit.

*King.* What says he to your daughter ? have you spoke ?

*Laf.* All that he is hath reference to your highness.

*King.* Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me  
That set him high in fame.

*Enter* BERTRAM.

*Laf.* He looks well on 't.

<sup>a</sup> *Blaze.* The original has *blade*. Theobald made the emendation.



*King.* I am not a day of season,<sup>a</sup>  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once : But to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way ; so stand thou forth,  
The time is fair again.

*Ber.* My high-repented blames,  
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

*King.* All is whole ;  
Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them : You remember  
The daughter of this lord ?

*Ber.* Admiringly, my liege : at first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :  
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;  
Extended or contracted all proportions,  
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,  
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself  
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it.

*King.* Well excus'd :  
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away  
From the great compt : But love that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
Crying, That's good that's gone : our rash faults  
Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :  
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :

<sup>a</sup> *A day of season*—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

Our own love waking cries to see what's done,  
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.  
 Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.  
 Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :  
 The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay  
 To see our widower's second marriage-day.

*Count.* Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless !  
 Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse.<sup>a</sup>

*Laf.* Come on, my son, in whom my house's name  
 Must be digested, give a favour from you,  
 To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,  
 That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,  
 And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,  
 Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,  
 The last that ere I took her leave at court,<sup>b</sup>  
 I saw upon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine eye,  
 While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—  
 This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,  
 I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood  
 Necessitated to help, that by this token  
 I would relieve her : Had you that craft, to reave her  
 Of what should stead her most ?

*Ber.* My gracious sovereign,  
 Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,  
 The ring was never hers.

*Count.* Son, on my life,  
 I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it  
 At her life's rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her wear it.

*Ber.* You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it :  
 In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

<sup>a</sup> *Cesse.* So the original. The modern editors have substituted *cease*. The word is used by Chaucer in 'Troilus and Cressida,' book ii. :—

“ But *cesse* cause, and aie cessith maladie.”

These lines in the original are spoken by the King ; but Theobald properly assigned them to Bertram's mother.

<sup>b</sup> This line is probably corrupt, though the meaning is obvious.

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd :<sup>a</sup> but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,  
In heavy satisfaction, and would never  
Receive the ring again.

*King.*

Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,  
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,  
Than I have in this ring : 't was mine, 't was Helen's,  
Whoever gave it you : Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,  
That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,  
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster.

*Ber.*

She never saw it.

*King.* Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour ;  
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so ;—  
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close  
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,  
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him ;—  
We'll sift this matter further.

*Ber.*

If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy

<sup>a</sup> *Ingag'd*. Malone thinks this is used in the sense of *unengaged*, as "inhabitable" is used for uninhabitable. We think that the lady is represented by Bertram to have considered him "ingag'd"—*pledged*—to herself.

Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was. *[Exit BERTRAM, guarded.]*

*Enter the Astringer.*

*King.* I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

*Ast.* Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;

Here 's a petition from a Florentine,

Who hath, for four or five removes,<sup>a</sup> come short

To tender it herself. I undertook it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,

Is here attending : her business looks in her

With an importing visage ; and she told me,

In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern

Your highness with herself.

*King.* *[Reads.]*

" Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower ; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice : Grant it me, O king ; in you it best lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET."

*Laf.* I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this :  
I 'll none of him.<sup>b</sup>

*King.* The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :  
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

*[Exeunt the Astringer and some Attendants.]*

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd.

<sup>a</sup> *Removes*—stages.

<sup>b</sup> This is usually printed, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll *him* ; for this, I 'll none of him." We follow the original, which has an equally clear meaning. The *tolling* in a fair was necessary to the validity of a bargain, and Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, according to one reading, or he will buy a son-in-law, and toll him, according to the other. The custom is described in 'Hudibras':—

"How shall I answer hue and cry,  
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,  
All spurr'd, and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,  
A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open market toll'd for ?"

*Count.* Now, justice on the doers !

*Enter BERTRAM, guarded.*

*King.* I wonder, sir, since<sup>a</sup> wives are monsters to you,  
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

*Re-enter the Astringer, with Widow, and DIANA.*

*Dia.* I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capulet ;  
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

*Wid.* I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

*King.* Come hither, count : Do you know these women ?

*Ber.* My lord, I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them : Do they charge me further ?

*Dia.* Why do you look so strange upon your wife ?

*Ber.* She's none of mine, my lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;  
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine ;  
You give away myself, which is known mine ;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* Your reputation [*to BERTRAM*] comes too short for  
my daughter ; you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,  
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your highness  
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,  
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

*King.* Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,  
Till your deeds gain them : Fairer prove your honour,  
Than in my thought it lies !

*Dia.* Good my lord,

<sup>a</sup> The original has *sir, sir*. Theobald changed the second *sir* to *since*. The poet probably wrote *sin*, a common old form of *since*—a word very likely to be mistaken for, and printed as, *sir*.



Ask him upon his oath, if he does think  
He had not my virginity.

*King.* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent, my lord;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

*Dia.* He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so

He might have bought me at a common price:

Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,

Whose high respect, and rich validity,<sup>a</sup>

Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,

If I be one.

*Count.* He blushes, and 't is it:<sup>b</sup>

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem

Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;

That ring's a thousand proofs.

*King.* Methought, you said,

You saw one here in court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did, my lord, but loth am to produce

So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

*Laf.* I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

*King.* Find him, and bring him hither.

*Ber.* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,

With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,

That will speak anything?

*King.* She hath that ring of yours.

*Ber.* I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,

And boarded<sup>c</sup> her i' the wanton way of youth:

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,

Madding my eagerness with her restraint,

As all impediments in fancy's course

Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her insult coming with her modern grace,

<sup>a</sup> *Validity*—value.

<sup>b</sup> *It.* The original has *hit*.

<sup>c</sup> *Boarded*—accosted.

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market-price have bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient ;  
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,  
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.

*Ber.* I have it not.

*King.* What ring was yours, I pray you ?

*Dia.* Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

*King.* Know you this ring ? this ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

*King.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
Out of a casement.

*Dia.* I have spoke the truth.

*Enter PAROLLES.*

*Ber.* My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

*King.* You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—  
Is this the man you speak of ?

*Dia.* Ay, my lord.

*King.* Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,  
(Which, on your just proceeding, I 'll keep off,)  
By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?

*Par.* So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.

*King.* Come, come, to the purpose : Did he love this woman ?

*Par.* 'Faith, sir, he did love her : But how ?

*King.* How, I pray you ?

*Par.* He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

*King.* How is that ?

*Par.* He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

*King.* As thou art a knave, and no knave :—What an equivocal companion is this !

*Par.* I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

*Laf.* He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

*Dia.* Do you know he promised me marriage?

*Par.* 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

*King.* But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

*King.* Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine<sup>a</sup> in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

*Dia.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

*Dia.* It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

*King.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*King.* Where did you find it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*King.* If it were yours by none of all these ways,  
How could you give it him?

*Dia.* I never gave it him.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*King.* This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

*King.* Take her away, I do not like her now;  
To prison with her: and away with him.—  
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,  
Thou diest within this hour.

*Dia.* I'll never tell you.

*King.* Take her away.

*Dia.* I'll put in bail, my liege.

<sup>a</sup> *Too fine*—too full of finesse. So, in Bacon's 'Apophthegms,' where the word is used in a complimentary sense: "Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burghley."

*King.* I think thee now some common customer.

*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

*Dia.* Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty:

He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't:

I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to* LAFEU.]

*King.* She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;

[*Exit.* Widow.]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,  
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,  
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:  
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;  
And at that time he got his wife with child:  
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;  
So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick;  
And now behold the meaning.

*Re-enter* Widow, with HELENA.

*King.* Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
Is 't real that I see?

*Hel.* No, my good lord;  
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ber.* Both, both; O, pardon!

*Hel.* O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,  
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,  
And, look you, here 's your letter: This it says,  
“When from my finger you can get this ring,  
And are by me with child,” &c.—This is done:  
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

*Ber.* If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,  
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

*Hel.* If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,  
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—  
O, my dear mother, do I see you living ?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon :—  
Good Tom Drum, [*to PAROLLES*] lend me a handkerchief : So,  
I thank thee ; wait on me home, I 'll make sport with thee :  
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

*King.* Let us from point to point this story know,  
To make the even truth in pleasure flow :—  
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To DIANA.*  
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower ;  
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,  
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—  
Of that and all the progress, more and less,  
Resolvedly more leisure shall express :  
All yet seems well ; and, if it end so meet,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. [*Flourish.*

(*Advancing.*)

The king 's a beggar, now the play is done :  
All is well ended, if this suit be won,  
That you express content ; which we will pay,  
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;  
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*



## ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

<sup>1</sup> SCENE I.—“*Enter a gentle Astringer.*”

AN *astringer* is a falconer. “They be called ostringers,” says Markham, the great authority on hawking, “which are the keepers of gosshawks or tercells.” A “gentle astringer” probably meant the head of the king’s hawking establishment—not a menial, but an officer of rank in his household. The grand falconer of England is a noble.



[Gentle Astringer.]



[General View of Paris.]

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

---

WE have already traced the principal dramatic action of 'All's Well that Ends Well' in the endeavour to show that it is identical with 'Love's Labour Won.' We may therefore, as far as may be, limit this notice to a brief sketch of its characters.

Of Helena we have necessarily spoken at length. Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's 'Essays' to explain the general idea of her character: "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been created by Shakspeare in his Helena, and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look without tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who

marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

"Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,  
I wish from my soul thou wert better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities. All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained. Shakspeare, from the first, makes us understand that the pride of birth in Bertram constrained him to regard Helena as greatly his inferior. His parting with her is decisive: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you." This is the kindness of one who had known her long, and pitied her dependent state. But he leaves no doubt as to the sense which he entertains of her condition: "Be comfortable to my mother, *your mistress*, and make much of her." When the King proposes Helena to him as his wife, he assigns but one reason for his rejection of her—but that is all in all:—

"I know her well;  
She had her breeding at my father's charge:  
A poor physician's daughter my wife!"

If Bertram had seen Helena with the eyes of his mother, as

"A maid too virtuous  
For the contempt of empire,"—

or with those of the King and of Lafau,—he would not have rejected her, and the comedy would have been only a common love-tale. Johnson says he marries Helena "as a coward." This is unjust. Johnson overlooked the irresistible constraint to which his will was subjected, and the scorn with which he spoke out his real purposes even at the moment of submission:—

“ Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes : When I consider  
 What great creation, and what dole of honour,  
 Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late  
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,  
 Is, as 't were, born so.”

Nothing can be less like cowardice than this speech. It is the bitterest irony of a desperate will, bowed for a time, but not subdued. Nor does Bertram leave Helena as “a profligate.” We, who know the intensity of her love, which he could not know, may think that he was unwise to fly from his own happiness ; but he believed that he fled from constraint and misery ; from

“ The dark house, and the detested wife.”

The Bertram of the Florentine wars has something to recommend him besides his ancestry : “he has done worthy service.” But the young, proud, courageous Bertram is also a libertine. Schlegel asks, “Did Shakspeare ever attempt to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation ? He intended merely to give us a military portrait.” This is quite true. The libertines of the later comedy are the only generous, spirited, intellectual persons of the drama ; the virtuous characters are as dull as they are discreet. Shakspeare goes out of his usual dramatic spirit in this play, to mark emphatically the impression which Bertram’s actions produce upon his own associates. In the third scene of the fourth act they comment with indignation upon his desertion of Helena, and his practices towards Diana : “As we are ourselves what things are we !” But then all the Shaksperian tolerance is put forth to make us understand that Bertram is not isolated in his vices, and that even his vices, as those of all other men, are not alone to be regarded in our estimates of character : “The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.” This is philosophy, and, what is more, it is religion—for it is charity. In this spirit the poet undoubtedly intended that we should judge Bertram. He is certainly not a hypocrite ; and, when he returns to Rousillon, we are bound to believe him when he speaks of Helena as

“ She, whom all men prais’d, and whom myself  
 Since I have lost have lov’d.”

For ourselves, we can see no poetical injustice that he is “dismissed to happiness ;” for, unless he has become a “sadder and a wiser man,” he will not be happy.



"In this piece," says Schlegel, "*age* is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit,—that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

Parolles has been called by Ulrici "the little appendix of the great Falstaff." Schlegel says, "Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade." Johnson goes farther, and declares, "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We have thought, and still think, that this opinion of Johnson exhibits a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly.\* Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena:—

"I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

For the "fool," take the scene in the second act in which he pieces out the remarks of Lafeu upon the King's recovery with the most impertinent commonplaces—ending "Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it." It was in this dialogue that Lafeu "smoked him;" and he makes no secret, afterwards, of his opinion: "I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee." To the insults of Lafeu the boaster has nothing to oppose,—neither wit nor courage. His very impudence is overborne. We thoroughly agree with Lafeu, that "there can be no kernel in this light nut." All this is but a preparation for the comic scenes in which he is to play so conspicuous a part—in which his folly, his falsehood, and his cowardice, conspire to make him odious and ridiculous. Before this exhibition he is denounced to Bertram, by his companions in warfare, as "a hilding"—"a bubble"—"a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly

\* See Supplementary Notice to 'Henry IV.'



promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality." The disclosure which he makes of his own folly before he is seized, when the lords overhear him, is perfectly true to nature, and therefore in the highest degree true comedy :—

"*Par.* Ten o'clock : within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done ? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it : They begin to smoke me : and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit : Yet slight ones will not carry it : They will say, came you off with so little ? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore ? what 's the instance ? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is ? [*Aside.*"]

The last sentence is worth a folio of "Moral Essays." But Parolles certainly knows himself. There is nothing but plain knavery, mistaking its proper tools, in his lies and his treacheries. The meanness of his nature is his safeguard : after his detection the consolations of his philosophy are most characteristic :—

"Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great  
'T would burst at this : Captain I 'll be no more ;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall ; simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart  
Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.  
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live  
Safest in shame ! being fool'd by foolery thrive !  
There 's place and means for every man alive."

And he will "live." Lafeu understands him to the last, when he says, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat."

And is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the off-scourings of social life, to be compared for a moment with the unimitable Falstaff?—to be said to have "many lineaments in common" with him—to be thrown into the shade by him—to be even "a little appendix" to his greatness ? Parolles is drawn by Shakspeare as utterly contemptible, in intellect, in spirit, in morals. He is diverting from the situations into which his folly betrays him ; and his complete exposure and humiliation constitute the richness of the comedy. If he had been a particle better, Shakspeare would have made his disgrace less ; and it is in his charity even to the most de-

graded that he has represented him as utterly insensible to his own shame, and even hugging it as a good:—

“If my heart were great

’T would burst at this.”

But Falstaff, witty beyond all other characters of wit—cautious, even to the point of being thought cowardly—swaying all men by his intellectual resources under the greatest difficulty—boastful and lying only in a spirit of hilarity, which makes him the first to enjoy his own detection—and withal, though grossly selfish, so thoroughly genial that many love him and few can refuse to laugh with him—is Falstaff to be compared with Parolles, the notorious liar—great way fool—solely a coward? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with painstaking.

But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. “The scene of the drum,” according to a French critic, “is worthy of Molière.”\* This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspeare.

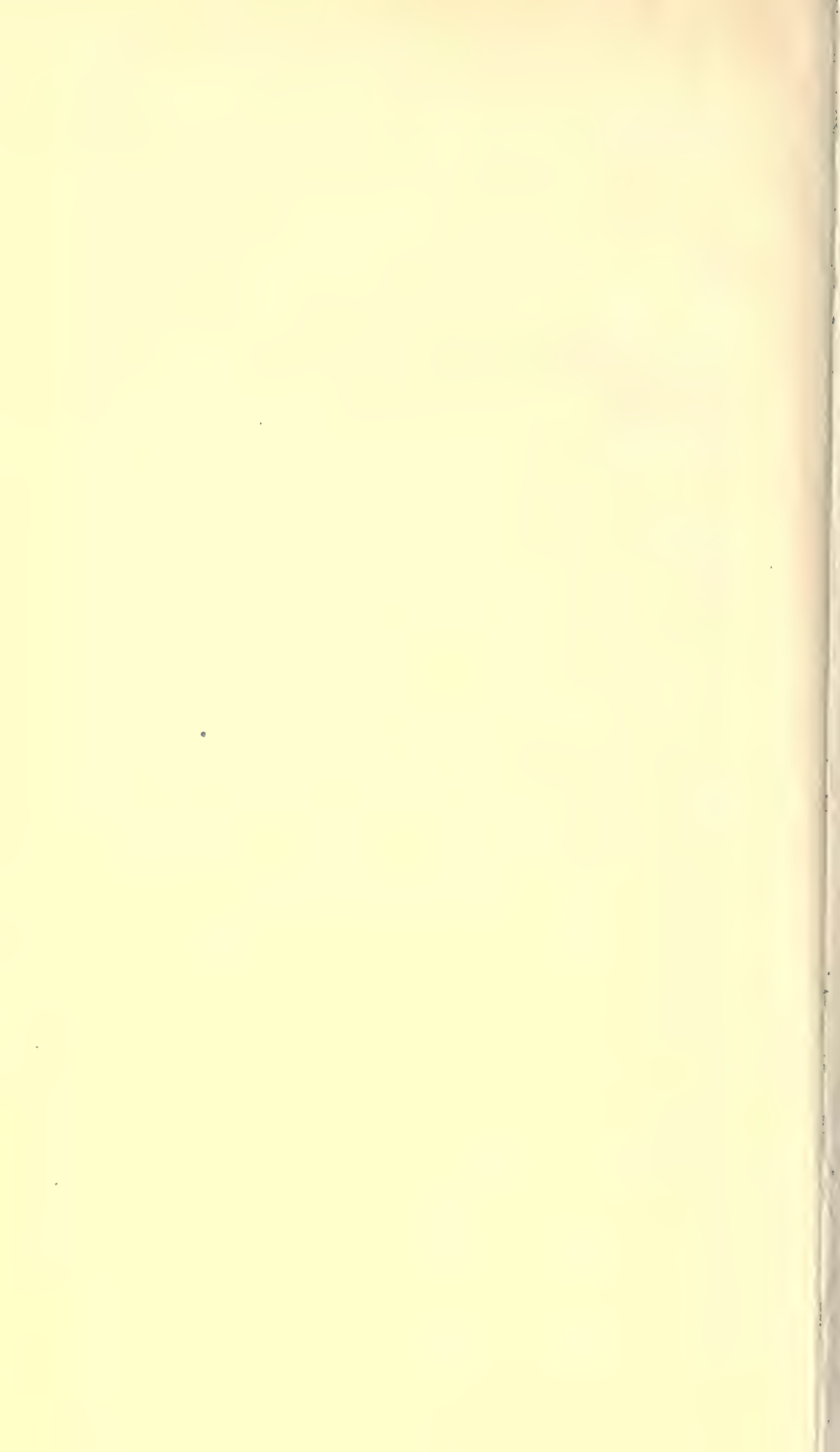
And what shall we say of the Clown? He is “the artificial fool;” and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in ‘Lear’ he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff. But he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspeare could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is “a witty fool,” “a shrewd knave, and an unhappy.”

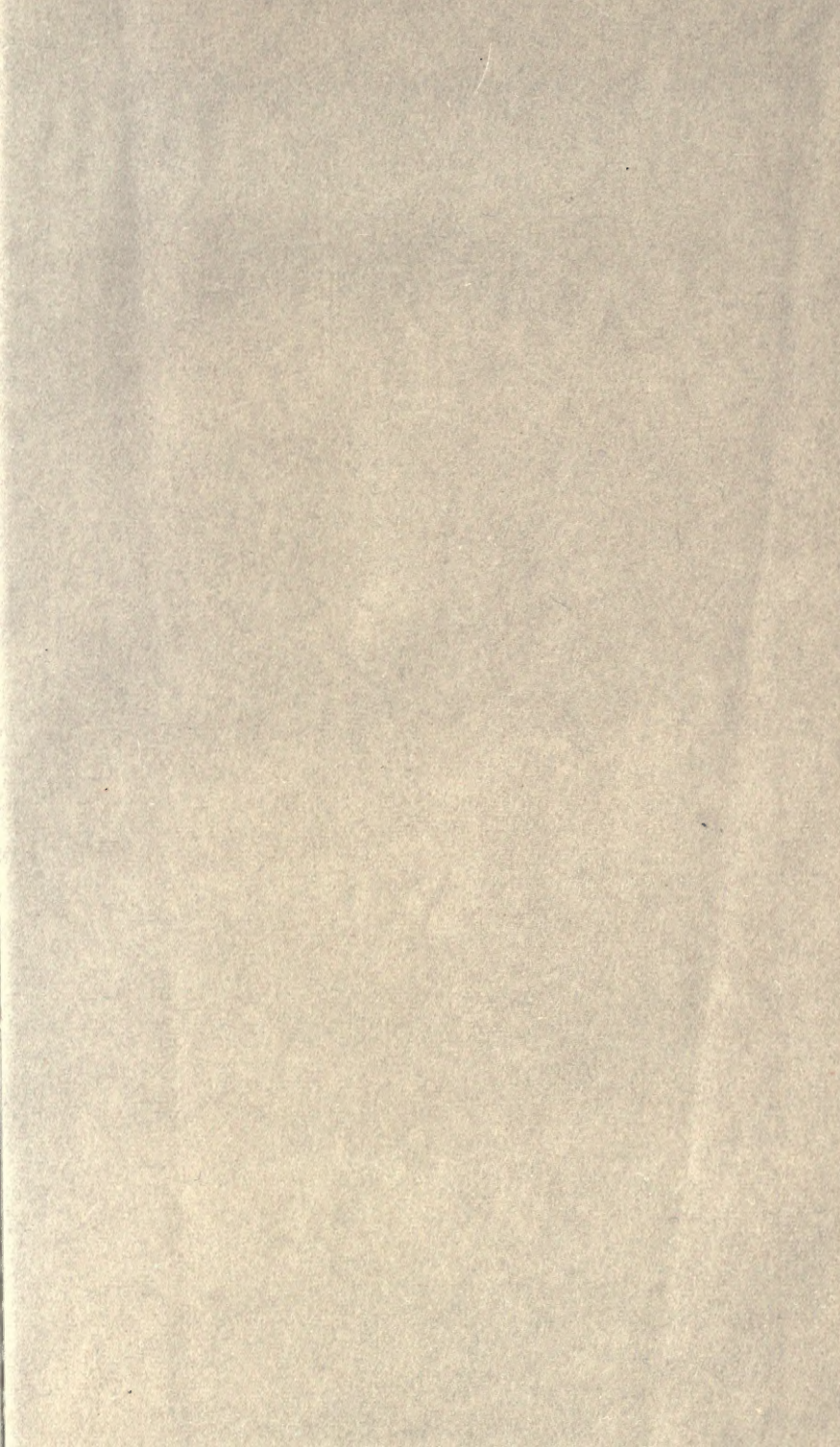
\* Letourneur, Traduction, tome ix., p. 329.

END OF VOLUME I.

6781









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